June 8, 1989 ANSWERED JUN 1 2 1989 Dear Dr Getz: Kef: Air Farce Songs. How may I purchase your Wild Blue yonder Songs?" Dewitt Kiff was a member of the army-air Force Band Stationed at our Jueblo armyair force Base, Pueblo, Colo, during Kiff's Wife, Imelda, now deceased, World War T. Composed the air Force song far Juedes, colo army-air Force Bases He has a tope of the song His address: Dewith Kiff, 1004 alexander Circle, Pueblo, Colo 81001- Phone (719) 543-4131). I aman air Force Widow my husband had 22 years in the Service mrs Frank P. Strozier 826 West 22 nd St. Queblo, colorado PS I would like to Purchase 81003



DEWITT KIEF 1004 ALEXANDER CIRCLE PUEBLO, CO 81001 552 D BAND AT PUEBLO AAB Wm. FEDER SR. LT. COL CAP (RET) DIRECTOR INT. B-24 MEMORIAL MUSEUM \$ 31361 ALDRED RD PUEBLO, CO 81006 All hail Pueblo Air Base
You men have courage true.
Your country stands beside you
In every thing you do.
Fight on you mighty Sky Birds
And answer freedom's cry.
We won't give in we've got to win
We'll do or die.

We're fighting for our nation
The greatest one of all.
She needs cooperation
So answer to her call.
And keep Old Glory flying
On the land as on the sea.
All hail Pueblo Air Base
We're saluting thee.

Written in 1943 by Ms. Kiff, Fountain Grade School Music Teacher

C.W. Dets 5-26-89 Po Box 412 R. J. LINKE 123 N. La Salle St. Surlingame, CA Amarillo, Texas 79106 a song I heard after reenlesting in the air lorge in 1947. (WWI in they. 8 8 xliv). I do not have the music out could sing to for you if you care to call and tapl my roice (806-359-1307.). do nut even know the title: You can speak of your pilots so daring as they gracefully soar thru the air, But if it wasn't for the men who maintain them They wouldn't be flying up these. So hurrah for the men who maintain them. The oilers and greeze monkey too-Our mosts and sim "Keep em flying" Harrah for the army ground RICHARD J. LINKE MAJ USAF (KET) PS a min Soto was my Cheaka Wille conde Mula

June 3, 1989 4400 East West Highway Bethesda, Md. 20814

Mr. C.W. Getz P.O.412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Mr.Getz:

I refer to y our notice in the June 1989 issue of "The Retired Officer" magazine.

Here's a song composed by Aviation Cadet Tommy Mays, recently deceased. As far as I know it was never copyrighted. As Aviation Cadets, actually Aviation Students during 1943 Basic Training at Greensboro, N.C.-BTC #10-with the 1181st Basic Training Squadron, we used to sing this while marching:

"Oh,we're the boys of the 1181st We never take a dare. We never wash our hands or face Or change our underwear.

We never do a damn thing right We're always in the wrong Oh, we're the boys of the 81st And we're over one hundred strong.

We're crazy about our women And we're crazy about our booze Oh,we're the boys of the 81st And who in the hell are youse?

The Lieutenant likes us, the Captain likes us The Major thinks we're grand-Oh, we don't care what the Colonel thinks... We just don't give a damn!"

Of course..we wouldn't sing this when the Colonel was near. There it ..use as you wish.

Sincerely,

Michael and Poupee Nisos 4400 East West Highway Bethesda, MD 20814

Pember W. Rocap 2801 Oak Mountain Trail San Angelo, Texas 76904

26 July 1989

C. W. Metz
P.O. Box 412
Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear C. W. Metz

E

Enclosed are two of my songs and background notes for your use in the next volume of <u>The Wild Blue Yonder</u>. Like many military folk songs, the melodies are taken from well-known and easily sung airs, the words are straight from the hearts, missions, and experiences of those doing the singing.

I've also enclosed a check for \$40 to cover costs and mailing to me of Volumes I and II of <u>The Wild Blue Yonder</u>. After several years of trying to contact Redwood Press, I've had no response. Naturally, when Vol III is published, please reserve a copy for me.

Since retiring from the Air Force, I have been in a Ph.D program in American Studies at the University of Texas. Part of my work has been on military songs in American society. Your books are the most comprehensive collection of 20th century Air Force songs available, a point I have repeatedly emphasized in my papers and to my professors.

I wish you all the best on the third volume. Thanks for your work on the first two.

Sincerely

Pem

Uncle Ho was written at Korat, Thailand, in the fall of 1967, a period of heavy losses for the 388th Tactical Fighter Wing, including most of the Wing's senior leaders, i.e., Colonels Edward Burdett, John Flynn, etc. Despite President Johnson's recent but belated expansion of the list of permitted targets in North Vietnam, a feeling persisted that the U.S. was not hitting the North hard enough to end the war. In this context, any lossespast, present and future- were unnecessary. employment went against the personal inclinations and professional training of many serving in Southeast Asia at that time. Even the Thud was being used, albeit extremely effectively, in a way different from its original purpose--controlled delivery of a tactical nuclear weapon. The verses express all this frustration. The song is triply ironic in its parody and use of the melody of Pretty Mary, an American folk piece going back to the Civil War and sung by Peter, Paul and Mary and many folk song enthusiasts of the 1960s. As one softly stated, deeply felt possible solution to the war, Uncle Ho is unsurpassed.

Uncle Ho (Sung to the tune of Pretty Mary)

My one-oh-five is loaded, The Bomb's in the bay, Look out, Uncle Ho, I'm coming your way.

Uncle Ho, Uncle Ho,
Would you think me unkind,
If I were to drop in,
And tell you my mind.

Your SAM's and your triple-A All think I'm a find, But I'm quick as a weasel, And jink til they're blind.

Your MIG's try to meet me As I hit RP Six, They come up to greet me, But don't like to mix.

You hope I will fail
On this final flight,
But I've followed your trail,
And now you're in sight.

As sure as the monsoon Falls on the Vietcong, Tonight I am with you, Tomorrow you'll be gone.

My one-oh-five is loaded, The Bomb's in the bay, So look out, Uncle Ho, I'm coming your way. The Crew Chief's Lament was written at the Air Force Logistics Management Center, Gunter AFS, Alabama, in 1979. Established as the Air Force logistics community's in-house think tank in 1976, the AFLMC was manned primarily with top maintenance, supply, logistics plans, transportation and procurement personnel who were widely experienced in base level logistics. They were charged with creating, developing, testing, and implementing ways to improve logistics support to operational units. Creativity being impervious to direct orders and firm due dates, results sometimes seemed slow in coming, even--no, especially--to those trying to achieve them.

The Crew Chief's Lament (To the tune of Bendemeer's Stream aka as The Mountains O' Mourne)

Oh Colonel this Center's a wonderful sight,
With the people here working by day and by night.
They don't maintain airplanes nor missiles tis true,
But there's gangs of them thinking of good things to do.
At least when you ask them that's what they all say,
So I've tried my head at this thinking for pay,
And for all I've accomplished I might as well be,
Where the fighters and bombers still fly frequently.

Now don't get me wrong they're a hard-working bunch, An hour in the morning and then break for lunch.

It's jogging and bowling and jogging some more,
Then back at the grind til at least half-past four.

There's Happy Hour on Friday and a party or two,
Card games and picnics for the whole durn crew.
(slowly, with feeling)

The pace is too fast and I'd much rather be, Where the fighters and bombers still fly frequently.

They take many trips to a lot of fine places.

Its got so that I can't remember their faces.
You'd think no one liked it here but this they deny,
Yet they keep cutting orders to go TDY.

And should you inquire as to where they do travel,
The tales that they tell are impossible to unravel.
But their forwarding address always happens to be
Where the fighters and bombers still fly frequently.

6/13/89 Billi-Please auswa 8AF MailCall P.O. Bx 35-56 Hollywood, Fl Min Manh MW and complete words of a bit of doggered that goes something like this: den Dirs; " Way back in flight training they told us The cream of the crop- we would go off Then one day they told us our training They loaded us up in a B-24 4/1, 4/1, B-241 They sent us to war in a B-24" There are many more verus - I have marrowed I down to either the Third division (who Converted to B-17's) or to the 15AF To whom I an also writing. Any help writer be apprecialed _ *445BG 2NDAD Tom thompson W5269 KOTH Rd Tomah AWK, Wi 54487



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE Col. George S. Howard Chairman of the Board Louis Sudler Executive Chairman Dr. Al G. Wright President &

Chief Executive Officer Maxine Lefever VP & Exec. Sec.

Col. John R. Bourgeois Vice President

Dr. John M. Long ADVISORS TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Elizabeth Ludwig Fennell Allan McMurray Virginia Sudler EXECUTIVE BOARD

Paul V. Yoder, Chmn. Keith Brion Jeane Dixon Sir Vivian Dunn J. William Middendorf II

John Philip Sousa III BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Allen Beck Dave Brubeck Ray Cramer Elizabeth Ludwig Fennell Frederick Fennell Trevor Ford Robert E. Foster William P. Foster Edgar Gangware Clare Grundman Arthur Gurwitz Gregg Hanson Dale C. Harris Clifford O. Hunt

Karel Husa William Johnson Benny Knudsen Jaap Koops Jack H. Mahan I. Keith Mann

Allan McMurray Kenneth Neidig David Reul William D. Revelli

Herbert Schultz Richard Strange Virginia Sudler Henk van Liinschooten David Whitwell

Don Wilcox Gladys S. Wright ADVISORY BOARD OF

ASSOCIATED ORGANIZATIONS American Bandmasters Association

American School Band Directors Association Association of Concert Bands of America Big Ten Band

Directors Association Canadian Bandmasters Association Canadian Bureau for the

Advancement of Music Confederation Internationale des Societes Musicales

Japan Bandmasters Association National Catholic

Bandmasters Association Netherlands Bandmaster Association

Norwegian National Bandmasters Association Phi Beta Mu Fraternal

Society Sousa Band Fraternal Society

Women Band Directors National Association World Association for Symphonic Bands and Ensembles

THE JOHN PHILIP SOUSA FOUNDATION

Col. George S. Howard USAF(ret) Chairman of the Board Air Force Village #1615 4917 Ravenswood Drive San Antonio, Texas 78227 512-673-7259

October 3, 1989

Dr. Charles W. Getz P.O. Box 412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Dr. Getz:

Congratulations on the first two volumes of THE WILD BLUE YOUNDER. They have been very helpful to me with my Air Force Village Voices, here at Air Force Village I &

I shall enclose a copy of a song that has been published by Southern Music Company, here in San Antonio. arrangement is also available.

I have also written a Fight Song for the Air Academy, FALCON'S VICTORY. This is also published by Southern Music Company, and is available for Band and Voice.

You may wish to include these two numbers in your 3rd volume. If you are interested, I can obtain releases on both these numbers.

Sincerely,

Howard, Col. USAF (ret)

years Conductor of the USAF Band, Washington, D.C.

a non-profit foundation to promote international understanding through band music

Bachelors of the Sky



Copyright 1963 by Southern Music Company, San Antonio, Texas 78206 Revised Edition © Copyrighted 1966 by Southern Music Company, San Antonio, Texas International Copyright secured Printed in U.S.A Printed in U.S.A.



13606 62 nd AVE N.E. KIRKLAND, WA 98034 Sept 12, 1989

Dear Dr. Getz,

In the latest issue of air Force magazine, I read your request for the lyrics and melody to two old AAF Dongs. I do not possess the nusical ability to write the melody, but I can provide the lyrics for the second of the two songs you wanted. This was a song we sang during marches as a viation Codets in 1944.

The weather's fine for flying, The clouds have gone away, The ceiling and the visibility Are the best we've had for days.

So fill the air with eagles, Let's fill the air with men, And we will see a world that's free When we fly home again.

Oh, the night is Clear,
And the bombardier
Drops a bomb thats wired for sound,
How I yearn to return
With my head in the clouds,
to the one I love on the ground.

I hope you can find the melody for this, I not, let me know and I'll try to find someone who can transcribe my singing voice to notes on paper.

But Sutteil

Carroll T. Andrews 2151 Norfolk St., No., St. Petersburg, FL 33710

October 11, 1989

Dr. Charles W. Getz, P.O.Box 412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Dr. Getz:

I read in the Air Force AFTERBURNER that you are interested in music concerned with the Air Force from WWII.

I enlisted in 1940 in the Army Air Corps, served as an enlised man in Hawaii, then was commissioned and served in Europe during the war, then resigned from active duty to pursue music as a career.

In Hawaii, I wrote the enclosed music "Wings of the Nation". We sang it over KGU in Honolulu with the Wheeler Field male glee club, and it also was played in that area many times by bands, etc.

I am enclosing a copy of the music manuscript, plus several copies of news clippings for reference of the music and time, for your information.

If there is anything else you want to know, please feel free to write to me, or even call me at home. (813/347-4730). I have lived in this city for 24 years, and now am fully retired. Incidentally, I am quite active in our local chapter of the Retired Officers Association, having remained in the active AF reserve until 1965.

Sincerely, Man old. Andum

Incl: cy music and clippings

WINGS OF THE NAT WORDS & MUSIC BY CARROLL T. A NOREWS. 1942 MARCHING TEINPE 4 WE'RE THE NA- TION, WINGS OF THE WE'LL FOR VIC-TO-FIGHT TO 15 OUR CON-TION. FOR THE LAND BER-OF WILL REACH OUR FOE NOR 17495 CORPS! SHORES OUR GAL- LANT WE'RE THE eresc. Copying hted 1942 by C.T. Andrews Public performance



Honolulu abut the Column of

A song you will hum long after the day of victory was trabed Saturday and now awaits an airing over radio stati GU. Called "



suiters sang it before the mike you will a in its spirited march time and dramatic ver the same electric quality that makes the Ma seillaise linger on after the song is ended.

It will echo in your ears as if the hil caught up its cry and resounded to its stirrif rhythm. It is that kind of song.

"We're the wings of the nation, We'll fight for victory:
To win is our conviction,
For the land of liberty."

D. BENYAS

That is just a sample, a teaser, to show you what is coming to over Hawaii's airways and eventually over the nation tworks.

Sunday afternoon Staff Sergeant F. A. Locke, who wrote the chestration for this modern Marseillaise, will lead his famouriners of the marine swing band as they play it for the cond time in its birthplace. Right and fitting it is that a marintachment at Ewa should be the first to hear the public debut of the Nation' because the marines contributed inch to its debut on a recording disk.

the shores of Tripoli' with more dash and enthusiasm that ey did Cpl. Andrews' new composition. That's saying a bookfu

When you get the marines and the army fliers shaking han a venture you are sure to have something that will set the orld on fire for the two together make the cream of the cream As a footnote to the step taken Saturday, a cable was set Kate Smith which will undoubtedly bring results. Kate know good thing when she sees it. The carping critics of her networking of the say they are sick and tired of hearing about he coming over the mountain should have listened to the ogram she put on last night for 50 marines at Quantico. She sang three compositions of unknowns and heretofore uning enlisted men besides several other familiar ones. The mass couldn't get enough. They clamored for more in a wat made the radio vibrate. They did everything in Quantity tear down the roof to coax another encore. The 5,000 m



C.7. Andrews

Soldier Musician



PLAYS FOR BOYS—Cpl. Carroll Andrews, author of "Wings of the Nation," soon to make its debut over KGU, is Wheeler Field's soldier organist. He plays in the field's movie theater, the only theater on an army post to have a Hammond electric (Wheeler Laboratory photo.)

Cpl. Andrews Is Organist In Wheeler Field Theater

Wheeler field boasts the dis-speaker system. tinction of being the first army

of popular songs on the screen for song fests. Plans are under-way to broadcast the music to the entire field over the loud

poral Andrew's love for "Dirty" (song). (song),

Corporal Andrews playing Men-delsohn's "Spring Song" on the theater organ, while the audi-ence persisted in singing "Deep In The Heart Of Texas."

Wheeler is fortunate in having post in the islands to install a such an organ and an ace mu-Hammond electric organ in its movie theater. Furthermore, the fielders have a soldier-organist sic began long before he donned Cpl. Carroll Andrews, to play it. a uniform. Hailing from Mil-Organ music goes so well with waukee, Wis., where he studied with the Wisconsin College of are being made to flash words Music, while attending the State Teachers college there, the soldier musician has been active in everything musical on the field, including the Wheeler glee club and choir. He has also been the chapel organist.

Cpl. Andrews studied har-mony, theory and composition under Prof. John Leicht of Milwaukee for three years. After Pearl Harbor he wrote a march song, "Wings of the Nation" which will make its debut soon over KGU on a Wheeler field program.

Cpl. Carroll Andrews was very Hammond organ like an old vet-

The air forces song, "Wings of much in evidence as accompanist the Nation," written by Cpl. Carand shuttled back and forth between the concert grand and the has returned to the Mainland to study at an officers' candidate school

Honolulu "Wings of the Nation",



NEW WAR SONG—

the field, and Cpl.

station KGU of the field, and Cpl.

station KGU of the right of Missing march song the solo part. Pursuiters in the chorus are Pic. Burton W. Hull, Pvt. Jack W. Hoy Leon Wikoff, Cpls. Elmer B. Ott, DuBose Robertson, Robert A. Blissett, Charles L. Hendrin W. Koss, Pfcs. Paul Smereko, Vernon Davis, Robert J. Szan. Sgts. R. B. McEnery and And Bourchard who wrote the script do not appear in the picture. Below: S. Sgt. F. A. Lock ctor of the Pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestration for Cpl. Andrew places of the pearl Harbor marine swing band who wrote the orchestra

LUE ROOM BLUES A

The site Room has turned into a music room. That with a radio-phonograph, record furnished us the other day when a certain ed concerts by Sgt. Mark Curtis, piano and recruit wanted to put in for special duty organ duos with our two temperamental artistes at the keyboard-Robertson and Andrews. (By the way Andrews is still keeping chance the other day when he assisted the in the publicity limelight. He got mugged magician from "Cocoanut Capers". the other day at a shindig held at Bishop Littel's-did ya see it in the Advertiser?)

Andrews is finally happy. He has "Wings of the Nation" printed and presented We all went high brow and listedned to Colonel Flood with a copy as well as the recording which was made of it. What are too. (But we can't let Robertson know you going to do now to make the headlines, that.)

The best laugh in the Blue Room was with a USO show. The only trouble is so many of us would like that too. He got his

Last Sunday Verne Waldo Thompson played a return date and brought John Burr, basso, formerly of the La Scala Opera Co. some opera. His popular numbers were good



Rt 1 Box 279 Quitman, Ga. 31643 21 Nov., 1989

Mr. C, W. Getz 105 Braemar Drive Hillsborough, Calif. 94010

Dear Mr. Getz.

I am writing in response to your letter in the Fall 39 Journal of the Second Air Division Association. You mentioned two songs that you were trying to track down. The first one I had never heard, but the second one I remembered from World War II days, though I have not heard it since then.

I imagine that by now you have been inundated with responses, but I decided to go ahead and contact you with my recollection. Enclosed is a copy of the song as I remember it. You will see that there are minor variations between my version and the one that you printed in the Journal. This comes entirely from my memory and therefore is subject to correction. But this is the way it was fixed in my mind.

As you can see, I am not a musician. This "manuscript" is my first effort at transcribing any kind of music. I am sure this is not the way the thing was written, but I hope you can make sense out of it and determine what it should be. My wife (a musician) says that I am all wet on several points about the writing. She says it should be in 4/4 time, where I used \$/8. She also says that the key change is bad; I shouldn't be going from C to A-flat. I don't understand anything about music theory, and no doubt she's right. Monetheless, as I have written it, it sounds right to me when I pick it out at the piano. I figured you might be able to follow it enough to get the hang of it, and then you could clean it up however you needed to.

Two other songs came to my mind while I was thinking about this. The first goes like this:

Eagles, American eagles, America sings of her wings in the sky. Eagles, ... etc.

That's enough for you to know whether or not you are acquainted with it.

The second, I think, is called Captains of the Clouds, and starts like this:

We're off for the big show tonight, So fly 'em wing to wing; We're angels of Hell and we fight ... etc.

If you are unacquainted with either of those I will be glad to send you what I remember of them. Incidentally, I don't know the title, composer, or any background on the enclosed song.

Hope this may be of interest to you.

Sincerely,





15 Oct 89 Dear de Getz Please find in closed The verses for Fours - Fours - B-24" you requested in The a. 7. Magazire. While Doknew some of the verus, I knew a pielut might have more. I was a B. 24 Pelat during the was can completed my missiones out of Italy with the 464 "Bowb. Gg. - My friend, hur in kerrville was in my Squelen, however was shot down in Chy 44 and spent the remainder of the war in Staly Luft III - His Manne-"Bob Weinberg" - he was a Mavigata. I know the melody, however don't have it in writing . - However wild sing it to your after 5 Mov. as I'm having a crow reunin In the self week a so in Wash D. C. These Syries are from the African / Italian Campaign: - If you come up with different verses - Please soul me a copy sincerely. Bob Jaclock

> LT COL ROBERT H GARLOCK 6775 BRADEN CIR. KERRVILLE, TX. 78028

1-512-257-8764

FOURS - FOURS - B-24's

When the Army first called us to go off to war They said not word one 'bout the B-24 So being young boys we rushed out to enlist To get in the Air Corps we so did insist.

Cherus Fours B-24's
we went off to war in a B-24.

For years we were training we know not what for We all ended up in a B-24
They said it would fly wind we said it would not Till up in the air like a big bird we shot.

Chorus -

In training we drank til we fell on the floor
Then found some one's bottle and called out for more though spacious skies of more than came 1,000 bombors.
Then one day they told us our gaining was o'er
And we leaded ourselves on a B-24.

Chorus

On the way over we had drinks galore at each place we stayed we got a 104 In Tunis we walked on the roof tops by night and woke in the Casbak by dawn 's early light.

Chorus -

The fighters won't hit you - You will not get shot We could hear the poople say The gunners are tired and the barrells are hot!

One warm and sunny day

As we passed through the cit
We could hear the poople say

You murders, you gangstors

Chorus -

The fighters they soomed and the fighters they dived which is beyond repair. the looked at the target - we knew we'd arrived
The bomb bays were open - the bomb were away
And how we got back I don't know til this day.

Now you may think that

Chorus -

We turned on the power - we turned on the switch but something is missing - its cold as a witch The heaters they work by the books we are told we don't doubt the books but we're so --- cold.

Chorus -

Oh Mother dear Mother its sad to relate Your poor boy has met a most horrible fate He flew through the flak - Oh so brave and so bold He flew through the flak but he died of the cold.

THE MARAULER
The marauder's a very fine air llanc
Constructed of rivits and tin
a top speed of over 200
a snip with a headwind built in.
Chorus Oh why did I join the air Corps
Oh mother, Oh mother knew bost
Here I lie neath the wreckage
Larauders all over my chest.

a B-24 s a fine aircraft
a structosphere bath tub no less
It blows up over the target
The whole god damn place is a mess

Chorus -

A B-26's a fine aircraft Constructed of rivets and tin A top speed of 300 miles A tail wind alro-dy built in. Chorus -

The Mitchell's a very fine Air 11 Flanc tenstructed of paper and wood Good for ferrying whiskey But for combat it's no G D good. Chorus

" IN A PRISON CAMP

icross the adriatic

Through spacious skies of blue

Through spacious skies of blue

There came 1,000 bombors

The airmon tried and true

The headed for the Balkans

And straight to Bucharest

But when we hit flak alley

The gunners did the rest.

Chorus
But we all landed safely

The prachutes galore

And now we're in a prisch camp.

Asweating out the war.

A train pulled into Bucharest
One warm and sunny day
as we passed through the city
We could hear the people say
You murders, you gangsters
You bombed our city fair
You just knocked out our strandthing
marshalling yard.
Chorus -

now you may think that this ends our tail:

we thought the war was ever But the bombers still flow the heard the bombs awhistling and we dove beneath our beds fis we lay there a trembling and praying very hard.

That they would miss the city and hit the marshalling yard.

Chorus.

ON THE ROAL TO BUCHAREST

On the read to Bucharest
where the Luft maffe has its
nest
and the flak comes up like thuncer
Fro. the morth, south, east
and west.

On the rand to Bucharost
"hore the Focke welf's at its
best
and the flak comes up like thunder
From the north, south, cast
and west.
(tune - On the Road to
andaley)

B.26



THE AMERICAN FIGHTER ACES ASSOCIATION

December 21, 1989

C. W. "Bill" Getz P. O. Box 412 Burlingame, California 94011-0412

Dear Bill,

Thanks for your letter of 18 December. I spoke with Jerry Collinsworth and asked him about the song book. He said he'd really rather leave it here in the musuem, but assured me that I could copy any or all of it. So... am sending you the titles you indicated.

Hope you have a happy holiday season. Will be looking forward to seeing you here in May.

Best regards,

J. Ward Boyce

Colonel, USAF (Ret) Executive Director

JNB: 1g

The R.O.M.'S Lament

On, once I was happy, but now I'm a wreck, I put in four months as a Radio Tech. And waded through snow from my toes to my neck. Give ear while an R. O. M. speaks:

Oh, I fly through the air in a B-24
It's loaded with Looies and sergeants galore
But I'm just a plain PFC
I sit and I sit in my radio shack
The pilot's in front and the gunner's in back
And who dodges the bullets when the Zeroes attack?
And yet I'm a plain PFC.

Now they told me: My boy, you're quite lucky, You're learning a valuable trade: You should be a Sergeant in no time at all. But, oh, what an error they made!

Oh, I fly through the air in a B-17
The pilot is 20, the gunner's 19
And I'm 26, but wherever I'm seen
I'm still just a plain PFC
Oh, one day, I know, at some not-distant date
A bullet will up through my third vertebrate
And when I report at that heavenly gate
I'm still be a plain PFC.

Who Owns This Club

are on the way. And the hand begins to play P-L-A-Y! We own this club! We own this club! he mothers take their daughters in Who owns this club, the people cry! You can hear the people shouting Now who the hell are "youse"? And we're always full of booze, We're always full of whiskey, You've heard so much about. Oh we're the boys from the _ Oh we're the boys from the Who the hell are you? Who owns this club! Who owns this club! Whenever we go out. As we go marching The boys from_ Oh wah, wah, Oh wah, wah, Oh wah, wah,

Ride the wings of destiny.

while severy is mue, Just who's doing what and to who. Ke got in sirectly from Stu, But sometimes we wonder, We love the blue yander -CHORUS

Soooo -- come - join the Air Force today. So listen young men as we say, Be careful of wings and flight pay There's no prohibitions, On suicide missions,

K-14 Tower I'm Going In

North of the airdrome, 'm going in, Augering in. K-14 Tower,

Call out your crash trucks, Call out the chaplain, Your meat wagon too, 'm feeling so blue. Take heed, Junior Birdmen, An airplane can throw you This tale of remorse, As quick as a horse.

Alouette

Et la tete, et la tete, Oh ----Alouette, Gentille Alouette, Alouette, gentille Alouette Alouette, Je te plumerai je te plumerai la tete je te plumeraj la tete

2. R&R

Go to Mioshi's Rum & Coke

Geisha Gal Hot-a-bath Hit the pad

Twenty times

9. Aching back 10. Matinee

11. Runny nose 12. See the Doc 13. Pencillin

Sons Of Randolph

Onward! Onward! You power birds of war! Upward! Upward! Route the mighty Thor! Starward fling your courses free. Dive, your engines screaming, Challenge fate with mockery. Down the winds! blaspheming, Through the heavens hurling, Streaming comets swirling, With your motors roaring, Sons of Randolph soaring,

Kentucky Babe

Skeeters am a-hummin' on the honeysuckle vine; Sleep, Kentucky Babe,
Sandman am a-calling to this little coon o' mine; Sleep, Kentucky Babe.
Silvery moon am shining in the heavens up above,

Bobolink am calling to his little lady love, You is mighty lucky, Babe of ol' Kentucky Close your eyes in sleep.

CHORUS:

Fly away, (bass) fly away--Fly away Kentucky Babe,
Fly away to rest,
Fly away to kest,
Fly away, (bass) fly away --Rest your weary, curly head,
On your mammy's breast, (Hum eight counts)
Close your eyes in sleep.

The Formation Leader

Here's a health to the formation leader, A jolly good fellow is he, He uses three-star navigation And flies on Bacardi. Here's a health to the leader's two wing-men, To the gunner within his turelle, Here's a health to the whole damn formation, We'll fly reviews in hell.

Hazy Mazy

Hazy Mazy, what are you trying to do? I'm half crazy, trying to follow through. You can't do good precision, you won't make a decision, But you'd look sweet, upon the seat of a parachute Thirty-two. Hazy mazy, your pattern is all astray,
You know darn well I taught you another way.
You shove the stick in my tummy and then you think it's funny!
I can't forget the crack in the neck you gave me the other day.

Hazy Mazy, all your maneuvers stink!
Why the devil didn't you learn to think?
You spin just like a top, I think you'll never stop.
I think it best you take a rest on a bicycle built for two.

Ç

Air Force "801"

Listen to the rumble, oh hear old Merlin roar I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream And hear old Merlin roar

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801

I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

'm turning on the down-wind leg

My prop has over-run

My coolant's overheated, the gauge says one-two-one You'd better call the crash crew and get them on the run Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801 I'm turning on the final, and runnin' on one lung I'm gonna land this mustang, no matter what you say I gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgment day! Air Force 801, this is judgment day You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay! You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell!

Fifty Baker Twenty-Eight

*

He was over Rabaul bombing,
When some "flak" got in his way,
And his engine coughed and sputtered,
And then called it a day.
He was gliding for the channel,
And was cursing at his fate,
When suddenly he remembered --Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.

He opened up his R/T
And he broadcast loud and clear,
"This plane of mine has it --And the water's getting near.
I'm fifteen east of Cape Gazalle,
So please don't make me wait --So please don't make me wait --Just send me out the dumbo,
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.

Till they saw the PV circling, And its figher escort too, So that PBY came quickly, As the PV's always do. They took one look and landed, And I'm happy to relate, They got them all home safely, Fifty Baker Twenty Eight. Now remember this, you fighters, And bombers large and small, If ever you get shot up, While bombing old Rabaul, Just head off down the channel And get some other "crate" To yell like hell for Dumbo Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.

Oh, we know what he coying is true, We got it afrectly from Stu, We love the olue yonder – But sometines we wonder, Just who's doing what and to who, CHORUS:

Socoo -- come - join the Air Force today. So listen young men as we say, Be careful of wings and flight pay There's no prohibitions, On suicide missions,

K-14 Tower I'm Going In

North of the airdrome, 'm going in, K-14 Tower, Augering in. Call out your crash trucks, Call out the chaplain, four meat wagon too, 'm feeling so blue. Take heed, Junior Birdmen, An airplane can throwyou This tale of remorse, As quick as a horse.

Alouette

Et la tete, et la tete, Oh -----Alouette, Sentille Alouette, Alouette, gentille Alouette Alovette, Je te plumerai le te plumerai la tete le te plumerai la tete

Rum & Coke 2. R&R

Go to Mioshi's Geisha Gal

Hot-a-bath

Twenty times

7. Hit the pad 8. Twenty times 9. Aching back

11. Runny nose 0. Matinee

12. See the Doc 13. Pencillin

Sons Of Randolph

Upward! Upward! Route the mighty Thor! Onward! Onward! You power birds of war! Starward fling your courses free. Challenge fate with mockery. Down the winds! blaspheming, Through the heavens hurling, Streaming comets swirling, With your motors roaring, Sons of Randolph soaring,

Dive, your engines screaming, Ride the wings of destiny.

He Flew Through The Air In A P-39

He flew through the air in a P.39
And swooped down to read every Burma Shave sign On Sunday he shouted, "I'm doing fine".
But on Monday he vanished away.

They found part of a wing down in Roswell And at Kirtland they picked up his prop There were bits of his engine in Phoenix But our hero he never did stop. He flys through the air on his snowy white wings He plays the harp, and he wistfully sings "On Sunday I did some impossible things And on Monday I vanished away."

The C-54

I don't need booms or double tails
To tell me I can't fly,
I'm in a squadron of C-54s
How ancient can an aircraft be,
Sometimes I want to cry,
Caues I'm stuck with this C-54.

I come and go but climb so slow These engines are a fright You'll see us coming home with three Most every other night. Please build some more 124s And send us on our way Back to Tacoma, where we long to stay.

Blackbirds We Fly

Here we stand on the ground, We won't take off till the sun goes down We fly blackbirds.

Go in low and come out fast, Keep those fighters off our...necks We fly blackbirds. No one hero can ever understand us You should hear the malarky that they hand us Mix those drinks and mix 'em right Because we're standing down tonight Blackbirds we fly.....

Washout Dirge

Check Flight Instructor was after me today,

Too late for me to get on my knees and pray,
Oh, how he spun me, now you must shun me---fo-o-r
Check Flight Instructor was after me today.

Clothes packed, I'm leaving, my flying days are done, Home to raise babies, the Army says it's fun. Making tiny garments, luck to you varmints--fo-o-r Check Flight Instructor was after me today.

WASPS Training Song

December 22, 1989

C.W. "Bill" Getz P.O. Box 412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Bill:

I redeived your letter of November 27th just prior to leaving on a cruise featuring good Dixieland music and returned to Vacaville in the middle of December.

In addition to playing "catch-up", I have been trying to find the parodies I mentioned. I've been going through all my accumulated junk without success...sp far.

We put on a little vaudeville type show for the local Retired Officers and Daedalians and used a couple of the parodies. I found those and am enclosing them for you.

I'll continue to search and if I can't find them, I do have two fall-back positions. I have a tape of most...if not all of them...and I can reconstruct from that. Also, my former co-pilot co-authored a lot of them and he probably has copies.

The parodies enclosed were authored entirely by me. I have a letter in the mail requesting clearance from the former co-pilot to send the others to you.

I just wanted you to know that I haven't forgotten you.

I retired in 1969 after 27½ years and I'll be 72 this coming May.

Happy Holidays

Æarl von Kaenel

120 Doris Ct. Vacaville, CA 95688

707 448 8632

CARELESS.....PARODY

Careless...now that you got me lovin' you
You're Careless...the facts of life, I thought you knew
You reassured me that things were alright
I let you stay there the rest of the night.
Careless, why did we do just what we did
You're careless...whatever will I name the kid
Yes, I'm a mother...that's plain to see
Just 'cause you were careless with me.

Author...Earl von Kaenel

Me name is Abie Kilroy
I'm the leader of the crew
Altho we're few in number
We're here to serve just you
We'll fly the broad Pacific
The weather should be grand
You'll never ever feel a bump
Not even when we land.

CHORUS:

Let the engines bang
The thunder clang
And the lightnin' blaze away
You're ridin' with the best there is
And Kilroy's here to stay
And Frenesi Tennessee ladles the soup
A tasty dish for you
A credit to the MAC is Abie Kilroy's crew

Right now we are commencin'
To fire number three
Just one more thing I'll say to you
So listen here to me
When General Brown to Travis came
He said to quite a few
A credit to the MAC
Is Abie Kilroy's crew.

CHORUS:

Let the engines bang...etc

I am the best Flight Steward
On this here gosh durned run
The things I cannot do for you
Are things that can't be done
I change the baby's diapers
And keep the airplane clean
Such service that you'll get from me
You never before have seen.

CHORUS:

Let the engines bang...etc

Author: Earl von Kaenel

n the desk of Glen Nolte 12000089 Reference your note in the afterform, Here are two songs we sangas aviation cadets in meteorology of Weathermans fament was sung to The Time of "abdul afull bull abear", Laun't remember tune of the weatherman Long"
Thought you might like 'Awaston' Yours Slen S. Holte L+ Col USAF Retired

WEEKEND TELEGRAPH, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1989 XI

Making love and war

• Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd stumbles on the bawdy in a new war 'museum'

MID the welter of nostalgic material published recently about the Second World War, one aspect seems to have been rather overlooked in this new puritanical age: sex.

And yet, as far as one can gather, there was a great deal of it happening on the "Tomorrow-we-might-be-goners" principle. In his hilarious farce "Habeas Corpus", Alan Bennett touched on this social phenomenon. Sir Percy Shorter reminisces to Lady Rumpers how her "Land Army breeches came down with a fluency born of long practice"; whereas Dr Wicksteed breaks into verse:

Oh Mavis and Audrey and Lilian and Jean Patricia and Pauline and

Maureen and Muntle I had

you and more In God's gift to the lecher the Second World War.

And so when I heard that a "theme museum" at Malton, in Yorkshire, included a moving tableau of Land Girls in haystacks, I hastened, in the interests of research, to record this vital contribution to our comprehension of the war vears.

The exhibit in question is to be found in Hut No 8 of the Eden Camp, a former prisonerof-war camp built in 1942 to

house Italians land later Germans), which has been imaginatively restored as "a tribute to the people of World War II". In case you are thinking of taking your children to Eden Camp as an educational experience, do not be

put off by fears of salaciousness. The tableau is " tastefully done". After a close scrutiny, I can report that all you see is part of a haystack moving gently up and down while a Land Girl's voice says:-"George ... no, George ... George ... Oh, George!" -Naafi Christine or words to that effect.

> One could argue about the tastefulness of the latex hand reaching out of the rubble (and then receding again) in the graphic, rat-infested reconstruction of the Blitz in hut 5: but then the war was hardly a tasteful business. The strength of the Eden Camp show is that it captures the authentic vulgarity of the "People's War", in an uncannily atmospheric setting.

You begin by thinking that it is all absurdly tacky, and then come to realise amid the sand-



working-class family sit huddled round a wireless (not to mention a half-filled tin bath). the model of the wife quivering with emotion.

and

control

towers, that most

of what you see is

the real thing.

Each hut is

devoted to a dif-

ferent theme. In

the first there is

an explanation of

the rise of the

Nazis leading up

to Chamberlain's

broadcast, as a

Then comes a hut featuring the Home Guard and evacuees. adorned with appropriate contemporary artefacts. Those of "nervous disposition" are warned not to go into the German U-boat hut - a vivid impression of being in a submarine under torpedo attack in the North Atlantic.

The "Blitz!" hut is equally chilling and dramatic, so that it is a relief to sit down in the next one, a jolly puppet show evocation of a wartime music hall.

Hut 9 shows a Bomber ops room in action as the last Lancaster bomber returning from a raid over enemy territory is "talked down" to safety.

There is a reconstruction of bags, barbed wire life in the camp itself. POW 83 None of 1,500 in Britain, holding a total of 400,000 prisoners). which remained in operation until 1948.

> Even the Garrison Cinema Bar, with its film-star posters. and the "Prisoners Canteen" cafeteria (music by Glenn Miller) are suitably in period. though rationing does not apply. Having spent much of this year browsing through wartime copies of The Daily Telegraph, it was instructive to compare the coverage of other papers in the War News Hut. There is also a special exhibition entitled "The Cartoonist Fights Back".

All things considered, Eden Camp offers an unusual "heritage" outing which is both educational and fun (the attractions for children include an assault course). What I liked about the place was its homegrown artlessness in recording the ups and downs of "Total War".

- Eden Camp, Malton, North Yorks, is off the A64 (York-Scarborough road) at Pickering Junction. Open daily until December 23 (10am-5pm).
- Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd has edited "The Daily Telearaph Record of the Second World War" (Sidgwick & Jackson, £15.95).

INVASION (Or the English Girls Lament)

Dear Old England's not the same We dreaded invasion- well it came, But no, its not the beastly Hun. The ----m Yankee Army's come.

You see them in the train or bus, There isn't room for both of us, We walk to let them have our seats Then get run over by their jeeps.

They mean about our lukewarm beer, Think beer's like water over here, But after drinking two or more, You find them lying on the floor.

And you should see them try to dance, They get a partner, start to prance, When you're half dead they stop and smile, "How about that, honey chile?"

We see them try to Jitterbug
They twist and turn and pull and hug,
Its enough to make Red Indians jealous
Yet the Yankees are civilized (so they tell us).

Yankee Officers cause us smiles, With their colored pants (you can see them for miles.) We wonder if they are mice or men. Decide they're wolves so avoid the den.

With admiration we would stare At all the ribbons they do wear, And think of deeds so bold and daring That won the ribbons they are wearing. Alas, they haven't fought the Hun,
No glorious battles have they won,
The yellow ribbon just denotes,
They crossed the Atlantic (brave men in boats).

We speak to them, they just look hazy, They think we're nuts, we think they're crazy. Yet they're our Allies, we must be nice, They love us (like a cat loves mice).

They laugh at us for drinking tea, Yet a funnier sight you'll never see, Then a gum chewing Yank with a dull looking face He'd raise a laugh in any place.

They say they can shoot, yes and fight
It's true they fight (when they are tight),
I must admit their shooting is fine,
They sure can shot a line.

They tell you you've got teeth like pearls, They like your hair, the way it curls, Your eyes would dim the brightest star, You're competition for Miss Lamarr.

You are their life, their love, their all, And for no other could they fall, They'll love you dear, till death do part, If you leave they you'll break their heart.

And then they leave you broken hearted, The Camp has moved, your love departed, You wait for mail that doesn't come, Theyrealize you're awfully dumb.

In a different town, a different place, To a different girl, a different face, "I love you darling, please be mine!!! The same old Yank, the same old line.

THE WEATHERMAN'S LAMENT

The bards through the ages have filled many pages Extolling the infantry's glory.

They loved to enlarge on a cavalry's charge And make it the theme of their story.

The boys in the tanks are beginning to rank
And the caissons keep rolling along.
While the pilot and plane will always attain
Full crait and glory in song.

The news hounds adore the parachute corps,
The medics come for their praise,
But there's one bastard crew, a forgotten few
On which glory's light doesn't blaze.

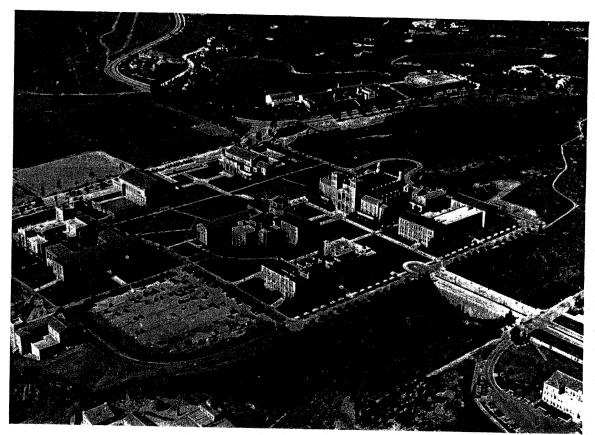
They spend their dull hours in forecasting showers
And judging the heights of the clouds.
But their anticipation of precipitation
Elicits no cheers from the crowds.

The problems climatic are not so romantic
As shooting down Japs from the blue;
But you can bet your last dollar the fliers would holler
If the Weathermen failed to come through.

When the Bomber Command has a mission all planned
And are set to raise hell with the Jap.
There's a question of whether all's well with the weather
Enroute to that spot on the map.

That's the weatherman's call to get on the ball.
And get all the dope for the flight;
He can't play the breaks, or allow for mistakes.
No guessing—he's got to be right.

When there's nothing to clear, He'll sit on his rear, He's lazy, that point is conceded; He'll loaf on the job, he'll jawbone an "ob" And he ain't worth a damn——til he's needed.



Aerial view of the U.C.L.A. Campus

CHORUS:

We are the men—the weathermen;
We may be wrong, oh, now and then,
But when you see our planes on high,
Just remember we're the ones who let them fly.

" We

We wish that there could be some more
Than twenty-four a day—
That doesn't seem to be enough
For us to earn our pay.
We study weather all the day
But still must learn to fight;
Because of this we do our calIsthenics in the night.

We used to love to do our ex-Ercises every day,
For once or twice in every week
We'd get a chance to play.
But now there isn't time enough,
We find we're over-labbed—
To state it in the mildest way,
I daresay we've been stabbed. We started out to study hard
To win the gol-dern war;
Lieutenant said it interfered
With what we came here for.
Commando stuff is all the rage,
The Kaydets howl for more,
But every night when we go home
We're draggin' on the floor.

Isallobars and isobars

Are running through our head—
The more we learn the less we know,
We wish that we were dead.
The front we seek is very weak,
Consult the upper air,
But every time we draw it in
We learn it wasn't there.

The Weathermen's Song (Class 5, U.C.L.A. version)

I remember the second song as "The Bombardiers Song" If you call me o'll sing it to you't

Dear Bill

reference your letter in 8AFN 10/89

I remember the second song as "The Bombardiers Song" The intro went: "Said the bombardier to the pilot, Let's go for a little ride. The pilot said to navigator, What's on the other side. The Navigator, he turned around and and said to the engineer: Your face is dirty. Hands are dirty, your you're dirty behind the ears." The first lines of the refrain I recall, was: The weather's fine for flying, the fog has gone to BED The rest as you have it., xcpt think it was "Lets fill the air with bombers..."! I am not positive, but I believe AF song writer Crawford sang this to our 42F Preflight cadet class at Maxwell Field in late '41 or early 42.

Hang in,

I treasure - Wild BLUE You alle"

ENTERED DEC 1 8 1989

SECOND SCHWEINFURT MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION, INC.

Bob O'Hearn Historian

8th United States Army Air Force Mission 115

2919 Renegade Ave. Bakersfield, CA 93306

14 October 1943

(805) 871-4785

1st Air Division

"Black Thursday"

3rd Air Division

91st 92nd		November 06, 1989	94th 95th
303rd			96th
305th	John H. Woolnough, Managing Editor		100th
306th	8th Air Force News	*	385th
351st	PO Box 3556		388th
379th	Hollywood, FL 33083		390th
381st			

384th Dear John:

> We recieved the information on the enclosed story from Jean-Pierre Wilhelm of Geneva Switzerland. He believes the story of the Dienhart Crew ordeal and landing in Switzerland October 1943 (on the 2nd 8th AF mission to Schweinfurt.) deserves recognition and He has given blanket permission for use of the material to that purpose.

> encl letter to Bill Getz reply to his letter in SAFNEWS was returned (bad address. Keep up the good work!!

Sincerely,

Bob O'Hearn

Historian/Secretary

Second Schwienfurt Memorial Assn.

Song: Invested his address in the tissue -How is all we have CW (Bill) GET Z [65 BRAKEMAR Dr. HIUSBOROUVH, CA 94101

Mr. C. W. Getz III PO Box 412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Mr. Getz,

First, I am not a muscially inclined and can't carry a tune in a sack, however, I do remember some of the lyrics to the latter referrenced in your plea in the December 1989 issue of "The Retired Officer".

With what I have put together you may be able to fill in the blanks (or correct). It's been better than 45 years since I was somewhat forced to sing while marching as an Air Cadet in the Western Flying Command.

My best recollection:

The weathers fine for flying The fog has gone to bed Theres such good visibility You can see victory ahead.

Lets fill the air with eagles
Lets fill the clouds with men
And you will see a world thats free
As we fly home again.

Said the bombadier to the pilot Give me the little (crate) Five degrees to the right'll do it Just as sure as fate

The ship in charge of the Bombardaire He opened his little bay He sighted the target, the lovely targe Then suddenly, BOMBS AWAY!

I remember some other lines that may have been added to the origional song in Navigation School at Ellington, to the effect:

The pilot turned the Navigator "Where the hell are we?" (Something about a heading, etc.)

This may or may not help.

I'd be interested in what you can put together, more interested in seeing your final production. If you find time, please let me know.

Wishing you a very Merry Christmas and a Joyious New Year.

Sincerly,

Stewart B. Foulke, (Jr.

LTC USAF (Ret)

5000 Bonington Court Richmond, VA 23234 (804)275-0233 FOURS - FOURS - B-24's

when the Army first called us to go off to war They said not word one 'bout the B-24 So being young boys we rushed out to enlist To get in the Air Corps we so did insist.

Cherus Fours - fours B-24's
we went off to wer in a B-24.

For years we were training we know not what for we all ended up in a B-24 They said it would fly und we said it would not Till up in the air like a big bird we shot.

Chorus -

In training we drank til we fell on the floor
Then found some one's bottle and called out for
Then one day they told us our faining was o'er
And we lagded ourselves on a 5-24.

Cherus

On the way over we had drinks galore at each place we stayed we got a 104 In Tunis we walked on the roof tops by night and woke in the Casbah by dawn 's early light.

Charus -

how old hd Keely gets up and tells us

One warm and sunny day

There's no need to worry why make such a fuss

The fighters wen't hit you - You will not get shot We could hoar the people say

The gunners are tired and the barrells are hot!

You murders, you gangators

Chorus -

The fighters they soomed and the fighters they dived which is beyond repair. the looked at the target - we know we'd arrived
The bomb bays were open - the bomb were away
And how we got back I don't know til this day.

Bow you may think that

Chorus -

We turned on the power - we turned on the switch but something is missing - its cold as a witch The heaters they work by the books we are told we don't doubt the books but we're so --- cold.

Chorus -

Ch Mother dear Mother its sad to relate Your poor boy has met a most horrible fate He flew through the flak - Oh so brate and so bold He flow through the flak but he died of the cold.

THE MARAULER
The marauder's a very fine air llans
Constructed of rivits and tin
a top speed of over 200
a snip with a headwind built in.
Chorus Oh why did I join the air Corps
Oh mother, Oh mother know bost
Here I lie noath the wreckage
marauders all over my chest.

a B-24's a fine aircraft
a structaphere bath tub no less
It blows up over the target
The whole god damn place is a mess

Chorus -

B.26

A B-26's a fine aircraft Constructed of rivets and tin A top speed of SOC miles A tail wind alro-sy built in. Chorus -

The Mitchell's a very fine air 11 Flanc Constructed of paper and wood Good for ferrying whiskey But for combat it's no G D good. Chorus

" IN A PRISON CAMP

Across the adriatic

Through spacious skies of blue
brethers came 1,000 bombers

with airmon tried and true

we headed for the Balkans

and straight to Bucharest

but when we hit flak alley
The gunners did the rest.

Chorus
But we all landed safely

with parachutes galore

and now we're in a prisch camp.

Asweating out the war.

A train pulled into Bucharost
One warm and sunny day
As we passed through the city
We could hear the people say
You murders, you gangsters
You be bended our oity fair
You just knocked out our attabasting
marshalling yard.
The dutch is beyond repair.
Cherus

sow you may think that this ends our talk so thought the war was ever But the bembers still flow. We heard the bember awhistling and we dove beneath our beds fix we lay there a trembling and praying very hard. That they would miss the city and hit the marshalling yard. Chorus.

ON THE ROAL TO BUCHAREST

On the read to Bucharest
where the Luft maffe has its
nest
and the flak comes up like thungour
From the morth, south, east
and west.

On the rand to Butharost
"horo the Focke welf's at its
best
when the flak comes up like thunder
From the north, south, east
and west.
(tune - On the Road to
... ndaley)

٠,٠

DR. CHARLES W. GETZ 105 BRAEMAR DRIVE HILLS BOROUBH, CALIF 94010

FNTERED DEC 1 8 1989

Dear Dr. Gety, My name is Ralph D. Christensen-former Staff Largeant - Combat - World War II - flew in B-242 - upper tunet ganner (armorer gunner) was shot down 3 times, I bailedout twice and ditched once. I bailed out in Partisan occupied Jugoslavia (Bankovec) andwar mining in action 5 days that time. I also bailed out in Russian occupied Hungary (Heckemet) and was missing in action 22 days that time of also ditched in the adriatic 20 miles off the court of Italy man packed up by a British patrol boat (torpedo boat). as you can see I was in the 15th dir Force - 49th ming, 484 bomb group, 825 the bonab squadron, as you can tell from this what I think of B-24 Combers- they were rugged planes, that could take a real heating? still fly. I saw one B-24 come bads from a bombing mission with 1/3 of the wing shot off and the picket landed the plane. I received a copy of the air Force magazine and noticed your letter about Lynes o melody of

Ê

a song that contained the lines "fours, fours-Bzas etc. I haven't heard of this song but if you ever receive the words & music to this song, I would sure like a copy.

Enclosed is a copy of the navigators song which was written by two mon who were in navigation shoot with me at Selman Field, Monroe La, and Lenary Roth gave me a copy. I made a copy and enclose it with my conflinants,

I am not sure whether this song ever saught on as the Navigators Song, and I don't know if they ever Published it. But I am sure that this Song will interest you!

and the state of t

Best Nicher to your, Kalph M. Christensen 115 BOURBON CT. BALTIHORE, MD. 21234

**** The

"The Navigator Song" was written because two aviation cadets were fighting mad-Stationed at the Army Air Force Navigation School at Selman Field, Monroe, Louisiana, A/Cs Thomas S. Childs and Daniel Roth saw a movie short one day at the post theatre. The movie featured songs for each different crew member in the Air Force's combat teams. For the pilot, the orchestra in the movie played the famous "Air Corps Song." For the bombardier, "The Bombardier Song" was of course chosen. But for the navigator there was no song — and the orchestra played "Stairway to the Stars."

A/Cs Childs and Roth didn't like it, so they decided to write a song for their own branch of the service, for the navigators who guide the big bombers to and from their targets so accurately. The song grew over a period of months from a fragment of a tune hummed about the Pre-Flight School to a full fledged song. The words were written by many cadets of the Classes of 43-8 and 43-9 at the Advanced Cadet Detachment at Selman Field. The authors hope other navigation cadets and air corps enthusiasts will add more verses.

* * * * * * * * * * *

A bit of explanation of the lyrics of "The Navigator Song" may be useful to those not familiar with the "language all his own" which the navigator speaks. A mercator is a blank chart on which the navigator plots his course. An A-10 octant is the instrument with which he "shoots the stars" to find out where he is. The "E.T.A." is the Estimate Time of Arrival which the navigator computes before he reaches his destination. Speed lines and course lines are circles on the earth's surface beneath stars, which enable the navigator to obtain a "fix", a definite location of his plane.

Variation is the effect of the magnetic pole on the navigator's compass. Deviation is the inherent error in the instrument itself. Calibration is the correction which must be applied to many instruments the navigator uses. The famed Air Corps computer is the instrument on which the navigator makes many of his calculations; it is a sort of circular slide rule. All these tools, plus the knowledge and practical skill he learned in the Air Corps' schools, make the navigator able to guide a United States combat plane from anywhere to anywhere on the earth's surface, to help speed the day of victory for his country.

Copyright No. 333755, 1943.

THE NAVIGATOR SONG

by Tommy Childs & Danny Roth





THE NAVIGATOR'S SONG

1st Verse

With a mercator an a pencil and an A-10 octant too, He will get you there and get you back with the praise of all the crew. When the ETA is running out and destination's due The pilot turns to him and says, "Where the hell are you?"

Chorus

But it's the nav - i - ga - tor, who keeps you on the track, The navigator, the navigator, who gets you there and back; If you want to go to Tokyo or the Road to Mandalay, Who shows you the way? The Navigator!

2nd Verse

When they can't see down below them and they don't know what to do He will look up to the heavens and he'll shoot a star or two. With a speed line and a course line he will get himself a fix, For he's the navigator, with his little bag of tricks.

Chorus

Oh, it's the nav = i = ga - tor who keeps you on the track; The navigator, the navigator, who gets you there and back; Oh, the pilot's just the chauffeur, and the bombardier's a jerk-Who does all the work? The Navigator!

3rd Verse

Oh, there's variation, deviation, calibration too; But the compensating errors are the ones that see him through; His computer is the instrument on which he stakes his life ---Don't ask for his computer, for he'd somer lend his wife.

Chorus

For it's the nav - i - ga - tor who keeps you on the track; The navigator, the navigator, who get you there and back; Oh he speaks a language all his own of drift and parallax; He'll never relax --- the Navigator!

4th Verse

When you start evasive action to avoid the bursts of flak,
The gumner works without a care, he knows who'll bring him back;
The pilot will cavort about and dodge around the sky,
But there is only one, they know, on whom they can rely.

Chorus

For it's the nav - i - ga - tor who keeps you on the track, The navigator, the navigator, who gets you there and back; When they drop their eggs on Tokyo, and bomb Berlin and Roms, Who'll find a way home? The Navigator!

5th Verse

If you want to know just where you are, at any time at all, He will take out his dividers and he'll show he's "on the ball"; He hasn't time for smoking, relaxation is taboo -- He never takes a nap, because he has a job to do.

Chorus

For it's the Nav - i - ga - tor who keeps you on the track, The Navigator, the Navigator, who gets you there and back; If you want to go to Tokyo or the Road to Mandalay, Who shows you the way? THE NAVIGATOR!

Box 425 Zephyr Cove, NV 89448 5 December 1989

C.W. Getz III Box 412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Mr. Getz:

Your notice in "Retired Officer" asked for Air Force Songs. There are no such animals. There a many old Army Air Corps Songs which have been ripped off by the unimaginative stick-in-the-muds who are in the Air Force, but, ever since the airplane drivers got out of pinks and greens and put on those Greyhound busdrivers' uniforms, they have taken themselves so seriously that they never did another original thing like write a new song. Maybe they get tired from carrying around all that flying pay.

The one song you asked about goes:

The weather's fine for flying.
The clouds have gone to bed.
There's such clear visibility that you can see victory ahead.

Let's fill the air with eagles. We'll fill the clouds with men. And we will see a world that's free when we fly home again.

I'm sure you have "Coming in on a wing and a prayer". Of course, the good songs were in the Army, but the Navy had a few good ones too - "I'm too young to die in a damned old PBY" being one of my personal favorites. The Aussies and Brits had some dandies, but you will have to scratch to find anything meriting a second chorus from the Air Force.

If you'd like me to sing "The weather's fine" over the phone, call me anytime. I can't read or write music. (702) 588-2191.

Good luck on your search,

John Glab

ENTERED DEC 1 8 1989

Dear Sir I saw your notice in the TROA magazine requesting information concerning two old flying songs. One an old lighter pilat of can't provide any help with the B-24 song, but the other one is familiar to Time. Back about 1942 or 43 I had a recording of it and at that time I know all the words. I believe the second line as you have it is wrong; it should read "The weather's fine for flying, The Clouds have gone to bed, etc. I the same melody as the lines you already have, goes; Leto fill the air with eagles of the same with them Lets fill the skies with them and we will see a world that's free When we come home again

I also still recall the tune, but unfortunately wouldn't know to how to set down the notes. I don't know who recorded the song but Bing (rosby's voice sticks in my mind (I was only 12 or 13 at the time). The record I had was a 78 RPM and, I believe, a Bluebird label. Forry of can't recall any more of the words, but this much may be of some help in tracking it down

Dick Kolhenselley

RICHARD PKOLBENSCHLAG
PO BOX 3118

PAGE, AZ 86040

Green Pastures Counseling Center Meadowbrook Darm

7332 Churchill Road S.E. Tenino, Washington 98589

ENTERED DEC 1 8 1989

John L. Shepherd, Pacilitator Tel. (206) 2645400 (206) 264–4297

30 nov 89

Dear vu Gety,

I sav your sequest in the Retiried Officer magazine. Though I led #8 combat missions in B-24's. I cannot recall the B-24 song

But my recollistion of the other is:

The cloves have gove to hed.

You can see victory ahead.

Let's bill the air with eagles;

Lets fill the sky with the birds,

And there will be

a world that's free

When we fely home again.

Want the tune? Call me and I'll sing it for you.

all the best - Solm Gurland

TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship "Titenie"
And when they had it through
They thought they had a ship
That the water would never come through
But the Good Lord raised his hand,
Said that ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down.
Chorus:

It was dad, it was sad
It was sad when that great ship went down
Husbands and wives (high squeaky voice) little bitty
children lost their lives
It was sad when that great ship went dow.

They were off for England and were headed for the shore and the rich refused to associate with the poor So they put them down below and they were the first to go. It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

Oh, They put the life boats out In the raging burning sea and the band struck up with "N'er my God to Thee" Oh, the Captain tried to wire But the wire was on fire It was sad when that great ship went down.

Chorus:

Burley V. Brackey Novato, CA 1989

MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38
With the engines that counter-rotate.
You'll loop, roll and spin,
But you'll soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38.

Chorus; Just make me operations
Way out on some tiny drome.
My, I'm too young to die,
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39, With the engine that's mounted behind. You'll loop, roll and spin. But you'll soon auger in. Don't give me a P-39.

Chorus:

Just give me an old Thunder Jug, The ship that lands with a thud. You'll loop, roll and spin. But you can's auger in. Just give me an old Thunder Jug.

Chorus:

Just give me a P-51,
The ship that's second to none.
You'll Loop, roll and smin,
But you can't auger in.
Just give me a P-51.

Chorus:

WE LOOP IN THE PURPLE TUBLISHT

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With a trail of black smoke behind us
To show where our courades have gone
So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
So we'll drink to the dead already
Ind hurrah for the next man to die.

THERE'S A GIRL IN THE HEART OF MIRYLIND

There's a girl in the hearteof Maryland With a heart that belongs to me When I told her of her charms The orioles above Sang neath the old apole tree. Then Maryland was fairyland As she promised my bride she would be There's a girl in the heart of Maryland With a heart that belongs to me.

AVTER THE MISSION'S OVER

You had to abort.

After the mission's over After we all get back We get interrogated Thore did you see the flak? How were the Jerry fighters? What time was tally ho? Have you any bitches? If not, you may go. We like P-47s We think they handle swell We like to fly formation Wo're all as nuts as hell We like the fighter peal-off It will kill us some day. Land in 15 seconds Or the Colonel will have to say (iny name), you straggled all day used poor technique
you had your head up We'll have a short critique You missed the land fall-in you will report Thy, with only one wing off

FOGGY, FOGGY DET

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live all alone, and I work at the weaver's trade,

ind the only, only thing that I ever didwrong was to woo a fair young naid.

I wooed her in the summer time, and in the winter too, And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong . Was to shield her form the foggy, foggy dow.

One night she came to my bedside as I lay fast asleep.
This pretty, pretty maid came to my bedside and there she b gan to weep.

She sighed, she cried, she damn near died, las, what could I do: So I took her into bed and I covered up her head Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year passed by; still a bachelor am I, and I work at the weaver's trade.

Comes aknocking at my door, and a voice I'h heard before. T'was the voice of the fair young maid.

She handed me a little one. She said what shall I do? So I took him into bed, and I covered up his head Just to shield him from the fog y, foggy dew.

Now, I am a bachelor, and I live with my son, and we work at the weaver's trade.

Ind every, every time that I look into his eyes, he reminds me of the fair young maid.

He reminds me of the summer time, and of the winter too. Of the many, many times that I held her in my arms Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

JOHNNY ROBECK

There was a little Dutchman
His name was Johnny Robeck
He was a dealer in sausages
And souerkrout and spec
He made the finest sausages
That ever you did sec
And one day he invented
A wonderful sausage machine, BANG

Oh, Mister Johnny Robeck
How could you be so mean
I told you you'd be sorry for
Inventing that machine.
Now all the neighbors cats and dogs
Will never more be seen
They all be ground to sausages
In Johnny Robeck's machine, BANG

One day a little boy cold
Came walking in the store
He bought a pound of sausages of
Lind dropped them on the floor
The boy began to whistle
He whistled up a tune
Lind all the little sausages
Went dancing around the room, BLNG

One day the machine got busted
The damn thing wouldn't go
So Johnny Rob ck he crawled inside
To see what made it so
His wife she had a nightmare
And walking in her sleep
She gave the crank
A hell of a yenk
And Johnny Robeck was meet, BANG

WHY DID I JOIN THE LIR CORPS?

Oh, the T-Bolt's a very fine air craft Constructed of rivets and tin. It cruises well over one fifty, The ship with the headwind built in.

Chorus: Oh, why did I join the Air Corps; Mother, dear mother knew best. Here I die 'neathe the wreachage, A T-Bolt all over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission, You will be happy to learn, The crew chief is betting good money Ten to one you will never return.

Chorus:

Now when you are out on a mission, A Messerschmitt makes a fine pass; Reach up, grab hold of the rip cord, The hell with the ship, save your ass!

WHEN YOU TAKE A GIRL OUT WALKING

When you take a girl out walking Down a little shady dell Never take a girl named Maude or Carrie That's the kind of girl You're gonna have to marry.

When you take a girl out walking Down a little shady dell Always take agirl named Daisy Why?
Cause Daisies won't tell.

BILL HALL

There was a man By the name of Bill Hall He had a goat And that was all. One day that goat Was Beeling fine Ate six red shirts Right off the line First Billy Cussed And then he swore This doggone goat Would live no more. He grasped him by His wooly back And tied him to The railroad track. The whistle blow The train drew nigh This poor old gost Tas doomed to die. Ho gave six shricks Of mortal pain Coughed up those shirts And flagged the train.

IT'S AS HARD FOR ME TO BE A BAD GIRL

It's as hard for me to be a bad girl As it is for some to be good
It's as hard for me to be a bad girl I really would if I could
Now I'd like somebody to take me
In the park for a hug and a kiss
(Give me a little kiss)
But how can I ever be a bad girl
With a God Damn face like this.

BRIDGET OF FLYNII -

Oh, Bridget O'Flynn
Now where have you been?
Sure this is a fine time
For you to come in
Oh, now you say you've been
To the big parade
The big parade, my eye
For no parade could ever take
So long in passing by.

Now, Bridget O'Flynn
Now look at your shoes
My God, what a sin
Don't let your father see you coming in
And stay away from your dancing halls
There's nebody there worthwhile at all
It's where I met your father
Bridget, darling.

VIOLATE LE

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious
Give me a life that is level and lascivious
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest ray that you know.
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me
On me no mercy bestow
Violate me in the violate time
In the vilest way that you know.

NO BALLS AT ALL!!

There once was a girl named Sara McFox With hair on her shest and cheese in her box. She married a man named Patrick McCall With a very short poter and no balls at all!

Chorus: "That! No balls at all?
No! No balls at all!
A very short peter and no balls at all!

The very first night that they were wed They took off their clothes and went straight up to bed. She reached for his pecker; it was very small She reached for his balls; he had no balls at all!

Chorus:

Now, Mother, dear Mother, Oh, what shall I do? I've married a man who never can screw. I reached for his packer; it was very small. I reached for his balls; he had no balls at all!

Chorus:

Oh, daughter, dear daughter, now don't be so sad; It was the same trouble I had with your dad. There's many a man who will come to the call Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all!

Chorus:

The daughter went home; took her mother's advice, And found the results most exceedingly nice. A bouncing young baby was born in the fall To the wife of the man who had no balls at all!

Chorus:

O'REILLY'S DINGHTER

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter, Came a thought into my mind——— Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

Chorus: Tid ley I Ecec, Tiddley I Oh,
Tiddley I Ecec for the one-ball Reilly;
Ric a jig, Balls and all,
Rubca dub Shag all!!

I grabbed that she-bitch by the ass, Then I throw my left leg over, Shagged and shagged and shagged some more, Shagged until the fun was over.

Chorus:

There came a knock upon the door;
The should it be but her God darn father?
Two horse pastels in his hand,
Loolin' for the guy that shagged his daughter!

Chorus:

I grabbed that hastard by the balls, Shoved his head in a pail of water, Shoved those pistols up his ass, A damn sight further than I shagged his daughter!

Chorus:

Chorus:

SIVE ANOTHER LILOT'S BUIL

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for a ditch, I looked down at my prop pitch; My God, it's in high pitch! I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air, Glory, glory Hallelujah! How did I get there?

Chorus: Oh Hallelujah, oh, Hallelujah!
Throw a nickle on the drum; same another pilot's bum.
Oh Hallelujah, oh, Hallelujah!
Throw a nickle on the drum, and you'll be saved.

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right, and when I made my last turn in, my God, I radked it tight! And then the ship did studder, the engine coughed and wheezed. May Day! May Day! Rupert Leader! Spin instructions, please!

Chorus:

I started into buzz; I thought that I was clear. I came in over Remersdorf; I know the end was near. I met the flying board, and they gave me the works. Glory, glory Hallelujch! That a bunch of jerks!

Chorus:

And now I'm in the guiter with protzels in my beer, With protzels in my hishers, I know the end was near. Then came this glorious army to save me from the worst; Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse!

Chorus:

JUST BECAUSE

Oh, just because you think you're so pretty Oh, just because you think you're so hot just because you think you've got something What nobody else ain't got Well, just because you spend all my money And, Honey, you call me "Ole Santa Clause" Baby, I'm telling you Honey, I'm through with you Because, just because

O'REILLY'S BIR

Twas a cold winter's evening, the musts were all leaving, O'Reilly was closing the bar, When he turned and he said to the lady in red, "Get up! You can't stay where you are!

She wept a sad to r in her bucket of beer, is she thought of the cold night ahead; Then a jentleman dapper steeped out of the phonebooth ind these are the words that he said:

Her mother never teld her the things a young firl should know; About the ways of fir Corps men, and how they come and go. Age has taken her beauty, and life has dealt her a scar, (What a gash!!!)

So, remember our mothers and sisters, boys, And let her sleep under the bar!!

HE GRASPED HE BY MY SLEEDER HEICK

He grasped me by my slender neck I could not yell or scream He took me to his dingy room There he could not be seen He tore off all my flinsy warps And pazed upon my form I was so very cold and damp ind he so hot and warm He pressed me to his eager lips I could not make him stop He drained no of my very life To my very last drop Ho made me what I am today That's why you see me here i broken bottle thrown away That one was full of beer. 100

THE PERSIAN KITTY

The Persian Kitty, perfumed and fair. Went out to the kitchen just to get some air. When a Tom Cat lithe, lean and long Dirty and yellow, came along.

Now be sniffed that perfumed Persian Cat is she walked around with much celass. Thinking of a bit of time to pass. He whispered, "Baby, you sho got class."

And fitting and proper was her reply As she arched a whisker right over her eye. "Daily, I'm fed on certified milk And nightly I bleep on pillows of silk.

I should be happy with what I've got. I should be happy, but happy I'm not. I should be happy, I should indeed Just cause I'r highly pedigreed.

Cheer up," said the Tom Cat with a smile and trust your newly found friend for awhile. You need not escape from your back yard fence Baby, all you need is experience."

Now the joys of life he did unfurl As he told her the tales of the outside world Suggesting at last with a lurid laugh A trip for two down a primose path.

Now the morning after the night before The Kitty came home a out the hour of four. The innocent look from her eyes had went The smile on her face was a smile of content.

In later years the neighbors came
Just to see the Persian kittens of pedigreed fame
They weren't Persian, they were black and tan
And she told them that their daddy was a traveling man
A traveling man, a ratching, scratching traveling man.

O, please play for me
That sweet molody
Called Doodle Dee Doo
Doodle Dec Doo.
I dont know the rest
But what I like best
Is Doodle Dee Dool
Silliest tune
Now there isn't much to it
All you gotte to
Is to Doodle Dee Doo it
I love it so
Whereever I go
It's Doodle Dee Doodle Dec Doo.

Now a girl that I know
In a vaudeville show
Sings Doodle Dee Doo
Doodle Dee Doo
She couldn't dance
So they gave her s chance
"it's her Doodle Dee Doo
Not much on looks
But oh what a figure
Benk roll is small
But it's getting bigger
She bought a Rolls Royce
But not with her feice
She bought it with her Doodle Dee Doo.

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come in and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say You never have to work at all, just fly around all day. Thile others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind, We'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

Chorus: Oh, never mind, no, never mind, Oh, come on and join the Air force, And you'll never mind.

Come on and get promoted as big as you desire, You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Army Flier, But just when you're about to be a general you'll find The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you'll never mind.

Chorus:

You're flying o'er the ocean, you hear your engine spit.
You see your prop come to a stop, the God damn engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you can not swim, the shore is miles behind.
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, when you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear, You'll see your stubby wings fall off, but you will never care. For in about two minutes, Mac, another pair you'll find. You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, then you meet a Fokker, he shoots you down in flames, Don't waste your time belly aching and callin' the beggar names. Just push your stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find There ain'r no hell and all is well, and you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force Lads, and we don't give a damn About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham. We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind, And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

Chorus:

WHIFTING POOF SONG

From the tables down at Maury's To the place where Louie dwells To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well See the Whiffing Poofs assemble With their glasses raised on high And the magic of their singing casts its spell. Yes, the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well Can awasting and Ma Varning and the rest They will serenade our Louie While life and breath shall last And will pass and be forgotten with the rest. We are poor little lanbs Tho have lost our way Baa, Baa, Baa We are little balck sheep Who have gone astray Baa, Baa, Baa Gentlemen, songsters, off on a spree Damned from here to eternity God, have mercy on such as we Baa, Baa, Baa

AIR CORPS LAIDNY

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fight ng sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Corps's gone to hell.

Chorus: Glory — — — — — — — — — Flying Regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man the breaks one
The Air Corps's gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong, A mighty airBorne legion sent to right the deadly wrong But now it's only memory, it only lives in song The Air Corps's gone to hell.

Chorus:

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame I've seen their screaming power dives that blooded Goering's name But now the fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame Their spirit's shot to hell.

Chonus:

They flow B-26's through a living hell of flak and bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back But now they all rlay ping pong in the operations shack Their Technique's gone to hell.

Chorus;

Yes, the lordly flying Fortress and the liverator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dow
And they can't fly for hell.

Chorus:

You have heard your pounding 50' blaze from wing of r lished steel. The purring of your merlin was a song you heart could feel. But now the L-5 cherms you with its mean n greanin squeal. And it won't climb for hell.

Chorus:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song About the wild blue you der in the days when men were strong But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong The Air Corps's Gone to hell.

THE SCOTCH EDDING

Oh, the king was in the counting house, A-counting out his realth, The queen was in the bedroom A-playing with herself.

Chorus:

Singing I did it last night; I did it now; The man that had you last night Cannot have you now!

Oh, the bride was in the bedreem Explaining to the groom. The vagina, not the rectum. Is the entrance to the womb.

Chorus:

Oh, the parson's wife, oh, she was there Seated down in front. A wreath of roses 'round her neck, And a carrot up her cunt.

Chorus:

Oh, the person's daughter, oh, she was there She had them all in fits. Diving from the mantle piece Ind landing on her tits.

Chorus:

Oh, the village idiot, oh, he was there, A-seated by the fire.
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself With an India rub or tire.

Chorus:

There was fucking in the hayloft, Fucking in the ricks.
You could not hear the music
For the slushing of the pricks.

Chorus:

Oh, the village blacksmith he was there, His hammer and his awls, Talking to the Countess, and showing off his Balls.

Chorus:

Oh, the village parson he was there, And very surprised to see Four and twenty maiden heads A-hanging from a tree.

Chorus:

There was fucking in the hallways,
Fucking on the stairs.

You couldn't see the carpet for the come and ourly hairs.

Chorus:

There was fucking in the barley Fucking in the oats.
Some were fucking shaep
And some were fucking goats.

Chorus:

Singing balls to your partner, Your ass against the wall; If you don't get laid on Saturday night, You'll never get laid at all.

TANTALIZING BROWNS

Get you a kitchen me hanic from some thite folks es yard and leave those tantalizin' browns alone.

Get you a real high yella; one that passes for white,

'Cause she's a genuine to the bone.

And every night, you'll bet your life

She'll feed you reast beef, stewed beef,

And a wallopin' ham!

Get you a kitchen mechanic from some white folks es yard and leave those tantalizin' browns alone.

And Leave those tantalizin', scandalizin' browns alone!!!!

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside a Guinea waterfall ne bright and sumny day;
Beside his battered Pt38, o young pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead.
Now, listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:
I'm going to a better land there everything is bright,
There whiskey flows from tolegraph poles; play poker every night.
There isn't just a thing to do but fit around and sing;
There all our crews are woman* --Oh, Death, there is thy sting?

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town. When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down. I've never seen such dardness; the night was black as pitch, When, suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

Chorus: Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean,
Ell spend each payday, that's my hey, hey y
With Lilly, my blackout queen. Design, da, da, da,

Oh, I couldn't see her figure; I couldn't see her face, _____ But if I ever meet her, I'll know her any place. I couldn't tell if she were blonde, or a dark brunette, But, gosh, O gee, did she give me a thrill I won't forget!

Chorus:

She said to me, Oh Yankee, boy, are ya lenesome, are ya blue?
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what to do."
We went up some dark alley; I said, I leve you kid."
She said, Okay, but first you pay". So I gave her twenty quid.

Chorus

She leaned her back against the wall; I took her in my arms, she gave to me here wery all, and all her buxom charms. I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat. It was a shame, he should have been a circus acrobat!

Chorus:

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice. Why, what she did for eventy quid was cheap at half the price!

horus:

It was a few days later, I began to feel so queer, And when I went on sick call, the Doc said , It's quite clear You've had some Tove Commando style. Come, Son, now don't be shy You're not to blame, tell me her name." So I answered with a sigh.

Chorus:

And when my sheldren ask me, ,, Please tell me, Daddy, dear what did you do to win the war? "I'll answer with a sneer, Your daddy was a hero; his best he always fought. Thith bravery he gave to the Commandos his support."

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND (Cockney Accent)

Oh, I don't want to be a soldier, I don't want to go to war. I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground, Livin' off the carns of me high born lady. Monday I touched her on the ankle, Tuesday I touched her on the Knee. Wednesday, success; I lifted up her dress, Thursday, her chemisey I did sec. Now, Friday I put my hand up n it, Saturday she gave mo balls a tweak, tweak, tweak. It was Sunday after suppor I shoved the old boy up er And now she earns me seven and six a wook, Gor' blimey! I don't want to be a soldier, I don't want to go to war. I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground, Livin' off the carns of mc high born lady. I don't want a bullet up me arse hole, I don't want me bollicks shot away. I just want to stay in England, in Jolly, Jolly England, And fornicate me Jucking life away.

Oh, the boy went in to the candler's shop

Some candlers for to buy.

He hunted all over the candler's shop.

The candler to espy.

He hunted, he hollered, he screamed, he bawled,

Enough to wake the dead,

When he suddenly heard a (tap, tap, tap) right above his head.

Yes, he suddenly heard a (tap, tap, tap) right above his head.

Now this little boy was very sly,
He started to climb the stairs.
He climbed then or, so stealthily
So as not to disturb the hairs,
And there on the bed lay the candler's boy
Between a lady's thighs
And they were having a (tap, tap, tap) right before his eyes,
Yes, they were having a (tap, tap, tap) right before his eyes.

Now when the game was over,
The lady raised her head,
And she was very surprised to see
The boy beside her bed.
Said she, , Young man, if my secret you'll keep
To you I will be kind,
And you'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever you're so inclined;
Yes, you'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever you're so inclined."

Now all you men the de vives,

When ever you go to town.

Make sure you either lock 'em up,

Or else you tie 'em down.

For If they're like the candler's wife

And true to the ways of their kind,

"y, they'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever they're so inclined,

Yes, they'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever they're so inclined.

Now this is the end of my story
And if you nod your head
"e'll just turn out the lights right here
And slowly climb to bed.
For if you're like the candler's wife
And maybe you're so inclined,
Tell, we'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when you make up your mind,
Yes, we'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when you make up your mind.

EARLY ABORT

Oh, my name is Rupert Leader, I'n the leader of the group.
Just step into my briefing room; I'll give you all the poop.
I'll tell you where the Luftwaffe is and how to dodge the Plak.
I'll be the last one to take off, the first one to get back.

Chorus: Early abort, avaoid the rush; Early abort, now don't delay.

Now we'll all line up and take off and set our course at 10:00 And when we reach the channel we will all turn back again. The ll call the tower and set a steer; we don't know where we've been. Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

Chorus:

On, we fly those red-tailed Jugs at a hundred bloody feet. To can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet. The think, we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north, and we make our bloody land fall at the furth of Bloody Forth.

Chorus:

Oh, we fly those red-tailed Jugs at a hundred bloody feet. We fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet. And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low. And we hit the marker bea-con such an awful bloody blow.

Chorus; Early about, awoid the rush;
Early ebort, now don't delay.
Oh, my mame is Ruppert Leader,
I'm the leader of the group with all the Poop!

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOTING POIL

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern.
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern.
There they decided that; there they decided that;
There they decided that they d have another flagon.

Chorus: Oh, Lendlord fill the flowing bowl Until it doth min over.

O. Lendlord fill the flowing bowl Until it doth num over.

For tonight we'll merry merry be:

For tenight we'll merry merry be:

For tenight we'll merry, merry be:

Tomarrow we'll be sober.

Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober; Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober frades as the lilly fades, fades as the lilly fades; Fades as the lilly fades; He'll die before October!

Chorus:

But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow; But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow; Liwesvas he ought to live; livesvas he ought to live; Livesvas he ought to live; Livesvas he ought to live;

Chorus:

Now, the maid who steals a kiss and mans to tell her mother; Now; the maid who steels a kiss and mans to tell her other; Does a very foolish thing; does a very foolish thing; Does a very foolish thing; shell! hever get another!

Chorus:

But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another; But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another; Is a boon to all mankind; She lil be a fruitful mother!

WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

In the Hills of West Virginia Lives a girl named Nancy Brown. Ain't never seen such beauty in city or in town. Now, Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain come high noon, And when they reached the summit it was very, very soon.

Oh, she come rollin' down the mountain, rollin' down the mountain, Rollin' down the mountain by the damn, And in spite of all his urgin' she remained the local virgin, And is just as pure as West Virginia ham.

Now, along came a trapper; Henderson by name.

He took our little Nancy, and the story's just the same.

She came rollin' down the mountain, rollin'down the mountain, Rollin'down the mountain by the shack,

And in spite of all his urgin', she remained the local virgin, And is just as pure as Pappy's Applejack.

But, along came a slicker with his hundred dollar bills, He took our little Nancy a way up in the hills, And then she stayed up in the mountain, stayed up in the mountains. Stayed up in the mountains all that night.

She came home next morning early more a woman than a girly, And her pap y kicked the nussy out of sight.

Now she's livin! in the city, livin! in the city, Oh, she's livin! in the city mighty swell.

She's done away with pots and kittles, and she's catin! fancy vittles, And those Test Virginia hills can go to hell!!

But, along come depression; took Slicker by the pants.

He had to sell his Packard, had to give up little Nance.

So, now she's back in Test Virginia, back in Test Virginia,

Back in Test Virginia as of yore,

And the Deacon and the Trapper get that thing that they were after,

And she's known as the est Virginia Girly of the Hountain!!!

WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

In the Hills of West Virginia Lives a girl mamed Wanzy Brown. Ain't never seen such beauty in city or in town.

Now, Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain come high noon, and when they reached the summit it was very, very soon.

Oh, she come rolling down the mountain, rolling form the mountain, Rolling down the mountain by the damn.

And in spite of all his urging shearemained the local virgin, and is just as pure as West Virginia ham.

Now, along came a trapper; Henderson by name.

He took our little Namey, and the story's just the same.

She came rolling down the mountain, rollingdown the mountain, hollingdown the mountain by the shack.

And in spite of all his urgin, she remained the lacal virgin. And is just as pure as Pappy's Applejack.

But, along came a slicker with his hundred dollar bills. He took our little Nancy a way bp in the hills. And then she stayed up in the mountain, stayed up in the mountains. Stayed up in the mountains all fast night.

She came home next morning early more a woman than a girly. And her pap whicked the nussy out of sight.

Now she's living in the city, living in the city, of the city, of the city of

Put, along dome depression; took Slicker by the pants.
He had to sell his Packard, had to give up little Mance.
So, now Shels pack in Test Virginia, back in Test Virginia,
Esk in Test Virginia as of yore.
Line the Deacon and the Trapper get that thing that they were after.
And shels known as the Test Virginia Girly of the Mountain!!!

O'REILLY'S BIR

Twas a cold winter's evening, the sucsts were all leaving, O'Reilly was closing the bar, Then he turned and he said to the lady in red, "Get up! You can't stay where you are!

She wept a sad to rain her bucket of beer, As she thought of the celd night ahead;
Then a gentleman dammer steeped out of the phonebooth and these are the words that he said:

Her nother never:teld her the things a young girl should know;
About the ways of ir Corps men, and how they come and go.
Age has taken her beauty, and life has dealt her a scar, (That a gash!!!)
So, remember our mothers and sisters, boys,
And let her sleep under the bar!!

HE GRISPED ME BY MY SLENDER NECK

He grasped me by my slender neck I could not yell or scream He took me to his dingy room There he could not be seen He tore off all my flimsy waps And pazed upon my form I was so very cold and damp ind he so hot and warm He pressed me to his eager lips I could not make him stop He drained me of my very life To my very last drop He made me what I am today That's why you see me here i broken bottle thrown away That one was full of beer.

RECUY TO BERLIN

It's along, hard road on recey to Berlin, and the flak was bursting high, and the P-47's and the P-51's, They were warding us high in the sky.

We were half way between Lake Dummer and Hamburg
Then all hell broke loose in the blue,
'Cause the Jerrys had spotted us from five o'clock under,
Ind they came up to see that they could do.

Now the first pass was made on the 462nd, Colonel Showers was in the lead.

Oh, he comped and he monped and he mopped and he mopped.

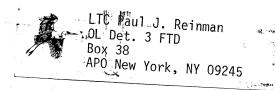
Cause he thought he world never get home.

So the Colonel he called to his brave navigator, Said "Give me a heading home",
But the navigator with his hand on the rip cord Said "Hey, boy, you're going home alone."

So the Colonel he called to his brave bombardier, Said, " ive me a hading hone", But the bombardier had already parted, There was silence on the ships interphone.

So at twenty-two thousand he cheved on his candy, And he mopped, mo ped, mopped, mopped, mopped. Oh, he mopped and mopped and he normed and he mopped, Ca se he thought he would never get home.

So with four engines feathered he glided into safety It the runway of his home base, Ind it's with great pride that he tells this story With a mop-eatin' grin on his face... mop, mop!



October 18, 1989

Mr. C. W. Getz P.O. Box 412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Mr. Getz,

I saw your ad in the June '89 Retired Officer Magazine and thought that I'd send these two "songs" to you. They were dedicated to the C-123 Provider, the Trash Hauler of Vietnam with the callsign "Bookie". I don't believe that they are copyrighted. They were put together by a lieutenant from Atlanta for a dining-in at Phan Rang A.B. in early 1971. Unfortunately I can't remember any more details.

Incidentally I have a copy of Wild Blue Yonder I but have been unsuccessful in locating volume II. Is it still available?

Sincerely,

Paul J. Reinman Lt. Col. USAF, Ret.

THE BOOKIE BIRD SONG

The AC tells me that I'm too slow,
The Dash I and Chapter 8 I don't know.
But to fly the Bookie Bird, I wake up at night,
The only thing I know is "Fly and Fight."

Oh, it's "ALCE" this and "TAILPIPES" that, Your Fox Mike's broken and your tires are flat. Can't tell what the guy's saying on the ground, But you know on final you'll be going around.

"Fire and Follow" are all very swell But to start without a bang is an art in itself. She's a sweet ol' bird if you treat her nice; Land her short and you'll be walking on ice.

Oh, Colonel "Z" will have your neck in a noose, And Gerasale won't dare let you loose. So do your job, boy, and do it good, And don't complain like you know you should.

The Bookie Birds fly low and slow, And the pilots don't know just where to go. Once in a while we carry a band, Then it's off to Cam Rhan with a load of sand.

COCCOOCOCOOOH, Off you leap into the war out yonder, Flying low under the clouds.

"Saigon Tea" is not a drink,
For she's our "Mother" and it's stupid; I think,
Just to carry drift wood to old An Thoi,
Rocks to That Son!! You're shittin' me, boy!!

On 45 to the down wind, call the tower, Tell em', "I'm coming in." Puttin' down the flaps in the final turn, Pop! goes the bracket -- Oops! you crash and burn.

With 6,000 feet, you don't need to reverse, And pilot's that do will surely be cursed. Cause a copilot's job you will have bought, For running off the runway, oh!! Parish the thought!!!

Now this is the last verse in our song, And one thing's for sure, it won't be long, Before Colonel Reed buys a little Saigon Tea And finds out the girls don't do it free.

I say good-bye to all my children, It's been grand but I have to split. So mind your altimeter, lower your gear, And just like the monsoons, I'll see you next year. SAIGON, SAIGON TOWER
THIS IS EX-PROVIDER ONE
I'M COMING DOWN FROM PHAN RANG
TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN

OPEN UP YOUR RUNWAY
AND LET MY BOOKIE LAND
THEN TELL THE GIRLS IN SAIGON
OF ALL THE THINGS I'VE PLANNED

SAIGON, SAIGON TOWER
THIS IS EX-COMMANDER REED
I'M COMING IN FROM PHAN RANG
TO FILL ANOTHER NEED

I'M GOING WITH THE I.G.
SO PLEASE EXPECT THE WORST
IF YOU DON'T LET ME LAND
I'LL INSPECT YOUR ASSES FIRST

SAIGON, SAIGON TOWER
THERE'S A V.I.P. ON BOARD
WE'RE TURNING FINAL WITH THE GEAR
"GO AROUND" THE TOWER ROARED

BIEN HOA, BIEN HOA TOWER
WE NEED TO END THIS FLIGHT
WE'RE TURNING FINAL, CHECKING GEAR
PLEASE GIVE US A GREEN LIGHT

PAN AM IS CLEARED ON ACTIVE, F-5S ARE PITCHING TOO THEY DON'T WANT US EITHER, PHAN RANG IT'S UP TO YOU

PHAN RANG, PHAN RANG TOWER THIS IS EX-PROVIDER ONE I'M GIVING OUT OF GAS THERE'S NOWHERE I CAN RUN

PLEASE TURN ON YOUR LIGHTS
IT'S AS DARK AS SHITHOUSE CRUD,
"I'M SORRY BUT THEY'RE OFF TO STAY
BY ORDER OF COMMANDER BLOOD!"

2421 Macklind Avenue St. Louis, Mo. 63110 October 17, 1989

Dr. Charles W. Getz P. O. Box 412 Burlington, CA 94011-0412

Dear Sir:

A notice in the "AFTERBURNER", a newsletter for retired USAF personnel, stated you would be interested in any Air Force music for your "The Wild Blue Yonder; Songs of the Air Force" book.

Am enclosing a copy of "SONG OF THE MATSMEN", which was written while I was Command Band Supervisor and Director at Scott Air Force Base, Illinois.

You may retain this copy for your files.

Yours truly,

BENNIE MANISCALCO

(Capt. USAF Retired)



Music by: Capt. Bennie Maniscalco MSgt. Carlos Saloio

Lyrics by: Doctor Hilda Kelley



Published by
Directorate of Information Hq. Military Air Transport Service
Scott Air Force Base, Illinois

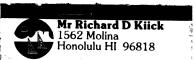
SONG OF THE MATS MEN





Interlude





thurlulu 19 Oct 89

Floridiu III 90818	17 001 87
Dr Gatz	
UN GIT	
, /	
Here are	my two
favariter. (cl notice in JET	SOLV HOLLO
paramet.	7 0000
notice in JET	WASH.)
	1.6/(a+)
	11/WE (LLI)
A.	INST L
11/1/	V LISAI AT
	10-10-
	4. 2.
<i>I#</i> ~	1. 422 · N
~	118.
	50
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	

el Used to Wark in Chicago

I used to work in Chicago In a department stree I used to work in Chicago I did - but I don't any nine

A lady come in She asked for some cake clasked what kind she'd adone hayer she said And layer al did

Obstate this - hat it asset your

I used ...

There are many nerses to this all explaining why he doesn't work there any more

author 7 Author 1944 SAF New Grighter H75 (P.38'S)

Dy Q Win Emina Watupose

And a New Cuines waterford One bright of Semmy day Beside his shittend P-39 pol remissing pursuiter lay

ent phone a mont pund stud soll sitt bad strip tep tax sour stil 1te mos war to the words bise rotinancy punch who

Shot seled a st pinds

the hid is pind from the while

solog dependent is another problem polog

the prince another problem with the solog

the prince another second in the

ab at punt olding so tax derette pring band a tix tress of tix to the money when one one would prints put is multiple to

As tup, 2 warrd and (Pup, 2 warrd and (2'88.9) with 2741 well If you are looking for parodies - have a Earl Von Kaenel 547-8010



120 Doris Court Vacaville, CA 95688

I'M GONNA RE-ENLIST

WITH KILROY

FOX TROT

by

EARL VON KAENAL

B. & L. Music Print

74 Arcade Building Providence 3, R. I.



Copyright 1946 by Earl von Kaenel, 1167 Bush St., Vallejo, Calif.



WITH KILPOY-2



WITH KILROY - 3

A CANADA CANADA



KILRDY-4



Arthur C. Porter

305 East Fourth South P.O. Box 415 Rexburg, Idaho 83440

(208) 356-6801

C. W. "Bill" Getz
P.O. Box 412
Burlingame, Calif. 94011-0412

Dear Bill:

Here's the sheet music to "Tonopah."

I couldn't find my copy, but called up a former buddy who lives in Fort Worth, Texas, and found this one.

Neither was I able to find the record I thought I had. My friend in Fort Worth can't remember the recording and perhaps the band never recorded it. I may have confusted it with some somewhat bawdy records I accumulated, but I can't find any of them, either. I still have a couple of places to look, however, and if I find a "Tonapah" recording I'll send it.

If your productions are strictly recordings, I hope you can have this song recorded, as it is a good tune. At least I hope you can publish the music. There must be a lot old-timers out there who were stationed at Tonopah, on their way overseas.

Will look forward to hearing from you again.

Art Porter

October 25, 1989



AIR FIELD DANCE ORCHESTRA

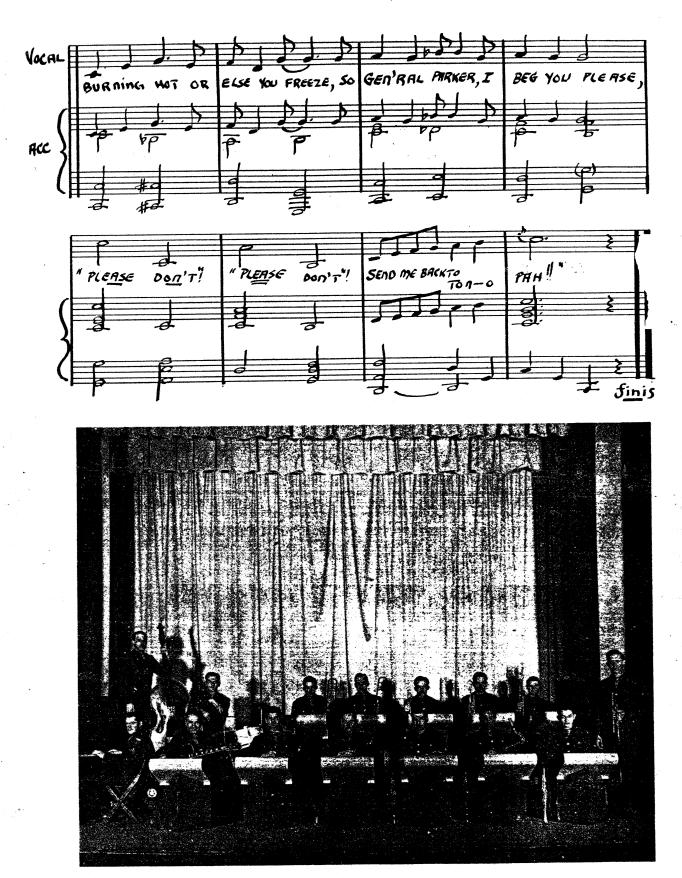
TTONOPAH 77











TONOPAH ARMY AIR FIELD DANCE ORCHESTRA DIRECTED BY T/SGT. EARL PENNY

Dear Sir:

I noticed your article on songs of the Air Force in the September 1989 issue of the Afterburner.

I am not a musician and have no music to supply with a couple of songs I picked up while flying B-24's in Italy. You may have them, but I'll send them to you anyhow.

One of them, the Fifteenth Air Force Song, is sung to the tune of MAs Time Goes By. The words are:

You must remember this
The flack can't always miss
Somebody's gotta die
The odds are always too damn high
As flack goes by.

And when the fighters come You hope you're not the one To tumble from the sky The odds are always too damn high As flack goes by.

Two tenths and four tenths Knocking at your gate Hurry up you joker Gotta kill that rate And if they hang up Salvo don't be late The target's passing by.

It's still the same old story
The Eighth gets all the glory
While we're the ones who die
The odds are always too damn high
As flack goes by.

The other one is the B-24 Song and is sung to the tune of "The Wabash Cannon Ball." The words go like this:

Listen to the rattle
The rumble and the roar
The country side is littered with the parts of 24s.

The bombardier yells "Bombs Away"
Right thru the bombay doors
The country side is littered with the parts of 24s.

Oh that B dash 24 Oh that four engine whore The pilots who fly it Are all bound to lose Pull 55 inches and Still only cruise Oh that B dash 24.

If you don't have these songs I hope you can figure them out. I had trouble remembering the words, because I remember them best when I get looped. Happy memories. Incidentally, Homeland is 8 miles west of Hemet.

Very truly yours,

Magnus J. (Mag) Siegfried Lt. Col. USAF Ret.

Lt. Col. USAF Ret. 30712 Cocos Palm Ave.

Homeland, California 92348

Verden McQueen 1617 Keeaumoku St., #1403 Honolulu, HI 96822-4322

November 6, 1989

Mr. Charles W. "Bill" Getz P.O. Box 412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear "Bill":

According to an item/"Jetwash" on page 5 of the September, 1989, Afterburner, you are looking for any vintage Air Force music not included in your first two volumes.

It was through this note that I first learned about those first two volumes, and sure enough, the Hickam library had a copy of the "clean" one. You did us all a great favor by collecting and publish lishing so many memorable pieces that would otherwise have soon been lost forever.

I'm sending you two of my "dated" attempts, and give you full rights to do whatever you wish with them.

Good luck in your valiant up-dating effort.

Sincerely.

Verden McQueen LTCOL USAF, Ret.

Class 42A, Kelly Field

Enc:

Along the Mekong One-Engine Song

THE ONE-ENGINE SONG

Verden McQueen

I climb in the cockpit and look all around; I hope this old Gooney will get off the ground. The cowlings are rusty, the gages are wrong. It looks like the start of a one-engine song.

CHORUS:
Clackety clang!
Now what have I done?
Rattlety bang!
This flight is no fun;
I need two good engines
and only have one.

I take to the runway and give her the gun. She balks like an outlaw about to be hung. The weather is lousy and as we plow on my copilot tells me our right fan is gone.

We feather the dead one and bore through the soup while that other engine starts getting the croup. The rain is so heavy I feel like a fish. The sky's full of lightning, all aimed at old ish.

We tune in the tower to give them the word. Our antenna's broken; our calls can't be heard. There's ice on the wings and we can't break it loose. We feel like our necks have been caught in a noose. We throw out our cargo, we snap on our chutes. Our good engine sputters; we shake in our boots. It's dark and we can't find the back of our hand. We can't keep on flying and can't see to land.

We trim up our aircraft to fly straight ahead, get ready to leave her and walk home instead. My crew chief deserts me, my copilot next, while I'm getting lonesome and greatly perplexed.

Forgive me, dear Gooney, for ending this tour, but you're so contrary you'll clobber me sure. I jump into nothing, I tumble and drop. I yank out the rip cord and feel the silk pop.

I swing and I dangle.
I pull at a shroud.
I fall till I puncture
the base of a cloud.
At last, just below me,
at home on its strip,
right there on the ramp
sits that contrary ship!

Be kind to old Gooneys,
wherever they be -but first cut my parachute
down from this tree -you'll never replace her,
that bucket of bolts
will still be around
when your grand-daughter votes.



by Verden McQueen

I don't waste my idle fancy
on the flooding of the Yantze;
I don't worry 'bout the ice worms
on the Yukon.
When the Mississippi rages
I just keep on turning pages
while I dream of next year's harvest
on the Mekong.

CHORUS:

When the rice is gathered twice along the Mekong,
my long year's remote assignment will be through.
When the rice is gathered twice along the Mekong,
I'll be flying supersonically to you.

I don't worry 'bout the VC or the politics in DC, or if parachutes are filled with straw or nylon;
I work overtime at wishing for the kisses I've been missing, While I watch the crops progressing on the Mekong.

I don't worry 'bout the Buddhists or the Montagnard half-nudists, or the riots and the pedicabs in Saigon; but the thing that gets my back up is the Red campaign to hack up my two precious crops of rice along the Mekong.

There may be no good solutions to the wars of these Confucians, but there's one sure way to lick the Commie Dragon: not by howitzers or Hueys, or ten thousand second Louies, but with laddies from the paddies on the Mekong.

Then I see what Uncle Ho did starting out like Uncle Joe did, making dictatorial slaves of men and women; I remember Dien Bien Phu days and the early World War Two days, and I'm proud to do my part to save the Mekong.



H. & M. HAWTHORN 1310 Proneer Dr. So. Caltonwood, AZ 86326 1310 Pionser Dr. Su. Cottonwood, Az 86326 11-15-87

Dr. Sitz-

There are a Couple of P-39 Songs -Sung to ald Combay tunes. As you may gather, the P.39 was not a greatly

land asoplane.

g my wrists eve in splints due to architis. Hat also precludes re-typing these ditties. Hope those help.

> H. M. Harnshun Lt. col. USAF(Res)

(H.M. Hawthorn)
more Readable

A bunch of shop-worn pilots were playing cards one day. Says one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you'll listen to what I say."

I've drove all types of aircraft-- one each of every kind, But I've yet to meet the equal of the Bell P-39.

It's a known tricycle cannon, the fastest on three wheels, It's a dangerous among the 109's as a worm in a stream of eels.

It's a whole lot like a woman: it's shape is also slick. It, too, will make your head swim and Fuele you just as quick. If the command to hit your cockpit comes ringing through your shack

You're a pretty cagey pilot if your plane is not intact. If you read last month's "Bell Ringer" you're damn sure misinformed

For when the Jerry spots you he's not one bit alarmed. This stripped, denuded strafer goes stumbling through the blue

But Jerry is up there waiting to slip the screw to you: When Jerry sees this 'Cobra he'll laugh and clap with joy

For when he comes down a-roarin' it's "finis" for you my boy. You only have two worries: the Cobra and the Hun. You're sitting in the first, the second's in the sun. Now the moral to my story, though unpatriotic lines Is why the Hell we don't dispense with the Bell P-39?"

Oh, place me not in a P- three nine Where the flak is thick and the Me's whine Where all you've got is a prop and a prayer To carry your ass through the flak-filled air.

For the Me's wait for the man in the Bell To dive him right straight down to Hell. I've been across and I want to go back For Jerry has too damn much flak.

Whether your bar be silver or gold Five sorties and you're damn sure old. For the purple heart or the silver star I'll gladly trade a U. S. bar.

You can keep your DFC; just send me across the deep,
blue sea
And put my ass in a big BT where the blonde-headed
gals can swarm 'round me.
Or put me behind a hard-wood desk
With a good sharp pen and an elbow rest.

In the closing lines of this plaintive song: Your life in a Bell can't be too long.

Page B6 - Pacific Flyer November 1992



Liaison Pilot's Song of 1943

Over clouds, under wires
To hell with landing gear and tires,
We're the eyes of the artiflery.
In and out through the trees,
We're as hard to find as fleas,
We're the eyes of the artillery.

So it's fly fly see, In the field artillery. Send down your data loud and clear, Oh, we'll give the axis fits, In our Maytag Messerschmitts, We're the grasshopper artillery.

We don't wear spurs or boots, And we fly too low for chutes, We're the eyes of the artillery. We don't mind mud or sand, We don't need much room to land, We're the eyes of the artillery.

(Tune & author unknown)

Contributed by C. V. "Cub" Nelson, Fort Sill Class P-26, L-4 Grasshopper Wing newsletter, reprinted by permission Hi Col. - Finally remembered to to mail this. I catil locate any more information to help you. Maybe with your writing contacts you'll be able to locate the Grasshopper Wing newsletter." One more place to check is Bol Stevens. One of his cartoon books had an L-5 Stinson (all Fabric) taking aff with wing rockets. The next picture, you goversed it, is the skeleton after firing the rockets. I've a new job with a label manufacturing to in San Love at least I don't have to drive but Miss your phone calls. Work # is 408-283-1600 0900-17:30 M-F. How the book doing? Port forget to save me a Copy. Titto Bal.



No. 4. 12 Staves (Medium)

WHO ARE OUR YA -JEN -TINE SO WE'RE ASK-ING OUR DEAR CONGRESS HR - RA - WA SER-VI-CES AIR-TORCE SONO WERE WE -HOW WIT BY RIVERS E, GUWAM and E,G ALLEN YES JES.THE GOATS, JACKS and old GY-RENES YES YOU WON, OUR YES TORGE としていると gwed BLOOD SNU1-1 DONT GIVE UPTHE SHIP BE JAME) ONE anio JHLZ ZHUZ TOHOMA O I F EZ TID NE -) VALEN-TINE
LIBER-TY
EUP THE SHIP 抗臣

rom the congress of the Carillino Club, Washington, D.C.

BRAVE MEN

THIS STORY WHICH I TELL YOU DEPICTS THE BRAVERY BOLD OF MEN WHO FLEW THE BAITLES BENEATH THE MOON SO COLD THEY DRENCHED THEIR SOULS IN WHISKEY AND TO THIER GODS THEY CURSE THEY GAVE NO DAMN FOR ANY MAN**LIVE ON FOUR TWENTY FIRST

F/2. Ph NWID Pa

THEIR GUNS WERE HEARD AT NADZAB, THEY FOUGHT A BLOODY WAR THEY LEFT THIER MARK UP IN THE SKIES WHILE FLYING FROM SAIDOR ON WADKI AND OWI THEIR NAMES ARE LOUDLY SUNG THIER FAME WHILE BASED ON LEYTE, CLIMBED UP ANOTHER RUNG

THERE WAS NO GREATER EFFORT, SO GIVE THE MEN THEIR DUE JUST LIFT A GLASS OF WINE FOR THOSE WHO DIED ON PELELIU THIER GUNS GOT HOT ON LUZON, AND IE SHIMA SAW SOME NIGHTS HARD CUT WITH HONOR, AND COURAGE IN THE RAW.

ALTHOUGH THE WAR IS OVER THERE STILL IS PLANE AND MAN WHO SERCH THE SKIES FOR DANGER IN OLD, GOD DAMMED JAPAN DONT FROWN UPON THIER CRAVINGS DON, T ANGER AT THEIR THIRST JUST STEP UP BOYS, AND HAVE A DRINK WITH THE OLD FOUR TWENTY FIRST.

THE FARMER AND THE MAIDEN

OH, THE FARMER AND THE MAIDEN
THERE WERE COURTIN I DECLARE
DOWN BY THE GARDEN GATE THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT I WAS THERE
OH, THE FARMER WAS BASHFUL, AND THE NAIDEN SHE WAS SHY.
HE ASKED HER IF HE COULD AND THIS WAS HER REPLY

YOU CAN DO IT IF YOU WANT TO
BUT YOU BETTER DO IT RIGHT
YOU HADN'T BETTER DO IT LIKE YOU DID THE OTHER NIGHT
FOR IF YOU DO IM TELLING YOU
I'LL NEVER LET YOU DO IT AGAIN.

STRAFERS

(FLYING TRAPESE)

WHEN I WAS A CADET Hamman to I Hamman ham I AN INNOCENT LAD THE CHAPLIN HE TOLD ME THE GOOD FROM THE BAD. OF ALL OF HIS WORDS THESE WERE HIS LAST NEVER FLY HIGH AND NEVER FLY FAST

The particular transfer of the last SO I JOINED UP THE STRAFERS WITH THESE ORDS IN MIND AND OFF TO NEW GUINEA DID GO THE BILLION BUT WHEN I GOT THERE IT WAS ONLY FIND THE STRAFERS FLY TOO GOSH DARN LOW-OH WE FLY O'VER THE TREETOPS WITH INCHES TO SPARE THERE'S SMOKE IN THE COCKET ANTIGRED OUR HAIR THE TRACERS LOOK FINE AS ASTRAFING WE SO BUT BROTHER YOU'RE FLYING JUST TOO GOSH DARN LOW!

HAIL 8TH FIGHTER !

- Cantha Animing 1- 1 (SPEAKER) HAND ON THE THROTILE (CROWD) HAND ON THE THROTTLE

(SPEAKER) MIND ON THE THROTTLE TO THE

(CROWD) MIND ON THE PHROTTLE I would (SPEAKER)

BOTH REET IN THEIR POCKET (CROWD) BOTH FEET IN THEIR POCKET

OFF WE GO INTO THE WID BLUE YONDER (TOGETHER) CRASH!!!! the state was stated at the fall

(YELL)

8TH FIGHTER GROUP!!!!

WHIFFEN POOF

WHIFFEN POOF (CHORUS)

Los and Training TO A TABLE DOWN AT MOWRY'S WE ARE LITTLE LAST SHEEP TO A TABLE DOWN AT MOWRY'S

TO THE PLACE WHERE LOUIE DWELLS

TO THAR DEAR OLD TEMPLE BAR

BAA BAA

BLACK SHEET WHERE THE WHIFFEN POOFS ASSEMBLE WO DAVE CONE.
WITH THEIR GLASSES RAISED ON HIGH BAA! BAA!

BAA! BAA! AND THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING THE SONGSTERS OUT ON CUSTS A SPELL DANNED FROM HERE TO BIERN!

YES THE MAGIC OF THEIR SINGING FOR HAVE MERCY ON SUCH AS WELL BAA BAA. HOW MY BONNIE TIES AWASTIN AND THE REST

OH WE'LL SERENADE OLD LOUIR FOR AS LONG AS TIPE SHALL LAST.

THEN WE'LL PASS AND BE FOGOTION WIT

to the other brain a motor of bright

WW The

SYDNEY LEAVE

There once was a pilot to Sydney did stroll.

He'd just gotten back from a raid on Raben!

When an old MP Sgt. said pardon me please

There's blood on your tunic and mud on your sleeve.

Why Sgt, you bastard, you bloody damm fool
I've just gotten back from a place called Rabaul
Where the Ack Ack is flying and comforts are few
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.

Then the old Mp Sht. said pardon me Sir On you Lt. I intended no slur. But the girls here in Sydney are dammed hard to please With blood on your tunic and muc on your sleeve.

Now listen here Sgt, you bloody dammed fool
The girls will all know I've just caom from Rabaul
I'll wine them and dine them and then we will go
Out to my flat where I'll tell them my woes.

And so the Lt. found him a girl

He wined her and dined her and gave her a twirl

Then out to his flat where he told her his woes.

And she felt sorry so she couldn't say no.

Twas nine months later the had a son
She wrote to her pilot—Oh? what' to be done.
With this fair baby that gave to me.
Who sits around and wets on my knee?

The pilot wrote back with this sad advice.
The baby's not mine but its sure would be nice.
If he'd be a pilot but he'd be a feel.
If the bolldy young bastard seen went of er Rabaul.

#12

Asse war.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK (Dee #)

(Turne: Strip Polka)

You call see the old goat standing

Beside his office door By THE OPERATION DOSE

Hell be sweating out the take-off5

ALLUST The man behind the armor plated desk: der done.

Four times he's led us up there
And he always led us back
For he circled o'er the I P
As we went in to attack.
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."
The man behind the armor plated desk!

And when the target's sighted
Who inspires our attack?
Who says, "Hundreds may go in, lads,
But a few aren't coming back."
Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum
When you suppress the flak,"
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the mission's over
And debriefing they should be
You can search the whole field over
But not a pilot will you see.
For they'll all be at the "O" Club
With a mixed drink in their hand
Singing "The Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk":

SOCTION COM

#/

THROTTLE BENDER

(Tune McNamara's Band)

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the gang;
I burn up lots of engines,
But I don't give a hang,
To me full bore is normal cruise,
Cause I don't give a darn;
My boys can never catch me
They've got a lot to learn.

CHORUS

We are the boys from Itazuki, We are the boys from Itazuki, We fly with the _____ Crown.

Now if you lead a flight, boys, Or if you lead a Group; Lend an ear and you will hear The latest kind of poop.

From Tokeeyo to Sazzmago You'll hear the boys all say, The leader bent the throttle, so I had it rough today.

......CHORUS

The Old Bombardment Group

Fill that barrel up, we'll drink a loving cup
To bombers one by one.
Drown your sorrow and forget tomorrow,
For tomorrow never comes.
Here's a health to Anti-Aircraft,
Here's a bumper to Pursuit—God help them;
Join in all of you, we'll drink a barrel to . . .
THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP.

"THE SAG! OF THE SWEDE"
Tune - "Utch Carl"

WW En

Heavy bomber non also came up with "The Saga of the Swede", sung to the cowboy nelody of "Utah Carl", which in the case of personnel at Kadens air Base will be of interest only to certain selected personnel in ferrying supplies and in providing weak vocal competitive entertainment to the accompaniment of a semisen or Jew's Harp. (Editor's Note: This is no reflection necessarily upon other than fighter units using the same club facilities.)

We were going on a mission
And the Swede was on my right,
When the leader made a steep turn to the left.
Oh, the Swede he racked it over,
And he held it in there tight,
But he couldn't held it there despite his heft.

Oh, the Jerries they did bounce him As he fell off in a skid.

So I cut back my four throttles

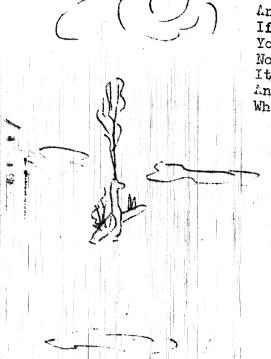
To go back and help the kid.

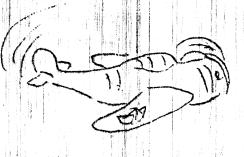
It was too late when I got there,

He was going down in flame,

And it's lucky that I didn't get the same.

Oh, the Jerries they did bounce him, And I say this heartfully,
If you will fly your missions
You must cut across your knee.
Now you all have heard my story,
It's the Sega of the Swede,
And you'll never make a steep turn
When you're flying in the lead.





THE 3th CAMENT

The 38th Broup's been in Gaines too long
And we're thirsty as hell for a drink?
For want of a woman we're all going sub
Sh Shanty please say what you think,

Now there's snakes in the jungle and hugs in our beds,
Mosquitos have a seven inch prong.
The rain falls in buckets, and s up to car ass.
Oh Shanty it gives us the shits.

The airoplanes stink and the pilots all dries.

And the "Navey" don't know where we see

Bombardiers couldn't hit a bucket of shift.

Oh Shanty please send us afar.

Now Shanty's our leader, and this you all say.
He's as Irish as a banshee's wail.
But take it from us, the truth of it's just.
He's half Scotch and half Ginger Ale.

BLESS THEM ALL

There's a Mitchall that's leaving Moresby Bound for New Britain shores Heavilly laden with terrified Yanks Bound for the land they abhor.

The polots a second Louie

He never expects to be more

There'll be no promotions this side of the sea

So cheer up my lads. Bless to all

Bless' em all, bless' em'all and the lall.
The fong and the short and the lall.
Fuck all the Zeroes that never per lace.

So we're saying goodbye to them a. To kenny and whitehead and Mac. There'll be no promotions this side of substices. So cheer up my lads, we'll get back.

WH II Par

12

The Grasshopper Song

"As the Caissons Go Rolling Along") (Tune:

Over clouds, under wires, To hell with landing gear and tires, We're the eyes of the Artillery. In and out, through the trees, We're as hard to find as fleas, We're the eyes of the Artillery.

CHORUS:

Then it's fly, fly, see! For the Field Artillery, Send down your data loud and clear--RANGE CORRECT! Oh, we'll give the Axis fits With our Maytag Messerschmitts, We're the Grasshopper Artillery!!

We don't wear spurs or boots, And we fly too low for 'chutes, We're the eyes of the Artillery. We don't mind the mud or sand, We don't need much room to land, We're the eyes of the Artillery.



(PEPER SECRUS)

The Glider Song

Don't flush the toilet on the tow-ship, When the glider's on behind, For there's nothing quite so disconcerting As flying blind.

I love the high tow, I love the low tow, I love to listen to the whistle of the wind; But when you flush the toilet on the tow-ship, Brother, that's where I came in.

10

2

Washout Dirge*

(Tune: "The Funeral March")

Check Flight Instructor was after me today, Too late for me to get on my knees and pray, Oh, how he spun me, now you must shun me-fo-o-r Check Flight Instructor was after me today.

Clothes packed, I'm leaving, my flying days are done, Home to raise babies, the Army says it's fun. Making tiny garments, luck to you varmints--fo-o-r Check Flight Instructor was after me today.

*WASPS Training Songs.

POST WORLD WAR I

MELONT

(Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Mins eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky with hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly. But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by,

CHORUS

Glory - - - Flying Regulations, have them read at every station Crucify the man who breaks them
The Air Force has gone to HELL!

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong, A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong, But now it's only memory, it only lives in song.

The Air Force has gone to HELL!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame, I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name, But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame, Their spirit's shot to HELL!

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living hell of flack, And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back, But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations shack Their technique's gone to HELL!

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberator, too, Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew, And we can't fly them for HELL!

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel, The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel, But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal, And it will not climb for HELL!

HAP ARNOLD built a fighting team that sang the fighting song, About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong. But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong, The Air Force has gone to HELL!

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game, We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame. But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame, Our spirit's shot to HELL!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap, We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap, But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that, Or you will burn in HELL!



Air Corps Lament (cont)

Have you ever climbed a Lightning up to where the air is thin? Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear the screaming din? Have you tried to do it lately? Better not — You'll auger in.
And then you'll sure catch HELL i

Wine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old When pilots took their choice of being old or "young and bold" Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite old; The Air Force has gone to HELL!

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may still be wet, Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have not been set, And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let The Air Force FLY LIKE HELL!

FINAL CHORUS

Glory -- no more regulations, Rip them down at every station, Ground the guy that tries to make one And <u>let us fly like HELL</u>!

506 TPW ange

VAIR FORCE SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder Climbing high, into the sun Here they come zooming to meet our thunder At 'em boys, give her the gun. Down we dive, spouting our flame from under, Off with one held of a roar, We live in fame, or go down in flame, Nothing can stop the U S Air Force!

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old As down we roar to score the rainbew's pot of gold. Here's a toast to the host of those who boast the U & Air Force!

AIR FORCE "801"

MELOOT

(Type: Wabash Cannon Ball)

Listen to the rumble, Oh hear old Merlin roar I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream And hear old Merlin roar I'll wait a bit and say a prayer, and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the down-wind leg
My prop has over-run
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says one-two-one
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower I cannot call the crash crew, 'cause this is coffee hour! You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see. So take it on around again, we have some VIP!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun.
My engine's running rough, and the coolant's gonna blow
I'm gonna buy a Mustang, so look out down below!

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and runnin' on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I gotta get my charts fixed up before that judgment day!

Air Force 801, this is judgment day You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay! You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight to Hell!

506 TPW Domp

Air Force Hymn

Here's a toast to the host Of the men who boast The vastness of the sky. To a friend we'll send A message of his brother men who fly. We'll drink to those who gave Their all of old. Then down we'll dive to reach The rainbows pot of gold. Here's a toast to the host Of the men who boast the US Air Force. Off we go into the wild blue younder Climbing high into the sun. Here they come zooming to meet our thunder At 'em boys, give her the gun, give her the gun. Down we dive spouting our flame from under Off with one hell of a roar. We live in fame or go down in flame, Hey nothing can stop the US Air Force:

AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER

After the mission's over After we all get back We get interrogated Where did you see the flak? How were the Jerry fighters? What time was tally ho? Have you any bitches? If not, you may go, We like P-47 We think they handle swell We like to fly formation We're all as nuce as H..... We like the fighter peal-off Ewill kill us all some day. Land in 15 seconds Or the Colonel will have to say (Any name) / you straggled all day used pook technique you had your head up We'll have a short critique You missed the land fall-in you will report Why, with only one wing off Tou had to abort.

VAIR FORCE SONG #2

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder Climbing high, into the sum Here they come zooming to meet our thunder At 'em boys, give her the gun. Dewn we dive, spouting our flame from under, Off with one hell of a roar, We live in fame, or go down in flame, Nothing can stop the U S Air Force!

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbew's pot of gold.
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast
the E \$ Air Force!

SOG TEW Any

BOSOM BUDDIES

A fighter pilot lay dying The medics had left him for dead Around him women were crying And these are the words that he said.

Why did I join the Air Force? Mother, dear Mother knew best Here I lay under the wreckage An "80" all over my chest.

Take the dive brakes out of my kidneys, Take the buckets out of my brain, Take the throttle out of my shinbone, And assemble that Allison again.

CHORUS

We are the boys who fly high in the sky, Bosom buddles while boozin' We are the lads that they send out to die; Bosom buddles while boozin'.

There in the hangar they sing and they shout, They talk about things they know nothing about. We are the boys who fly high in the sky, Bosom buddies while boosin'.

506 TAW Dags

AIR CORPS LAMENT

(Tune Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Wins eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky with hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly. But now these hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by The Air Force has gone to HELL!

CHORUS

Glory - - - Flying Regulations have them read at every station Crucify the man who breaks them The Air Force has gone to HELL t

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred thousand strong, A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong, But now it's only memory, it only lives in song.

The Air Force has gone to HELL!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when their eyes were dancing flame, I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name, But now they fly like sissies and hang their heads in shame, Their spirit's shot to NELL!

They flew their rugged Thunderjets through a living hell of flack, And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back, But now they all play Ping Pong in the operations shack Their technique's gone to HELL!

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the Liberators, too, Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew, And we can't fly them for HELL!

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel,
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel,
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal,
And it will not climb for HELL!

HAP ARNOLD built a fighting team that sang the fighting song, About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong. But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong, The Air Force has gone to HELL!

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played the angel's game, We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame. But now that's all VERBOTEN and we're all so gosh-darn tame, Our spirit's shot to HELL!

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap, We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap, But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that, Or you will burn in HELL!

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

Once I was a chamber maid

Down in Drury Lane

My mistress she was kind to me

My master was the same

Till along came a sailor

Happy as could be

He was the cause of all my misery.

CHORUS:

Bell Bottom trousers

Coats of Navy blue

He'll climb the riggin'

Like his daddy used to do.

He asked me for a Kerchief
To tie about his head
He asked me for a candle
To light his way to bed.
And I a silly maiden
Thinking it no harm
Jumped right in the sailor's bed
To keep the sailor warm.

CHORUS:

Early in the morning
About the break of day
A five pound note he gave to me
And this to me did say
You may have a daughter or
You may have a son
Take this note my dear
For the damage I have done.

CHORUS:

Bounce her on your knee
And if you have a son
Send the bastard out to sea.
Singing: CHORUS

Now the moral of this story As you can plainly see is Never trust a sailor An inch above the knee.

BRING THAT BASE-LEG IN

MELLY

(Tune: Pistol Packin' Mama)

Flying 'round the pattern And was I having fun Until one day I undershot And now my flying's done.

CHORUS

Bring that base-leg in, boys, Bring that base-leg in, Space yourself on the forty-five And bring that base-leg in.

Oh, the pieces flew and the pieces fell As I slid onto the ground, And all the while the tower yelled, "Pull up and go around."

SOG TPW Song

GUINEA WATERFALL

Beside a Guinea waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered Mustang a young pursuiter lay,
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead.
So, listen to the very last words that young pursuiter said.
"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles and there's poker
every night.

There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing, Where all our crew chiefs are womentunnnn.

Oh, death where is thy sting.

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling.

Oh, death where is thy sting.

The bells of hell will ring ting-a-ling

For you, but not for me.



COME AND JOIN THE AIR FUNDE 4/ (Dec

Core in and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say, You never have to work at all, just fly around all day. While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind, We'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS Ob, never mind, no, never mind,

O, come on and join the Air Force,

And you'll never mind.

You're flying o'er the ocean, you hear your engine spit,
You see your prop come to a stop, the G-d-engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind.
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.
..... CHORUS

Oh, when you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear, You'll see your stubby wings fall off, but you will never care. For in about two minutes, Mac, another pair you'll find. You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you'll never mind.
..... CHORUS

Oh, then you meet a Fokker, he shoots you down in flames, Don't waste your time belly achin' and callin' the beggar names. Just push your stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find There ain't no hell and all is well, and you'll never mind.

...... CHORUS

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a day. About the groundlings' point of view and all that sort of ham. We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind, And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

SOF PRINTERS HOLDER

CIGAREETS, WHISKEY, AND WILD, WILD WOMEN 1

Once I was happy and had a good wife; I had enough money to last me for life. I met a gal and we went on a spree; She taught me to smoke and to drink whiskey,

CHORUS:

Cigareets and whiskey and wild, wild women, They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane. Cigareets and whiskey and wild, wild women, They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Cigareets is a blot on the whole human race, A man is a monkey with one in his face. Here's my definition, believe me, dear brother: "A fire on one end, a fool on the other."

CHORUS

Brother, repent or they'll write on your grave:
"To women and whiskey here lies a poor slave."
Take warning dear stranger, take warning dear friend;
They'll write in big letters these words at your end.

CHORUS

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY

We fly the Sabre with Fourth Fighter Group Ask any Lt, he'll give you the poop. We sit in the cockpit and push on a rudder But when we're in trouble, We help one anudder.

The MIG is a blight on the whole human race When you're north of Chinapo, they're found every place They've got apes for pilots and they're hard to tame If you're not a hot rock, they'ld shoot you down in flames.

YOU'D BETTER GET YOURSENF A GUY

You'd better get yourself a guy
Who stays right here upon the ground,
And doesn't wear those shiny, silver wings
And when the evening shadows fall
There'll be no long distance call
To say he's RONing in Palm Springs!
He'll be known in every bar across the country
From blondes, brunettes, and redheads he will flee,
You better get yourself a "mister" in a gray tweed suit
And not a pilot in the ADC!

(Tune: "Solomon Levi")

Oh, I jined the U.S. Air Force, a pilot for to be, The bastards put me in the brig and I ended on KP. I thought I knew the answers and had them on my tongue, When all of a sudden I found myself shouldering up a gun.

I got myself a section eight, the Navy for to try,
They welcomed me with open arms and I was pretty sly.
I said I'd left the Air Force 'cause they wouldn't let me fly.
The Navy said, "Just stick around, we'll try you by and by."

Oh, they put me into training and christened me a boot,
Then handed me a bigger gun than I'd ever tried to shoot.
We marched around the goddam deck till I was fit to die,
I prayed for hands on the bosun's mate and a chance to black his eye.

Oh, finally when the ship one day got close enough to shore, I scurried down the ratline, Navy life my goal no more. I dragged myself to the nearest town to get my ashes hauled, Then off to the nearest draft board to get myself recalled.

The doctors felt me over to see if I was warm,
Then planked my ass right back in camp, a member of the
Airborne.

I says to myself you're gettin' around, but then it's fun to try, And at last you're goin' to get a whack at learnin' how to fly.

Since I'd run me out of services I had no place to go, So I stuck around at Benning to give the 'Chutes a show. Every time I went two feet, I did it on the run, Carrying everything in the camp, including another gun.

They picked the meanest bastards and made 'em drill us hard,
They never even gave us a chance to pick up a pack of cards.
They showed us how to pack our chute, and how to rightly space
it,
And promised if it didn't work, they'd soon enough replace it.

The final day at last arrived and we went out to fly, It couldn't have been a better one, it was a perfect sky. The lads were having trouble with their harnesses and straps, While a couple of wise guys sat in the tail shooting a game of craps.

I for one was glad of the strap that wound around my jowls, It kept my chin from quivering, but it didn't keep my bowels. I didn't mind the knocking around or cold and drizzly chills, But I hated like hell to give a thought to the coming laundry bills.

They told me later I didn't hook up, I ran out the tail so fast, But pulled my other 'chute just in time to save my aching ass. Oh, I'm off to join the Air Force where life ain't half so bad.

MELERY: ZOOT-SUITS AND PARACHUTES (Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)

There once lived a Fraulein down near Fursty way, She loved the jet boys, especially their pay. Along came a "Buzz-boy" as happy as could-be, He was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS; Zoot-suits and parachutes
Wings of silver too,
He'll fly a fighter like his daddy used to do.

He ask her for a candle to light his way to bed, He ask her for a pillow to rest his weary head. She like a foolish maid, thinking it no harm, Jumped right in beside him to keep the "Buzz boy" warm.

Early in the morning before the break of day
He handed her some Deutsche Marks and this he had to say;
"Take this my darling for damage I have done,
By me you'll have a daughter, or by me you'll have a son".

Now if you have a daughter bounce her way up high and if you have a son send the rascal out to fly The moral of this story as you can plainly see, Is never trust a buzz boy an inch above your knee.

SOF TOW Day





YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Time: Mine Eyes Have Seen the Clory)

By the ring around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the
ispread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants,
maps and such
You can tell a fighter jockey, but you
cannot tell him much!

506 TPW Day

WHY DID 1 JOIN THE AIR FORCE

(Melegy: // // // The The With OF AN Inclean

Oh, the "T jets a very fine aircraft

constructed of rivets, and tin.

It cruises well over one fifty.

The ship with the headwind built in

CHORUS: Oh, why did I join the Air Force Mother, dear mother knew best.

Here I die 'neath the wreackage,
A "I jet all over my chest."

Now when you are out on a mission, You will be happy to learn, The crew chief is betting good money Ten to one you will never return.

CHORUS:

Now when you are out on a mission, A messerschmitt makes a fine pass; Reach up, grab hold of the rip cord, The hell with the ship, save your----!

506 TPW 22

la /

The Aeroplane Commander

(Tune: "Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech")

If you ever see a guy,
With lots of age and rank,
Who's just about as useful
As an empty bellytank;
Who hardly ever flies at all,
Who's quiet as a lamb . . .
It's an Aeroplane Commander, and he isn't worth a damn.

For up in Washington they found The Air Corps had a lot Of broken down old pilots Who weren't very hot; So they gave a fancy rating To each decrepit lout; Thus we got Command Pilots, You can see them all about.

When he gets inside a ship
We help him to his seat.
We tell him to be careful
Not to get beneath our feet.
We let him hold the maps when he
Would like to bear a hand,
But as Aeroplane Commander
He can't take her off or land.

When the gyropilot's on
And everything is sweet,
We sometimes let him come and take
The young co-pilot's seat.
He thinks the plane is guided by
A pair of leather reins,
For he's got three thousand hours, but
He ain't got any brains.

He doesn't take command at all He's always fast asleep, And when we ask for his advice He doesn't give a peep. But when we roll her in a ball With lots of noise and flame, It's the Aeroplane Commander Who always takes the blame.

He's lost what flying skill he's had He's old and broken down; Young pilots all feel sorry for This poor enfeebled clown. Instead of feeling sorry They should all be pretty glum, They'll be Aeroplane Commanders, too, In the years to come.

#2

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(Merroy: Bless them all, bless them all,
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
'Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With Tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall,
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus.
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it,
But you'll prob'ly break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall:

SOL TPW Day

TAC HEADQUARTERS

MELONY

(Tune: Pepsi-Cola)

TAC Headquarters is the spot
Twenty-eight colonels, that's a lot
Lots of brass with nothing to do
TAC Headquarters is the place for you!
Chicken, chicken, chicken, chicken....

506 TEN Day

MELVOY SAFE HAND MAIL

(Tune: Wreck of the Old '97)

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke
Saying: "Bill, you're 'way behind time,
Take this safe hand mail in your war-weary eighty
And put 'er in Nagoya on time."

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy crew chief, "Is my spam can ready to roll?

Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle

And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya But Bill was a gauge pilot bold It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros And his eighty did three snap rolls.

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an hour when the tip tanks came off with a scream. They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle Still flying the Tokyo beam!

Fare thee well, oh, fare thee well Old Bill broke his eighty all to hell. There'll be no more suki-yaki at good old Itazuke Fare thee well, oh, fare thee well!

SOLTPU Bry

Save Another Pilots Ass

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for a ditch. I looked down at my prop; my God, it's in high pitch! I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air, Glory, glory hallelujah! How did I get there!

CHORUS: Oh, hallelujah, oh, hallelujah!

Throw a nickle on the grass, save another pilot's . . .

Oh, hallelujah, oh, allelujah!

Throw a nichle on the drum, and you'll be saved.

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it loked all right, And when I made my last turn, my God, I racked it tight! And then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed and wheezed. May day! May day! Colonel , spin instructions please!

CHORUS:

I started in to buzz; I thought that I was clear. I came in over fursty: I knew the end was near. I met the flying board, and they gave me the works. Glory, glory hallelujah! What a bunch of jerks!

CHORUS:

And now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer, With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near. Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst; Everybody bust a gut and sing another verse!

CHORUS:

PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: If I Had the Wings of an Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen, We will tell you a story sad but true;
Of many who wear wings but are not happy,
Gather round and we'll sing this song to you.

The many who wear wings but are not happy,
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts;
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman,
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason must be had for discontentment,
Why the gloom as dark as any blacked out loop;
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you,
I'M NOT ASSIGNED TO THE GROUP!

SOLTPW Day

ROLLING DOWN THE RUNWAY

Rolling down the runway at ninety-eight percent,
The colonel cut his throttle,
My God, I was hell bent.
I pull off to the left,
And bounced into the boon docks,
Glory, Glory Halleluja, what a bunch of "Rocks".

CHORUS

Oh, Halleluja, Oh, Halleluja, Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilot's life. Oh, Halleluja, Oh, Halleluja, Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved.

I threw my throttle forward
Up to a hundred and one,
I bounced off the runway lights after the damage was done,
I pulled back on the stick and ricocheted some more.
Glory, Glory, what a "goat" even at full bore.

I then pulled up my gear,
The cockpit filled with smoke,
My wingman passed me by,
My God, it was no joke.
He then looked me over,
And saw a great long tear.
Glory, Glory Halleluja, how did I get there?

I then came in for landing
Just after it started to rain,
And there sat Flying Safety with a gosh-darn ball and chain,
They sent me before the board,
And gave me the works,
Glory, Glory Halleluja, what a bunch of jerks.

506 TPW Dage

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY

MELDOY

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease,
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's
But, alas, boys, their wings have been clipped!

One day they approached Itazuke 'i.
Jet leader called echelon right
Mustangs at nine o'clock level,
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight!

The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right I think they see us, says Jet Four in fright They're all pullin' streamers, says Jet Number Three, Let's go home, this is no place to be!

But the Mustangs had sighted the Bogies,
They pulled through the top of a loop,
They dove ON the trembling F-80's
My God, they have scrambled the Groccoop!

The Jets headed home at a hundred percent, In fact, Number Four had the throttle stop bend Back to Misawa, to Misawa they went Never to bounce any more!

506 TPW Amp



SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (I)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air Glory, Glory, Halleluja, how did I get there?

CHORUS

Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja Throw a nickel on the grass Save a fighter pilot's life. Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja Throw a nickel on the grass And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near. I met the flying board, and they gave me the works Glory, Glory Halleluja, what a bunch of jerks!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right, And when I made my last turn, my God, I racked it tight And then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed and wheezed. Mayday, Mayday, Colonel ______, Spin instructions please:

Now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer, With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near. Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse!

506 TPW Day



Oh, we're the boys from the You've heard so much about
The mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out. Whenever we go out.

We're always drinking whiskey
And we're always full of booze Oh we're the boys from the And who the hell are youse?

Who owns this club or - wa - wa
Who owns this club or - wa - wa
Who owns this club or - wa - wa Who dwns this club the people cry - eye - eye WE own this club co - wa- wa #2 own this club oo - wa - wa Fighter Group we reply - eye - eye Repeat

WRECK OF OLD MINETY-SEVEN

There were 97 aircraft parked out on the apron And there wasn't room for more Now the first 96 were of modern construction And the last was a DH-4.

The first 47 were reserved for the majors And the captains had the next 49 There was one ship left on the end of the apron It was the last ship in the line.

It wan old "97" and her f selage was risty
And her wings were warped and bent
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture
Like a cow that was quite content.

Then a 2d Lt wandered into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
But they said, "Young man we are mighty short of aircraft,
But we'll see what we can do."

It was old "97" and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she growled and she groaned when he warmed up her engine
'Cause she knew that her end was near.

So they flew over Birmingham and South Alabama
'Til the clouds began to fall
'Til they settled down on the tops of the mountains
And you couldn't see a thing at all.

So he turned to the left and he flew into a snowstorm So he turned back to the right 'Til he found a railroad going in his direction and he said "By God, we'll get there tonight."

Then he pointed her nose in a southerly direction And he kept those tracks in sight Til they disappeared in the side of a mountain And he ended his last long flight.

It was old "97" with her nose in the mountain and her wheels upon the track
Now her throttles were bent in the forward direction
But her engine was pointed back.

All you Air Force ladies please take fair warning No matter where you roam
Never say harsh words to your aviator boy friend the may leave you and never come home.



SOLTEN Som

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter_rotate,

They'll loop roll and spin, but they'll soon auger in,
Don't give me a P-38!

Res Shell

CHORUS

Just give me Operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow, Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out, Don't give me an F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more They bombed in the crate, but they all pulled out late, Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks. They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover. Don't give me an F-86:

Don't give me an F-89, though "Time" says they really will climb, are They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates; all says they really will climb, are Don't give me an F-89!

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score, It may fly in weather but won't hold together, Don't give me an F-94!

Just give me an old '51, with praise for the work it has done, It's tried and it's true, and will take care of you, Just give me an old '51!

FINAL CHORUS: Just give me my old fifty-one
For defending democracy's cause
For I am too young to die,
I just want to go home!

367 Fox Gro, SOC TAN Domp



FUNT-RI AND AUTUMG

MCLOOY

(Time Cigarottes and Whiskey)



Once I was happy and had a good deal Flow Fox-86's at old Victorville They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you" The next thing I knew I was attack in Taegui

CHORUS:

Kuni-ri and Antung, and Wild, Wild Pyong-yang They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you incane:

We go down to briefing while it is still night We lift off the runway before it is light We form in the gloom and we're off on our way We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, There's cons overhead We think of the wheels who are snug in their beds We drop our big tips and we break to the fight "Josie" we cry with all of our might!

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup We swear that the leader is doing a loop Break out in the clear and set down on K-2 Be caraful or Willy will write about you!

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it - my --- is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a wing job - a desk and a chair!

506 TPW Dryp

LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST (Tune: Cigarettes and Whiskey)

I was a civilian and flew one weekends
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends
But I am a retread and older I grow
Now I fly a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS:

Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Sinmak
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy
They'll drive you insane:

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet At 35,000 how fat can you get? They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train They gave me a Mustang, it's no aero-plane!

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap Just follow the leader, don't look at a map But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight Go out on armed recoe and can't sleep at night;

Went up to Mig Alley, S-2 said no sweat

If I had not looked around. I'd be up there yet

Six Migs jumped our --- and the leader yelled break

Sixty-one and 3000, how my knees did shake!

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more I'll tell them to shove it, my --- is too sore They can ram it and jam it for all that I care Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

SOL TPW Dry



MOONSHINE

MELONY

(Tune: You are my Sunshine)

You are my moonshine, my only moonshine, You guide my fighters
When skies are grey
I chase your bogies from here to Moji
Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying, I heard Moonshine Controller say:
"I've got a bogie down by Kurume,
Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact And I believed him like a dope, I flew to Moji - and still no bogie He had chased a fly across the scope:

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine How could you let me down this way? My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin' Won't you take that Moonshine away?

SOL TPW Ango

NAPALM #2

MELLOT

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

It was up by Sopori where the Yalu meets the sea I was out on a recce to see what I could see, When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand, It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when my napalm went down!

It was up by Kuniri where I won my DFC I was out on a recce to see what I could see, When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when those rockets went down (hit the steep ha).
All the people ran like hell,
When those rockets hit the bell,
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju when I knew that I was through The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through. It was when I hit the silk - oh, my God, I strained my milk! It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS It was sad, oh, it was sad,
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when that pilot went down.

SOG TAN Day

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

MELONY

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Pyongyang All covered with flak I lost my poor wing man He'll never get back.

For flying is a pleasure And dying a grief, And a quick-triggered Commie Is worse than a thief.

For a thief will just rob you And take all you save But a quick-triggered Commis Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you and turn you to dust Not a Commie in a thousand Can an old Mustang trust.

Now when the bad weather Keeps the ships down All day we can hear this This horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots Now listen to this There'll be a short meeting That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures. Then give us some more, But we have all heard them. Twenty-five times or more.

Now listen you trainess You can't fight the Group Whatever they tell you Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story Is easy to see Don't go to Sinanju Or old Kuniri.

25

506 TPW Domp

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (II)

Gruisin' down the Yalu, doing 650 per
Gave a call to
Oh, won't you save me, sir?
Got two big flak holes in my wings
My tank ain't got no gas
Mayday, mayday, mayday - got six MIGs on my -----1

CHORUS:

Oh Hallelujah, oh hallelujah Throw a nickel on the grass Save a fighter pilot's life Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah Throw a nickel on the grass And you'll be saved.

Made my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right My airspeed read 130 My God, I racked it tight The airframe gave a shudder The engine gave a wheeze Mayday, mayday, Leader - spin instructions please:

CHORUS

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground Got a call from Mobile
Pull up and go around:
I racked that _____ in the air
A dozen feet or more
The B---- snapped, I'm on my back
Oh, save me, _____ i!

CHORUS

Strafin' on the panel
I made my pass to low
Came a call from tower
"One more and home you go!"
I pulled that in the blue
She hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't be back this winter
When the work's all done this fall!

500 TPW Bry



SINGING SO LONG

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been
Some of the things that have bothered my mind,
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left behind.

CHORUS

Singing so long, it's been good to know you. So:long, it's been good to know you,

This story begins when we gathered to brief. We harked to the words of our dark headed chief. He said, "Listen, men, and I'll give you the score About what's the way with the F-84.
.....CHORUS

We turned on the runway and started to roll. I gave her the threttle and poured on the coal The Jato was heavy, my God, it was thick, So I went on the gauges and yanked on the stick.

.....CHORUS

We then went to Sukchon and dive bombed the rails. We broke to the right with the flak on our tails. We rendezvoused high with the Migs in the sun, And I thought to myself we should give her the gun.CHORUS

When we circled to join up it was a great race. The Migs would soon be there and give us a chase. Number Four man's one thousands were still tightly hung. If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done.

I called to my leader, "I'm way low on fuel.

If you turn around quick I can get back to Seoul."

Just then he shouted, "There's Migs pulling lead,

So we'll break to the left and we'll get up some speed.

.....CHORUS

Well, I broke to the left and I felt a great jar.
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar.
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out,
And over the R T I started to shout.
.....CHORUS

Buddies, so long it's been good to know you.

So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you

So long, it's been good to know you.
But there's not a whole lot that I've got to say,
For it looks like I auggered today.

506 TPW Dag

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A poor aviator lay a-dying At the end of a bright summer's day And his comrades were gathered around him To carry his fragments away. et.earlier

Oh, his bird was piled up on his wishbone, And his engine was wrapped around his head And he wore a spark plug on each elbow 'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket As he stirred in the sump where he lay, And to his sorrowing comrades These brave parting words he did say:

> I'll be riding a cloud in the morning With no Merlin before me to course, So come along, and get busy Another lad now wants the hearse!

Take the manifold out of my larynx, And the cylinders out of my brain, Take the piston rods out of my kidneys, And assemble the engine again.

> With rusted fifties and rockets, With pilots as old as they seem, We fly these worn out Mustangs Against the MiG fifteen.

Forgotten by the land that bore us, Betrayed by the ones we held dear, The good have all gone before us And only the dull are still here.

> So stand to your glasses steady, This world is a world full of lies, Here's a toast to those dead already, And here's to the next man to die.

> > 506 TFW Days

MOLOOY

(Tune: She'll be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old,. To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold, With their fighters painted yellow Leaping off to contact Mellow In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads Four birds lined up on the runway Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday, Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty-thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test. Till we past the Yalu River Which makes my liver quiver With flak guns lined up 24 abreast.

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes, All lit up like Christmas trees Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace It was thrilling, it was hairy Near that privileged sanctuary Synghman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie Four I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war I am flying on to Taegu Heading 152 to K-2.

'tause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

506 TFW Days

35

passed)

THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell Ch there are no fighter pilots down in Hell The place is full queers Navigators, Bombardiers Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell;

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States:

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce The automatic pilot's on Reading novels in the john Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare;

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan They are all across the bay Being shot at every day Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japans

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but It's nice If you ever do it once you'll do it twice It'll wreck your reputation But increase the population It's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club When a bomber jockey walks into our club He don't drink his share of suds All he does is flub his dub Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell\$



SOG TPW Ang

MELONY THROTTLE BENDER

(Ture McNamara's Band)

My name is Throttle Bender,
I'm the leader of the gang;
I burn up lots of engines,
But I don't give a hang,
To me full bore is normal cruise,
Cause I don't give a darn;
My boys can never catch me
They've got a lot to learn.

CHORUS

We are the boys from Itazuki, We are the boys from Itazuki; We fly with the ______ Croup

Now if you lead a flight, boys, Or if you lead a Group; Lend an ear and you will hear The latest kind of poop. From Tokeeyo to Sazzmago You'll hear the boys all say, The leader bent the throttle, so I had it rough today.

......CHORUS

506 TAW Dry

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

(Tune: Strip Polka)

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar You can see the old goat standing Beside his effice door.
He'll be sweating out the take-off As he's often done before.
The man behind the armor plated desk!

Four times he's led us up there
And he always led us back
For he circled o'er the I P
As we went in to attack.
He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys, but allergic to ack ack."
The man behind the armor plated deak!

And when the target's sighted
Who inspires our attack?
Who says, "Hundreds may go in, lads,
But a few aren't coming back."
Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum
When you suppress the flak."
The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the mission's over And debriefing they should be You can search the whole field over But not a pilot will you see. For they'll all be at the "O" Club With a mixed drink in their hand Singing "The Man Behind the Armor Plated Desk"!

HERE'S TO THE NEXT MAN TO DIE

Betrayed by the Regular Army, Cast off by the Signal Corps, Signed up for nine months flying And stayed on for three years more,

CHORUS

So stand by your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies.
Here's a toast to the dead already,
And Hurrah for the next man to die.

We looped in the purple sunset, We spun in the silvery dawn With a trail of black smoke behind us To show where our comrades have gone.

Echoing through the low hung rafters, Resounding from the walls so bare, You can hear the tears and laughter Of the dead, for they really are there.

TIPTANKS AND RAILPIPES

Bless them all, bless them all,
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet,
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
'Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With Tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall.
Through the bloody invisible wall,
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus.
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it,
But you'll prob'ly break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

A poor aviator lay a-dying
At the end of a bright summers day
And his comrades were gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

Oh, his bird was piled up on his wishbone, And his engine was wrapped around his head And he wore a spark plug on each elbow 'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
As he stirred in the sump where he lay,
And to his sorrowing comrades
These brave parting words he did say:

I'll be riding a cloud in the morning With no Merlin before me to course, So come along, and get busy Another lad now wants the hearse!

Take the manifold out of my larynx, And the cylinders out of my brain, Take the piston rods out of my kidneys, And assemble the engine again.

> With rusted fifties and rockets, With pilots as old as they seem, We fly these yorn out Mustangs Against the MiG fifteen.

Forgotten by the land that bore us.
Betrayed by the ones we held dear,
The good have all gone before us
And only the dyll are still here.

So stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world full of lies,
Here's a toast to those dead already,
And here's to the next man to die.

STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(Tune: She'll be Comin! Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old,.
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold,
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday,
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty-thousand over Pyongyang on Northwest Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test Till we past the Yalu River Which makes my liver quiver With flak guns lined up 24 abreast.

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes, All lit up like Christmas trees Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace It was thrilling, it was hairy Near that privileged sanctuary Synghman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo tower this is Gas Mask Willie Four I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war I am flying on to Taegu Heading 152 to K-2 tower they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (II)

Cruisin' down the Yalu, doing 650 per
Gave a call to
Oh, won't you save me, sir?
Got two big flak holes in my wings
My tank ain't got no gas
Mayday, mayday, mayday - got six MIGs on my ---

CHORUS:

Oh Hallelujah, oh hallelujah Throw a nickel on the grass Save a fighter pilot's life Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah Throw a nickel on the grass And you'll be saved.

Made my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
My airspeed read 130
My God, I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder
The engine gave a wheele
Mayday, mayday, Leader - spin instructions please:

CHORUS

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground Got a call from Mobile
Pull up and go around:
I racked that ______ in the air
A dozen feet or more
The B______ snapped, I'm on my back
Oh, save me, ______ i!

CHORUS

Strafin on the panel
I made my pass to low
Came a call from tower
"One more and home you go!"
I palled that in the blue
She hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't be back this winter
When the work's all done this fall!

SINGING SO LONG

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been
Some of the things that have bothered my mind,
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left behind.

CHORUS

Singing so long, it's been good to know you.
So long, it's been good to know you,
Etc....

This story begins when we gathered to brief.
We harked to the words of our dark headed chief.
He said, "Listen, men, and I'll give you the score
About what's the way with the F-84.
.....CHORUS

We turned on the runway and started to roll.

I gave her the threttle and poured on the coal
The Jato was heavy, my God, it was thick,
So I went on the gauges and yanked on the stick.

....CHORUS

We flew up to Sunan and dodged all the flak.

I called to my leader, "Oh, please take me back.

I'm tired of flying these big iron birds."

But instead of turning he uttered these words.

......CHORUS

I called to my leader, "I'm way low on fuel.

If you turn around quick I can get back to Seoul."

Just then he shouted, "There's Migs pulling lead,

So we'll break to the left and we'll get up some speed.

.....CHORUS

Buddies, so long it's been good to know you.
So long, it's been good to know you
So long, it's been good to know you.
But there's not a whole lot that I've got to say,
For it looks like I auggered today.

3.3

PARTIES, BANQUETS AND BALLS

(Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Came)

Parties, banquets, and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
As President Truman has said before,
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with parties, banquets, and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
We'll have parties and banquets,
And banquets and parties,
and balls, balls!

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Let's have a party, let's have some fun
Let's have a party, the ____ Fighter Group is
here tonight.

Break right, break left, streamers off the wing,
Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything.
We are the joy boys from Itazuke
Hello, hello, hello, helo-o-o-o-o.

(Tune: I T'ought I Taw a Putty Cat)

I t'ought I taw a MiG 15 A'tweeping up on me I did, I did, I taw him As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG 15
Ivan is my name
And if I catch that '84
I'll shoot him down in flame!

RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh; the Red Nose Migs are comin'
And they want to fight.
Let's hurry, hurry home
Oh, won't you hurry, hurry home?
Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight!

FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes
you say
"My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight,
you may
Stay and fight alone!
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you
see!

TAC HEADQUARTERS/

(Tune: Pepsi-Cola)

TAC Headquarters is the spot
Twenty-eight colonels, that's a lot
Lots of brass with nothing to do
TAC Headquarters as the place for you!
Chicken, chicken, chicken, chicken....

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver Will you love us just the same?

Or, we'll always call you "(Any old dirty Major)"

Isn't that a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue!

YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen the Clory)

By the ring around his eyeball,
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot by the
ispread around his rear
You can tell a navigator by his sextants,
maps and such
You can tell a fighter jockey, but you
cannot tell him much

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town.
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down.
I've never seen such darkness; the night was black as pitch.
When, suddenly, front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

CHORUS: Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean,
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey day.
With Lilly, my blackout queen, Da, da, da, da, da, da.

Oh, I couldn't see her figure; I couldn't see her face, But if I ever meet her, I'll know her any place. I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette, But, gosh, O gee, did she give me a thrill I won't forget!

CHORUS:

She said to me. Oh Yankee, boy, are ya lonesome, are ya blue!

Just step around the corner. I'll show you what to do.

We went up some dark alley; I said, "I love you kid".

She said "Okay, but first you pay", So I gave her twenty quid.

CHORUS:

She leaned her back against the wall; I took her in my arms. She gave to me her very all, and all her buxom charms. I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat. It was a shame, she should have been a circus acrobat!

CHORUS:

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed. She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice. Why, what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price!

CHORUS:

It was a few days later, I began to feel so queer.

And when I went on sick call, the Doc said "It's quite clear"

You've had some love Commando Style. Come, Son, now don't be shy.

You're not to blame, tell me her name. "So I answered with a sigh.

CHORUS:

And when my children ask me "Please tell me, daddy, dear What did you do to win the war? "I'll answer with a sneer, "Your daddy was a hero, his best he always fought with bravery he gave to Commandos his support."

CONT-RI AND ANTUNG

(Tune Cigarotics and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal Flow Fox-86's at old Victorville They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you" The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegui

CHORUS:

Runi-ri and Antung and Wild, Wild Pyong-yang
They'll drive you orazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you orazy, they'll drive you insane!

We go down to briefing while it is still night We lift off the runkay before it is light We form in the gloom and we're off on our way We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, There's cons overhead
We think of the wheels who are suug in their beds
We drop our big tips and we break to the fight
"Josie" we gry with all of our might!

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
We swear that the leader is doing a loop
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
Be careful or Willy will write about you!

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
1'11 tell them to jam it - my --- is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a wing job - a desk and a chair!

LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST

(Tune: Cigarettes and Whiskey)

I was a civilian and flew one weekends
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends
But I am a retread and older I grow
Now I fly a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS:

Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Sinmak
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy
They'll drive you insane:

Oh, once I was happy and I flow a jet At 35,000 how fat can you get? They sent me so Nellis for six weeks to train They gave me a Mustang, it's no aero-plane!

We strafed and we bembed and we shot air to air Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap Just follow the leader, don't look at a map But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight Go out on armed recoe and can t sleep at night:

Went up to Mig Alley, S-2 said no sweat

If I had not looked around. I'd be up there yet

Six Migs jumped our --- and the leader yelled break

Sixty-one and 3000, how my knees did shake!

If I live through a hundred and they ask for more I'll tell them to shove it, my --- is too sore They can ram it and jam it for all that I care Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

IF YOU FLY

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS

Did you go BOOM today?
Did you go BOOM today?
Two more blew up yesterday
Allison ain't here to stay!

If you ily a ninety-four You will never holler more, For you lot we do not pine It's better than an Eighty-nine!

If you fly an Eighty-six
You will really get your kicks
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys
Playing with their radar toys!
..... CHORUS

If you fly a 1-2-4 You will find it quite a bore, It flies like an old barn door And it makes your fanny sors.

CHORUS

Did you go OUCH today?
Did you go OUCH today?
Fourteen hours yesterday
What a way to earn your pay

Oh, we're the boys from the 5067H.
You've heard so much about
The mothers keep their daughters in Whenever we go out.

We're always drinking walskey
And we're always full of booze

And we're always full of booze Oh we're the boys from the SOLT And who the hell are youse?

Who owns this club on - wa - we
Who owns this club on - wa - we
Who owns this club the people cry eye - eye WE own this olub co - wa- wa #2 own this club oo - wa - wa Fighter Grown wa Fighter Group we reply - eye

To with the

WRECK OF OLD MINETY-SEVEN

There were 97 aircraft parked out on the apron And there wasn't room for more Now the first 96 were of modern construction And the last was a DH-4.

The first 47 were reserved for the majors and the captains had the next 49. There was one ship left on the end of the apron It was the last ship in the line.

It was old 1971 and her f selage was risty
And her wings were warped and bent
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture
Like a cow that was quite content.

Then a 2d Lt wandered into operations
And he asked for a ship or two
But they said, "Young man we are mighty short of aircraft,
But we'll see what we can do."

It was old "" and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she growled and she groaned when he warmed up her engine
'Cause she knew that her end was near.

So they flew over Birmingham and South Alabama
'Til the clouds began to fall
'Til they settled down on the tops of the mountains And you couldn't see a thing at all.

So he turned to the left and he flew into a snowstorm.
So he turned back to the hight
'Til he found a railroad going in his direction and he said
"By God, we'll get there tonight."

Then he pointed her nose in a southerly direction.

And he kept those tracks in sight.

Til they disappeared in the side of a mountain.

And he ended his last long flight.

It was old "97" with her nose in the mountain and her wheels upon the track
Now her throttles were bent in the forward direction
But her engine was pointed back.

All you Air Force ladies please take fair warning No matter where you roam Never say harsh words to your aviator boy friend. He may leave you and never come home.

RECCY TO BERLIN

It's a long, hard road on a reccy to Berlin, And the flak was bursting high, And the P-47's and the P-51's, They were guarding us high in the sky.

We were half way between Lake Dymmer and Hamburg
When all hell broke loose in the blue,
"Cause the Jerry's had spotted us from five o'clock under
And they came up to see what they could do.

Now the first pass was made on the 462d Colonel Showers was in the lead. Oh, he mopped and he mopped and he mopped and he mopped, 'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So the Colonel he called to his brave Navigator, Said, "Give me a heading home", But the navigator with his hand on the ripcord Said, "Hey, boy, you're going home alone."

So the Colonel he called to his brave bombardier, Said, "Give me a heading home,"
But the Bombardier had already parted,
There was silence on the ship's interphone.

So at twenty-two thousand he chewed on his candy,
And he mopped, mopped, mopped, mopped, mopped,
Oh, he mopped and mopped and he mopped and he mopped,
'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So, with four engines feathered he glided into safety At the runway of his home base, And it's with great pride that he tells this story with a more eatin' grin on his face....mop, mop!

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of old Smokey,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
Come a courtin' too slow.

A-courtin's a pleasure An' flirtin's a grief. A false-hearted lover, Is worse than a thief.

For a thief he will rob you, And take what you have, But a false-hearted lover, Will send you to the grave.

And tell you more lies,
Than cross ties on the railroad,
Or stars on the sky.

On top/of old Smokey,
All covered with snow,
I lost my true lover,
Come a-courtin'....too slow.

PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: If I Had the Wings of an Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen, We will tell you a story sad but true; Of many who wear wings but are not happy, Gather round and we'll sing this song to you.

The many who wear wings but are not happy, wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts; They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman, But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason must be had for discontentment,
Why the gloom as dark as any blacked out loop;
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you,
I'M NOT ASSIGNED TO THE GROUP!

ITAZĂKE ORT

(Tune: When You Wore a Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang, In the Itazuke ORT,
Other pilots went to briefing
We stayed in the sack a sleeping,
Hotter stones you'll never see.
We were hotter than tabasco when Group pulled each
flasco
We excelled in proficiency.
When you flew a Mustang, and I flow a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT!

Post Konen War

Air Force Lament

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky, With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly. But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by The Air Forces gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory-flying regulations,
Have them read at every station,
Crucify the man who breaks one,
The air Force's gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb a hundred thausand strong, A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong, But now it's only memory it only serves in song.

The Air Force's gone to hell.

CHORUS:

I have seen them in their T-bolts when their eyes were dancing flame. I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted coering's name, But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame. Their spirit's shot to hell.

CHORUS:

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak. And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back, But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack. Their technique's gone to hell.

CHORUS:

Yes the lordly flying fortress and the liberator too, Once wrote the doom of of Germany with contrails in the blue. But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew And we can't fly for hell.

CHORUS:

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel. The purring of your merlin was a song your heart could fell, But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin', groanin', squeal And it won't climb for hell.

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song About the wild blue younder in the days when men were strong, But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong, The Air Force's gone to hell.

CHORUS:

We flew the mighty hog right down the flak infested track. The Migs flew oe'r the Yalu, the Sabres chased 'em back. But now we fight the paper war and haven't got the nack. The Air Force's gone to hell.

CHORUS:

B5. BRING BACK MY C.82

My packet lies down by the hangar They've grounded my Complet. With luck we will get to Tacoma By nineteen fifty two.

Bring Back. Bring Back, Oh Bring Back my C-62.
Bring Back. Bring Back, Oh Bring Back my C-82.

She goes like a duck down the runway, And mushes off into the blue And if just one engine you feather St. Peter will call for you.

Her compasses all point together
The rest of her instruments too,
And both of her engines run backwards,
Just like all the rest of them do.

Her heaters are wired in open
Her gas tanks are patched up with glue,
It's cold going back to Tacoma,
But we'll fly our Carrier.

The clam shells fly open on landing It slows down your landing you know But we sure make beautiful landings, On seventeen inches of snow.

The left gear extends when retracted
The right one is abnormal too
But you sure would have lots of trouble
If your nose was yellow or blue.

My heart lies with you my dear packet And Fairchild will surely build more But we'd rather have two more engines So we'll fly a (C-54). 36. A

I went into a restau And like a raving n The waiter says wh A large beefsteak say He took it down and And Slowly walked

And he never can No he never can I waited for hot And his neck I If he don't have When we meet

I went to Barnum's
She laughed at every
The big balloon outs
It proved to be my f
I shoved her in and a
And up she did ascen

And she never can No she never can Her dear face I I'm happy tonigh Till we meet on

An old maid of sevent With a sailor boy of se Whom she called her At last the wedding d The daintly little thing He touched her for a l And went out to buy

And he never came No he never came His dear face she'l But that sweet littl She will sure get h When they meet o

Bee's Beer Call

Oh we're from the "22", the hairy chested "22"
Whenever we go out we have a ball.
We take delight, in stirring up a fight
And knocking them in the head, 'ti'l their'r dead;
Ha ha ha oh oh oh hee hee hee!
We have gotten a reprove in written.
We put poison in our C.0's cream of wheat.
We're from the "22", the hairy chested "22"
And we eat raw meat! Call the waiter more beer.

8. GREEDY FINGERS

I met a girl, and she had Greedy Fingers
Always searching for another love you see,
I loved this girl but she had greedy fingers
Never satisfied with Kisses just from me
She went away, and broke my heart in two
Cause all my love was not enough to see her through,
She went away and someday she vill understand
Greedy fingers never find a lovin hand.

THE C.54

(Tune prison without Asy Walls)
I don't need booms or double tails
To tell me I can't fly
I'm in a squadron of C-54's.
How ancient can an aircraft be,
Sometimes I want to cry,
Cause I'm stuck with this C-54.
I come and go but climb so slow
These engines are a fright
You'll see us coming home with three
Most every other night
Please build some more 124's
And send us on our way
Back to Tacoma, where we lone to stay

nsas

nsas

name

cain,

aid

intry star

bon cane,

hing,

the sting.

#10. CO.PILOTS SONG

Don't need gold leaves or railroad tracks,
Don't need gold leaves or railroad tracks,
To tell me I can't fly,
I'm in a squadron where they rule the sky,
How chicken can an I.P. get,
Sometimes I'ld like to fly,
I'm in the right seat of a C-54.
The I.P.'s seem come and go, but we remain the same,
The excuse that we have no time is getting sort of lame.
You have to wear a senior star to plumb a 54,
But we send Stateside, where we can order more.

14

11. C-54 BLUES

I got the 54 Blues, Lordy, Lordy, I got it in my body and the Red Cap to-o-o-o. And when the Ops truck comes, I gotta go Oh lordy, guess I'll never gonna loose these 54 Blues.

Now a steamboat whistle nevre stirred my soul A helicopter hummmin' always left me cold The only thing that makes me want to navigate Is a C-54 and a load of freight.

My daddy was a pilot and my Moma dear She was the only daughter of an Engineer My Sweetie is a stewardness and it ain't no joke. It's a dirty shame, the way she keeps me broke.

A fast trip to Tachi never stirs my soul.
And those to Korea always leave me cold.
The only thing that makes me want to navigate.
Is a fatcat trip to the United States.

12. CANDY KISSES

Candy kisses, wrapped in paper Mean more to you than any of mine Candy kisses, wrapped in paper You'd rather have them any old time

You don't mean it when you whisper Those sweet love words in my ear Candy kisses wrapped in paper Mean more to you than mine do dear

I built a castle out of dreams dear I thought that you were building too, Now my castles all have fallen And I am left alone and blue.

Once my heart was filled with gladness Now there's sadness, only tears Candy kisses, wrapped in paper Mean more to you than mine do dear.

MOUTE EN 13.

I'm a roving cowboy, Riding all day long, Tumbleweeds around Sing their lonely song Night time underneat I ride alone and sing

See them tumbling Pledging their low Pledging their low Lonely, but free Drifting along we Cares of the past No where to go Just where the transfer along will know when night That a new world I'll keep rolling along will be possible to the range Drifting along will be provided the control of the provided the provided the control of the provided the

14. TH

Oh I go down to the To see those pals of mi Those wedding bells at That old gang of mine All the boys are singing They've forgot Sweet A Those wedding bells an That old Gang of mine There goes Jack, There Walking down lovers l When we meet, now Things don't seem the Oh I get that lonesome When I hear those thu Those wedding bells an That old gang of mise

37. WHIFFENPOOF SONG (AF VERSION)

From the boys up in the barracks, To the guys down on the line, To the dear old wild blue yonder that we love, Stand the Air Cadets assembled With their classes raised or high, And the magn of their singing casts its spell. Yes the magic of their singing, Of the songs we love so well, Jolly sixpence, Wild Blue Yonder and the rest, We will Serenade Ar Air Force While life and foice shall last Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs Who have lost our way, Baa, Baa, Baa, Baa.

We are little black sheep

Who have gone astray, Baa, Baa, Baa, Baa,

Gentlemen flyers off on a spree;

Doomed from here to eternity.

God have mercy on such as we. Han Baa, Baa.

38. DARLING 82

- Chorus

Oh my darling, oh my darling, Oh my darling 82 I was allowed a room of but it is Put together with one rivet And a thousand pounds of glue. June lib the street of the Gathering airspeed mighty slow, and share a state of the Fairchild says she'll fly on one fan, hears with million et a He designed her. he should know. 46's, 47's Just to seem them makes me blue, They are aircraft, they're not coffins Like my Darling 82.

Oh the tax-payers gripe at taxes and a taxer figure to a taxer They know just what they can do i mich shift they had been They don't fly'em, They just buy 'em 2017 tot 1112 11 12 1114 Oh my darling 82.

39. LE

'Twas a cold winte The guests were a O'Mally was closin When he turned a To the lady in rec Get out, you can't So she shed a sad As she thought of When a gentleman And these are the

> Her mother ne The things a 1 About the way Now age has I And sin has le Remember you And let her sle

> > 40.

Many years have co Since I wondered f In those Oklahoma Many a page of life Many a lesson I has Still it's in those hill

> Way down yong Ride my pony In the Oklahom Way down you A cowboys' life In the Oklahom

Now as I sit here to Many miles I am an From where once I 1 Where the blackhawl Where the snow-whit In those Oklahoma I

de tellino en

ं जो प्राप्त

Lhen

TRUCKBUSTER S SONG

(67th Fighter-Bomber Squadron parody of 'Whiffenpoof Song. 1)

Busting trucks along the Yaiu.
Blasting tanks along the Line.
It's the Mustang, mighty Mustang, every time.
We're the men who fly those Mustangs.
We're the Red Scarfs, and we're proud.
Sixty-seventh, head and shoulders dier the crowd.
When those engines roar at daybreak.
Every crew chief on the Line
Holds his head high as those Mustangs start to climb.
So we'll drink a toast to 'Red Scarfs,
And our life and love shall last.
We'll not pass nor be forgotten like the rest.

CHORUS:

We are old fighter pilots and we're here to stay,
And fly, fly, fly.
Sixty-Seventh is the squadron that will always lead the way
(and we're always in the fray)

To fly, fly, fly.

Mustang pilots all, are we,

Fly any bird through Eternity,

So God have mercy on such as we,

Who fly, fly, fly.

From Captain Joseph Burke, 67th Fighter Bomber Squadron

#13

Knon

(Addendum to 'Throw A Nickel on the Grass')

#13

Strafing on the pahel

My passes were too low.

'Foul!, ' cried the tower.

Once more, and home you go.

I racked it off the desert.

That Mustang hit a stall.

Now I won't see my Mother.

When the work's all done this fall.

CHORUS:

Cruisin' down the valley.
Six MIGS were below
Leader gave a wiggle
And hollered 'Tally-ho!.'

So we rolled these Mustanes over,
And hit 550 per...
'Red-line, Red-line; Red-line;'
'Oh, save me, Major, Sir.'

Got two big flak holes in my wing,
My tanks ain't got gass.
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!
Three MIGS on my a

CHORUS:

Cruisin' down the Yalu
Doing 320 per...
Gave a call to Major Colson.
'Won't you seve me, Sir?'

From Captain Joseph Burke, 67th Fighter Bomber Squadron

THROW A MICKEL ON THE GRASS

13

They sent no up to Pyongyang, The brief said sukoshi ack rek. But, by the time I got there, My wings were holed with flak.

My aircraft wont into a spin, It would no longer fly. Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to die.

CHORUS:

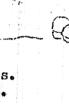
Halloluje, Helloluja,
Throw a nickel on the grass.
Save a fighter pilot's
Halloluje, Halloluja,
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

I flow my traffic pattern, To me it looked all right. My air speed read 150. My God, I racked it tight.

I turned into the final, With a window makers breeze. Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, Spin instructions, please.

CHORUS:

Halleluja, Halleluja,
Throw a nickel on the grass.
Save a fighter pilot's
Halleluja, Halleluja,
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.







This Old Group "This Old House"

This old group gonna need revision, This old group has lost its head, This old group is getting rusty, Never sees blue overhead. This old group has frosty tailpipes, This old group has lost its charm. And the Colonel said the other day, "My boys you've bought the farm."

CHORUS: Ain't gonna need this group no longer,
Aint gonna need this group no more.
Ain't got time to learn the mission,
Ain't got time to learn the score,
Ain't got nerve to make a take-off
Or a plane to do a roll,
And we're looking for the P.I.O.
Who's got us in this hole.

This old group can't fly in weather, This old group can't fy in snow, This old group can't fly in sunshine, This old group just plain can't go. This old group is getting lonesome, This old group has gone astray, And we're just a bunch of puddy cats; Awaiting judgement day.

CHORUS: Ain't gonna need this group no longer,
Ain't gonna need this group no more,
Ain't got time to be a tiger,
Ain't got time to give a roar.
Ain't got planes that'll hold together,
Or that G suit underwear,
But we're on our way to . . .,
So we really could not care . . .

The Young Pursuiter

Beside a guinea waterfall one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered saber-jet the young pursuite lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead
So, listen to the very last words the young pursuite said:
"I'm going to a better land where everytheng is right,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles; play poker every night.
There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing;
Where all our crews are women—oh, death, where is thy sting?
Oh death where is thy sting ding a ling—oh death where is thy sting?
The bells of hell will ring a ling, a ling for you but not for me.

The Saga of the Old 36th

They gave him his orders at Group Operations. Saying, "Casey you'reway behind time." It's not Kuneri but old Namsi Dong; Where you'll cut the rails Or bust your ass in trying. So they climbed in their sabres At quarter past eleven With the crew chief on the wing the pilot said, "Plug in the power And listen to this old sabre sing." We went rollen' down the runway at 90 knots an hour, When the nose wheel broke the ground. We were in the air flying o'er the mountains, Headed toward that flak infested town. We flew over Haagu and skirted Chinampo And headed up the coast. When dentist Charley lookerd into his radar And he turned just as white as a ghost. For the screen was blurred as the trains left the station As we glimbed to angels 29. I saw those contrails a headed towards us And I wetted this fleying suit of mine. I started my bomb blast at altitude zero And he died with a rail tie up his "Dig that crazy sliver."

STRAFING IN A MCUNTAIN PASS

Strafing in a mountain pass Couldn*t make that turn Twelve tons of Thunderjet Watch that ---- burn

We've fought the MIGs at Kumuri, we fought at Sinajee They nailed us down at Kyomipo, and we lost quite a few.

We flew these birds from old K-2, six thousand feet they say Don't ask a 49'er boys, the ---- are all dead.

SOG TPW Day

THE RIVER RAN RED

MELOPY

(Time: The Good Ship Titanic)

Number One was having fun. Number Two got quite a few Number Four got some more as he said Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead As we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking had them shot right from their mitts
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud But they all carried guns for the foe. There were some who turned around, when they heard that swful sound As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got Number three, don't you see
Yes, They shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat first verse)

97

506 TAW Dry

s go.

(This line unknown)
Boys of the black sheep in Thunderjets go,
None of our guys are looking for fame
Just little moths going into a flame.

#13

Oh that F-84, that ____, oh that F-84, With 100% she wont even fly, The boys who fly in her are sure bound to die. Oh that F-84, that ____, oh that F-84.

I lost my engine o'er Sinanju one day, I called to the group but they'd all flown away. Left to the mercy of fighters and flack. I'm telling you boys, it's a wonder I'm back.

Oh that F-84, that ______. Oh that F-84. With 100%, she wont even fly. The boys who fly in her are sure bound to die. Oh that F-84, that _______ oh that F-84.

Majors and Colonels have milk runs to fly.

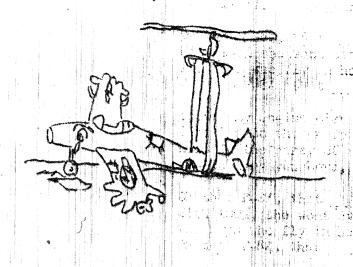
None of the missions where many men die.

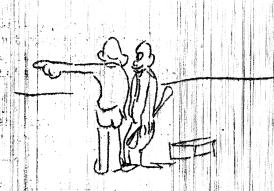
Just at the time they're leaving the sack,

We've dropped all our bombs and are on our way back.

Oh that F-84, that ____, oh that F-84, With 100%, she wont even fly.

The boys who fly in her are sure bound to die. Oh that F-84, that ____, oh that F-84.





K /3

THE COMMINE S I MENT

Once a flier do's or dies, in his faithful Sabre true, after bitching, flew a mission to the town of Sinanju. Still in flight, he saw some mighty Commie NIGs upon his tail. With a quiver and a shivor, he let out an awful wail.

CHORUS:

Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, ah so desu If you find no, never mind no; I will be an awful noss.

Then a Mustang went in bursting, just to see what he could do.
But alas, he made a pass, and that was all; they got him too.
Thought an '80: I'm so great, he'll never got a shot at me.
Wasn't gone long when his swan song sounded just like this to me.

CHORUS:

Sayonara, Sayonara, Sayonara, ah so desu If you find no, never mind no; I will be an awful mess

Then a Thundorjet who hadn't blundered yet, thought he'd try it alone.

Like a blotter, he hit the wate, shook the hand of Davy Jones.

So the tally, in my alley, isn't quite like all the claims.

But as a fair course to the Air Force, we won't mention any names.

CHORUS:

Sayonera, Seyonara, Sayonara, ah so dosu
If you find no, nover mind no; I will be an ewful noss.

THE BLUES OF CHINHAE
Tune - "The Blues in the Night"

From Chinhae to Pyongyong,
From Tagou to Scoul,
Wherever our Mustangs go,
I've dropped me some napalm.
I've fired me six rockets,
But there is one thing I know,
The Chinese are two-faced.
A worriesome thing who'll
Leave you to sing,
The Blues of Chinhae.

CH ORUS:

Hear the Flak a-blown'
See the MIG's a-goin'
WILKWEST, I can't get my tanks off.
Well laddie, you've had it,
But there is one thing I know.
You can't do a thing
But sit here and sing
The Blues of Chinhae.

We call into Mellow,
We thinks we are yellow,
But on to the target we go.
The weather is stinkin',
But there is one thing I know,
The 80's can't do it.
They're bungling things
That leave you to sing
The Blues of Chinhao.

CHORUS:

Up and down the Yelu
Hear the pllets yelling - HEY YOU!
By order of MacArthur
We can't do a thing
But sit here and sing
The Blues of Chinhae.

(Continued on next page)

We call a controller.

He starts beating his molers.

His answer is "Stand by Please".

"I'm working some 84's.

I do wish they'd carry more.

They're only fanning the breeze.

They'll be through in a minute

Then you can come in

And do the right thing

For the Group from Chinhae."

CH ORUS:

Coming down the Nak-tong,
Pilots like to sing but one song.
I've finished my missions,
Now let me go fishing.
But the first thin he does
Is cone in to buzz
The strip at Chinhae.

Now this ends my story
Of Fame and of Glory.
Together we've known hectic days.
We've had many good laughs,
The 18th and Sough AF's,
For whom we have nothing but praise.
Oh, I'm goin' to the ZI
And tell one and all
Of the deeds large and small
Of the Group from Chinhac.





MIG 15

MELLY

: I T'ought I Taw a Putty Cat)

I t'ought I taw a MiG 15 A'tweeping up on me I did, I did, I taw him As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG 15
Ivan is my name
And if I catch that '84
I'll shoot him down in flame:

506 TAN Ong

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Let's have a party, let's have some fun Let's have a party, the _____ Fighter Group is here tonight.

Break right, break left, streamers off the wing, Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything. We are the joy boys from Itazuke Hello, hello, hello, help-o-o-o-o.

hello

506 TPW DAM

KOREA

ITAZUKE ORT

MELONY

(Tunes to When You Wore a Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang,
In the Itazuke ORT,
Other pilots went to briefing
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping,
Hotter stones you'll never see.
We were hotter than tabasco when Group pulled each
fiasco
We excelled in proficiency.
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang r

SOG TOW Days

HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

Meror: My Bowie Lies Over The OCEW
Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the ---- reservists
Whenever the --- hits the fant

They call up every old pilot They call up every young man The reservists they go to Korea The regulars stay in Japan

Here's to the regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the reservist
Their would be dragging the floor I

CHCRUS: Fight on: Fight on:
Fight on regular Air Force
Fight on: Fight on:

SOL TAN Day

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY

We fly the Sabre with Fourth Fighter Group Ask any Lt, he'll give you the poop. We sit in the cockpit and push on a rudder But when we're in trouble, We help one anudder.

The MIG is a blight on the whole human race When you're north of Chinapo, they're found every place They've got apes for pilots and they're hard to tame If you're not a hot rock, they'll shoot you down in flames.

506 TPW Amo

Come and Join the Air Force 2 (See *)

Come on and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say You never have to work at all, just fly around all day. While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind, We'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind, Oh, come on and join Air Force, And you will never mind.

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire, You're riding on a gravy train when you're Air Force flier, But when you're just about to be a general you'll find The engines cough, the wings fall off, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS:

You're flying o're the ocean, you hear your engine spit You see your prop come to a stop, my God the engines quite. The ship won't float, you can't swim, the shore is miles behind. Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.

CHORUS:

Oh, when you loop and roll and spin her, and with an awful tear, You see your stubby wings fall off, but you will never care. For in about two minutes, Mac, another pair you'll find. You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you'll never mind.

CHORUS:

Oh, you meet up with a MIG 15, he shoots you down in flames, Ain't no use to belly ache and call that bastard names. Just push your stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find There ain't no hell and all is well and you'll never mind.

CHORUS:

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Forces lads, and we don't give a damn, About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham. We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind, And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

CHORUS:

Drunk

Drunk last night, drunk the night before, 'Gonna' get drunk tonight like I've never been drunk before. For when I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be. For I am a member of the souse family.

Now the sourse family is the best family That ever came over from old Germany. There's the highland dutch and the lowland dutch. The rotterdam dutch and the dad burned dutch.

Singing glories, glories, One keg of beer for the four of us. Singing glory be to God that there are no more of us, For one of us could drink it all alone: damn near. Here's to the irish'dead drunk—the lucky stiffs.

Make Me Operations

Don't give me a P-38, With props that counter-rotate. She'll loop, roll and spin And she'll soon auger in; Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS: Just make me operations
'Way out on some tiny atol.
For I am too young to die.
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39, With the engine that's mounted behind, She'll loop, roll and spin And she'll soon auger in; Don't give me a P-39.

CHORUS:

Don't give me an F-84, That dirty old ground loving whore. She'll loop, roll and spin And she'll soon auger in; Don't give me an F-84,

CHORUS:

Just give me an old saber jet.
They haven't caught up with her yet.
She'll loop, roll and spin
But she'll ne'er auger in;
Just give me an old saber jet.

CHORUS:

Hawk's Squawk

Wer're the boys from the 23rd you've heard so much about. The mothers lock their daughters in when ever we go out. We're always full of whisky, We're always full of booze, We're the boys from the 23rd Now who in the hell are you'se? As we go marching, as the band begins to p-1-a-y. You can hear the people shouting, "A Raggedy Ass, A Raggedy Ass, The 23rd operate, 00 WA WA WA WA"
Who owns this club 00 WA WA, who owns this club 00 WA WA, Who owns this club," the people cry.
"We own this club 00 WA WA we own this club 00 WA WA The 23rd fighter squadron," we reply. Hawk!

Napalm #/

Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives; It was grand when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was grand, it was grand, it was grand When my napalm went down.

Oh the river ran red with the blooood of the dead It was grand when my napalm went down.

CHORUS:

Oh the road was full of ruts and the ruts were full of guts It was grand when my napalm went down.

CHORUS:

guts Address Andress A

RED NOSE MIGS

MELONY

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight
Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
And they want to fight.
Let's hurry, hurry home
Oh, won't you hurry, hurry home?
Oh, the Red Nose Migs are comin'
Not a Sabre in sight!

506 TPW Dong

PARTIES', BANQUETS AND BALLS

MELANT (Tune:

Tune: Take Me Out to the Ball Game)

Parties, banquets, and balls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
As President Truman has said before,
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with parties, banquets, and bakls, boys
Parties, banquets and balls
We'll have parties and banquets,
And banquets and parties,
and balls, balls, balls!

SOG TAN Dage_

Once I Was Happy

Oh once I was happy and had a good deal. Flew fox 86S out of old victor field. They asked for a volunteer and said I'll take you. The next thing I knew I was in old Tague. Se Trees.

CHORUS: Kuneri and Antung and wild wild Pyoryang
They'll drive you ape they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you ape they'll drive you insane.

Et. Weet wanto Bay

Ode to Flying

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin the silvery dawn,
With a trail of black smoke behind us
To show where our comrades have gone.
So stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies,
So we'll drink to the dead already
And hurrah for the next man to die.

*****1.

No Fighter Pilots in Hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell, Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell. The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers, But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

When a bomber jockey walks into our club. When a bomber jockey walks into our club. He doesn't drink his share of suds, All he does is flub his dub. But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce.
The automatic pilot's on, reading novels in the john.
But there are no fighter pilot's down in hell.
Oh the bomber pilots never takes a dare.
Oh the bomber pilots never takes a dare.
His gyros are uncaged and his women overaged.
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing. Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing. The place is full of brass, Sitting 'round on their fat . . . But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states, Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states, They're all, foreign shores, Makin' mothers out of whores. But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan. Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan. They're all across the bay, Getting shot at every day, But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh it's naughty, naughty, naughty, but it's nice. If you ever do it once you'll do it twice. It will work your reputation, but increase the population. But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Standardige lengten of

Morphine Bill (see Cotame Bio)

Walked down the Avenue turned down Main, Saw a sign "No Cocaine".

CHORUS: So honey have a (sniff), have a (sniff) on me, Oh honey have a (sniff), have a (sniff) on me Walked in a drug store filled with smoke, Saw a sign "No More Coke".

CHORUS:

In a graveyard on a hill, Lies the body of Morphine Bill.

CHORUS:

In this grave yard by his side, Lies the body of his Morphine bride.

CHORUS:

Now the moral of this story goes to show, There ain't no fun in sniffen' snow.

CHORUS:

Knen

HAYNES NORRIS SPECIAL

F13

Haynes Norris went out to his Jet, Ninety-nine missions and no abort yet, He looked at the forms and said with a sigh, Malfunctions galore and I bet it won't fly.

Sayanora, it's been good to know you, Sayanora, it's been good to know you, Sayanora, it's been good to know you, What a long long time since I've been home. One more missions and I'm going home.

He started her up with no visual check.
Tail cover was on and he burned it to heck.
The temperature secred to a thousand or more.
My, he was rough on that F-84.

CHORUS:

The emergency system it just did not work. He kicked it in with a helluva jerk. The fire wrrning light began to gleen, Ripped open the tail pipe from seam to seam.

CHORUS:

Up north of the bomb line this '84 clown, Pipped off his bombs though his flaps were still down. He headed back home, on old combet vet.

100 missions and no abort yet.

CH ORUS:

He turned on the final and zilch were his skills.
He call to the tower, "Dei jobi, three wheels".
The tower replied, "I think you're emiss".
Instead of dai jobi, it turned out like this.

Tc-Re-Re Boom do-ay, they blow up every dry.
Have you flown yours tedry? I flew nine yesterday.

Kno-#13 "THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES"

Thanks for the nemory,
Of Taegu's downy bods,
Air-conditioned heads,
Briefing maps and interviews,
And infiltrating Reds!
Oh, thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory,
A balmy summer breeze,
Snipers in the trees,
Ice and snow at ten below,
And man-devouring fless! {
Oh, thank you so much.

Wasn't it grand down at Pusan?
And wasn't it swell up at Unsan?
And aren't we a fine bunch of crackpots...
To come this far for this goddenn war?

YOREAN

Haadaches

So, thanks for the memories, Of minos along the shore, Night soil evermore, There never was a headache, Like this bloody Korean war. Oh, thank you so much!

"WINTER WONDERLAND"

It was not when the cooks came, Then it froze when the Chinks came. A hellow sight; Koren in white, In our loney Winter Wonderland.

We were pinned down, down at Masen.
We wore held up, up at Womsen.
A holluwa fight; to never were right.
In Korca's Winton Wonderland.

CHORUS:

Kin il Sung was seeking a promotion.

Hod us looked within the Nektong bond

Then Machiner had a better notion,

Ran Ned Almond class around the end.

What a break; it was clovery
And the war was nearly every
It looked like a breeze, until the Chinese
Smacked us in our Winter Wonderland.

5mg 605





SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (30)

Tune: Throw a Nickle on the Drum

It was midnight in Korea
All the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel
And this is what he said
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all
Pilots, gentle pilots, and all the pilots
shouted BALIS

When up stepped a young Lieutenant With a voice as harsh as brass You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets And shove them up your ass. **

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickle on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a nickle on the grass
And you'll be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per There can a call from the Major, Oh won't you save me sir

Got three big flak holes in my wings, my tanks ain't got no gas Mayday, Mayday, got six MIGs on my ass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
The air speed read one-thirty, my God I

racked it tight
The air frame gave a shudder, the engine
 gave a wheeze

Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions please

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick, and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get

The boys up from that other group, they think they are so hot

They brag about the "Bluetails", that they we so often shot

One thing they don't remember, when are they holler and hoot

Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say

we're going home
They tell us no more wandering, never

more we'll roam
But the Colonels up at Langley, are
planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna send us, on our
next TDY

I started on my take off, I thought the flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake craped the ground
The General he smiled at me, he thought it was great fun

then I met the F.E.B., Chitose here I

COMe

We flew our Sabres through the war, we flew them far and fast
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't last

Lres

RESERVISTS' LAMENT

(Done to the tune of Cigareets, Whuskey, and Wild, Wild Wimmin')

I was a civilian, and flew on weekends.

No sweat about clanks, and no sign of the bends.

They call me a 'retread', as older I grow,

And they gave me a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

#13

CHORUS:

Sinuiju, and Anak, and Anju and Samak, They'll drive you crazy.
They'll drive you insane,
Quad 50's and 40's and 100 sorties
They'll drive you ape-spit,
They'll drive you insane.

Oh' Once I was happy for I flew a jet.
At 35,000 how fat can you get?
But they sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train,
And gave me a Mustang, that sad aeroplane.

CHORUS: (Sema as above)

So I strafed and I bombed and I shot air-to-air. Then off to Korea I'm fouled up for fair. I came to K-10 just to fly with the Group. My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

I flew my first mission and it was a snapp."

Just follow the leader and fidn't look at my map.

But now I've got ninety and lead a sad flight

Go out on armed 'reccies. and can't sleep at night.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

Went up to Mig Alley S-2 said "No sweat."

If I hadn't looked 'round, I'd be up there yet.

Six Migs jumped my fanny, the Leader welled "Break!"

Sixty-one and 3,000 how my knees did shake.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

So if I live through a hundred and they ask for more, I'll tell'en to shove it my backside's too sore, They can ram it and jam it for all that I care. Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair.

CHORUS: (Same as above)

-From Captain Joseph Bruke. 67th Fighter Bomber Squadron

MUSTING IS LAMENT

There are many virtues I lack.
I don't have the grace of an '80 And my wings are not swept back.

I'm away from home in Korea; A misplaced besterd at best— For according to Hoyle and the "News Hawks" My bolts should be laid to rest.

"The jets are the hope of the future", The newspaper headline crics. They won't waste a two inch insert When a Mustang pilot dies.

But I can't understand the clamor, That roors o'er Korea land, When enemy tanks are sighted Or the Commiss make a stand.

I never hear the word "Sabre"
Or "Shooting Star" called in the hue.
It's always the same old story "Get those Mustangs into the blue".

I think perhaps part of the answer,
And I'm sure you know what I mean,
Lies in the fact that my pilots
Never learned the work "Josephine".

But by far the lowest blow came - Broke my Prekerd hoart in two -- Was the day I strggered from '163 Carrying, nepalm to Sinenju.

"Jets strike the enemy's airfields", The process screened the next day. They went have left are I got there, Is the only thing I gam say.

There we herdly a building a snoking;
The Tlak we heavy and true.
'Twas the only day I ever wished
To be smaller a foot or two.

But the beaviest blow some later.
'Twos the day I wished to have dies.
I was said out by the "world's greatest pilot",
Also known as Colonel WeBride*.

Josephine - low on as in Josephine Arra or Josephine fuel.

2. The F-51 Musters has a Packer pagine. 3. '16 - K-16 cirstrip in Koron

4. Colonel McBride was the C.O. of the 18th Fighter Bouber Group.

*13





THE INSTRUCTOR'S L. MENT

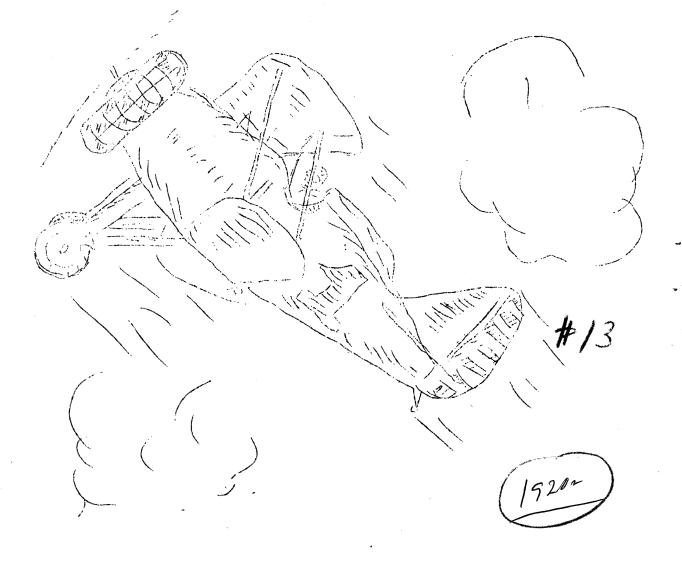
(Contributed by Major Konneth N. Walker)

1. When you give her the gun,
Don't try to zoom,
For in the graveyard below you
There is plenty of room.

I don't went anymore flying; I went to stay on the ground.

- 2. When you're close to the ground, Don't try vertical eights, For they'll ship you away In yellow pine crates.
- 3. When you give him the stick
 Be sure you're high,
 For most of those cadets
 Don't know ground from the sky.
- 4. When you're up in the cir,
 Pray he don't freeze the stick,
 For some of the ground
 Is mighty damn thick.
- 5. Have your ship inspected
 By a First Class Sarge;
 Or you will wear silver handles
 On your fusclage.
- Who'll hear the guy
 Who'll say, without turning a hair,
 "Why, my friend,"
 "I've had 10,000 hours in the air!"

1500y, CLUCINIP, WELLO YOU KINDLY POLE BOOK ON the Stille Just 3 hit BEFORE YOU BUST THE DIAMN THAN GAL! TO



THE FILST PURSUIT

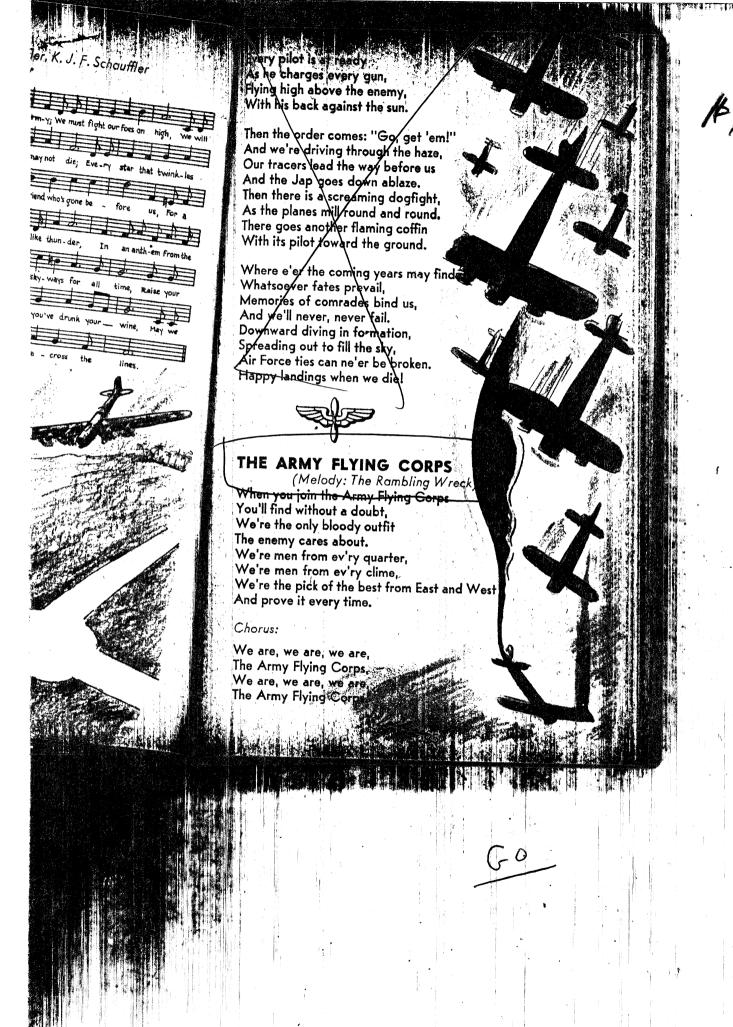
(Tune - "I'm a Rambling Wreck")

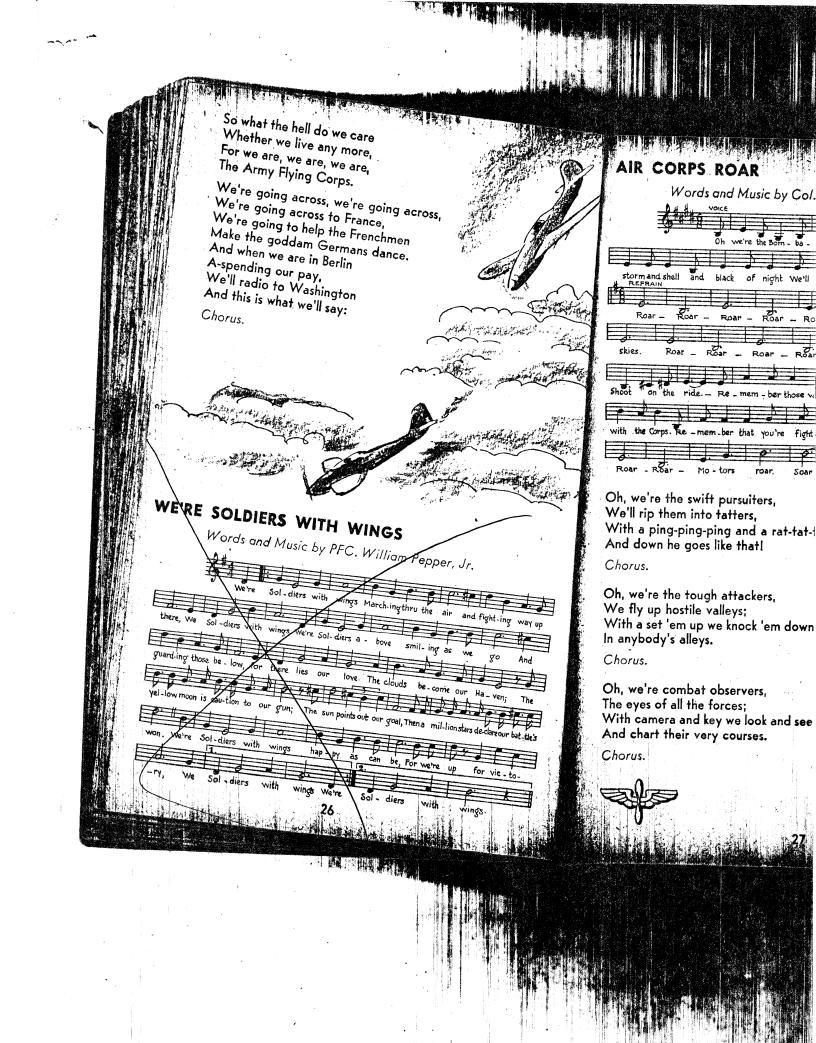
(Contributed by Capt. R.M. Ramey)

When I was but a little lad,
My Mother, she said to me,
"Listen to me, my son, my lad,
And you will eventually see.
Stay away from those Bombardment Groups,
The Observation, too.
Just strap a P-1 on your---;
It's the First Pursuit for you."

Nose down, wide out.
Pull her up in a zoom.
We'll get on your tail;
You'll fall down and go boom!

I like my women crocked
And I'll take my wiskey clear.
I'm a member of the First Pursuit,
And a hell of a guy for beer.







FOGS ABOVE THA CHANNEL

Horo is the Air Corps version of the Merine Hymon - Contributed by Major Kenneth N. Walker.

From the fogs above the channel
To the top peak of the Vosges
We have fought our country's battles,
We have shot down all our foes.
If the Navy and Marine CorpsEven gain to Heaven's shores,
They will find the angels,
Sleeping with the fruy Flying Corps.

DA DEL DE DUM DE DUM

PA CO CO CO CO CO

Words by H. S. Honsell, Jr.)

Open the throttle till the needle hits the peg.

Eight bucks a day, eight bucks a day.

Divo and roll and loop 'er till she's wingless as a keg.

Eight bucks a day is the pay.

Close the cate, lock the door,

'Cause we won't come back to Langley any more.

We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay.

Eight bucks a day is the pay.

HI HI UP SHE RISES

What you gonna do with a drunkon pilot? What you gonna do with a drunkon pilot? What you gonna do with a drunkon pilot? Early in the morning?

Hi, Hi, up she rises. Hi, Hi, up she rises. Hi, Hi, up she rises, Early in the norning.

Put him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber. Fut him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber. Put him in the nose of a B-4 Bomber, Early in the merning.

Hi, Hi, up she rises. Hi, Hi, up she rises. Hi, Hi, up she rises, Early in the merning.

I WANT TO GO HOME

I want to go home! I want to go home!
The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,
The pilot is trying to stand in his head.
Take me back to the ground;
I don't want to fly upside down.
Oh, my! I'm too young to dis!
I want to go home.

(Reprinted from the Dacdalian Song Book)

I HAVE TAKEN THE AIRAS I FOUND IT

(Tune - Kipling's "The Ladies") (Contributed by Major Kenneth N. Walker)

I have taken the years as I have found them; I have looped and rolled in my time. I have had some grand old cross-countries, And most of the lot, they were fine. But the end of it all, it were sudden. I woke in a hospital bare, With the echos of borrowed time Doing wing-overs in the cir. Now I have taken my fun where I have found it. But now I must pay for my fun. For the hours you spend in the sky jazzing Must be paid for one by one. The dectors rebuilt my expression; My walk is poinful to soe; So be warned by my lot, Which I know you will not, And learn about flying from mo. M Olim 1/1

MEMORIES

Tune - "I Love You Truly")

(Words by Lt. G.L. Wertenbeker)

Over the clouds, lads; Come, we will go. We have the spirit; We'll show the foc.

Some will return, And only they can tell, Which went to Heaven And which went to Hell.

OF WELL - YOU FICH

"OH NOW I AM A KAYDETTE" (Tuno - "The Infantry")

I was lying in the gutter
All covered up with beer,
With pretzels in my whiskers;
I know my end was near.
Then came the gloricus army
And saved my from the hearse.
Now everybody strain a gut and sing the second verse.

CHORUS:

Halleluyah! Halleluyah! Put a nickel on the drum Take a quarter on the run. Halleluyah! Helleluyah! Put a nickel on the drum, And you'll be saved.

G-L-O-R-Y I an S-A-V-E-D H-A-P-P-Y to be F-R-E-E V-I-C-T-O-R-Y in the ways of S-I-N Glory - Glory Halleluyah; Tra-la-la, Amon.

Oh, now I am a Kaydette,

A-learnin' how to fly.

My glorious salvation

Shall lift me to the sky.

The Army is my saviour

From the straight and marrow way.

And take it all away.





SING HALLELUJAH FOR MANEUVERS

Sing hallelwish for maneuvers.

For manouvers we're on our way.

Now don't be grieving, 'cause we're leaving;

We'll be back the first of May.

Good times lie before us, not that you bore us,

But we like to get away.

Sing hallelwish for maneuvers.

For maneuvers we're on our way.

202

SHANTY AT OLD KELLY FIELD

It's only a shanty at old Kelly Field.

The roof is half off, the sky is revealed.

The noise from the planes,

It will drive you insane,

And your neighbors cooking you smell very plain.

The ants and the roaches, they give you night—mares,

And the roads are all lighted by scroplane flores,

But I'd always go back to that old G.I. shack,

My shanty at old Kelly Field.

I'm only a student in the CGS school,
Attack, not defense is the general rule.
We have horses to ride.
Dumb generals to guide,
Till you get so sore, you're fit to be tied.
There are rivers to cross and forts to attack.
If I ever get through, I don't want to come back,
'Cause they gave me a mag
For the live hunt and drag
At the old C and GS school.

I'm only a student at the tectical school.

Proper use of the airplane is our general rule.

The instructors, they rant, and the students, they pant.

But of old General A we don't get the right slant.

Attack, Observation or the Pursuit, too

Say there's not a thing that the Air Force can't do.

But if you finish this course,

You must ride an eld horse

At the Air Corps Isstical School:

Reprinted from the Deadalian Song Book)

A THOUSAND THOUGHTS

(Contributed by Lt. N.W. Worley)

The plane was going down in flames; I pulled the cord and dropped, But something happened to the 'chute, For my descent did never stop.

A thousand thoughts ran through my head As I began to fall.
I'd had so many scrapes with Death;
Was this to ond it all?

I thought of all my childhood days, and Ma so kind and sweet
In those last few precious seconds
Ere Death I was to meet.

I thought of all those wer time days When Death I oft did cheat;
I thought of all the struggles
In this life I'd tried to beat.

I thought of (wife's name) waiting, My adorable little wife, And all at once I realized Just how sweet was life.

Just then as I thought it over That I would crash to the sod, The 'chute pulled up with a jork. Stayed by the Hand of God!

(By an edition before his lest hop)

"DON'T SEID MY BOY"

(Contributed by Capt. R.M. Repay)

"Don't send my boy to Princeton,"
The dying Mothor said.
"Don't send my bey to Harvard,
I'd sooner see him deed."

"Don't send my boy to Rutgers: No better is Cornell. Don't send my boy to Randolph Field; I'd see him first in Hell!"

26

......Contributed by Mrjor K.N. Walker

MY WILD-EYED C.DET (My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild-eyed endet;
He ain't learned nothin' yet.
He noses her down
When close to the ground
My wild-eyed ondet.

He skids on his banks;
If he lives we'll all give thanks.
He lands with one wing low;
I see them marching slow
Behind n...y wild-eyed cadet.

THE BOMBER'S SONG

Come, all of you,
Ind drink a loving cup
To Bombers one and all.
Drown your sorrows

Ind forget tomorrows,
For tomorrows never come.
Here's a health to anti-aircraft
Here's a bumper to Pursuit
God bless them.
Come, all of you,
And drink a berrel to
The old bomberdment group.

THE FORMATION LE DER

Here's a health to the formation leader, A jolly good follow is he.
He uses "Three Ster" navigation, and he flies on bacardi.
Here's a health to wingmen from leaders, and to the gunner in his turrel;
Here's a health to the whole damn formation, We'll fly with you through Hell.

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES STEADY

We loop in the purple twilight, Spin down in the golden down With the trailing smoke behind us To show our comrades we've gone.

Stand to your glasses stordy.
This world is a world of lies.
Here's a heal th to dead already,
Let us drink to the next man who dies.

caea hehina to the containing what we the sale is a sure of the sa

(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

This is possibly one of the glurnest songs in the entire hir Service repertoire. Many of the good boys who sang it back in 1918 helped to fill up the passenger list for the graveyerds at Isseudun, Tours, Clermont-Ferrand, Cazoau, St. Jean and Foggie. It's rather a mechanical song, but to tells its own story quite well. We might add that it was a prime favorite: in the spring of 1927 out on Long Island cround the hongers occupied by the ships belonging to Chamberlain, Byrd and Lindbergh. Both pilots and pachanics song it to a variety of tunes, the original melody being an old standby known as "The Tarpaulin Jacket".

In the "American Songbag", Mr. Garl Sandburg records the Terpoulin Jacket song, and also a song about a "handsone", but modesty compolic us to refrain from singing about it. However the idea of the song below cane from "Wrap me in my Tarpaulin Jacket" although we did not stick to the original

A poor aviator lay dying. it the end of a bright summer's day. His conrades had gethored about him To carry his fragments away.

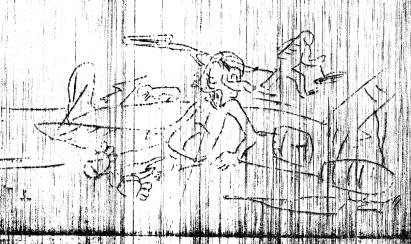
The airplane was piled on his wishbone, His Hotchkiss was wrapped 'round his head; He wore a sparkplug on each albow, 'Twes plain he would surely be dead.

He spit out a velve and a gasket, and stirred in the sump where he lay, And then to his wondering comrades, These brave perting words he did say:

"Take the ragneto out of my stomach, And the butterfly velve off my neck, Extract from my liver the crankshaft, There ero lots of good parts in this wrock."

"Take the manifold out of my larynx, and the cylinders out of my brain, Take the piston rods out of my kidneys, And assorble the engine again."





212

When the lest long flight is over, And the happy landing's past, And my altimater tells me That the crack-up's come at last, I'll swing her nose to the ceiling, And I'll give my crate the gun. I'll open her up, and let her zoom For the airport at the sun.

And the great God of flying men Will smile at me sort of slow As I store my crate in the hangar On the field where fliors go. Then I'll look upon His face, The Almighty flying Boss, Whose wingspread fills the heavens From Orion to the Crass.

Above the tremers of the world,
The black merass of greed and hate,
Your wings of silver are unfurled
Where the clean winds of Heaven wait
To beer you en...and when the night
Draws close around your lonely barque,
A million starry candles light
A shining path across the dark.
God grant your ship may ever go
In peace...that you may never rain
A leaden stran of Death and wee
Upon some hapless town or plain.
May folks who hear your friendly roar
Look up to blass the course you fly,
Nor ever learn to cringe before
Your hostile shadow in the sky.

-Frances M. Willer in New York Times,

WORLD WAR II

a Lule Fle Den (To the Tune, of Red Rivyer Valley)

There's a little flak gun in the valley And it keeps on a-winking at me It was put there by the jerries And it really is the berries 'Cause it gives me that old misery CSest la guerre - CSest la guerre Oh there's no hiding place in the air Though it's bursting and a-popping We have got to do some dropping Bombs away - Let's get the hell out of here



Frankie and Johnnie were lovers.
They were both making the war.
Frankie, she knew her sweet Johnnie,
And she didn't trust him
So far: She was his gal;
Bus she done him wrong:

Frankie, she worked for the Red Cross, Johnnie, he flew in the Air. When Frankie and Johnnie went walkin', Soldiers said, "Man, what a pair!" She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Orders said Frankie and Johnnie Should not be together no more. Then Frankie was 'fraid her sweet Johnnie Would do her as others before She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

There was a Colonel who wanted Frankie, Wanted her for his own girl.

And when he popped her the question, He gave her a necklace of pearl.

She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Johnnic knew then why the order kept him and Frankic apart. So with his hard shootin' sidearm The Colonel was shot through the heart She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

So Frankie, she got a new pilot,
A pilot who knew how to love.
They swore they'd be true to each other,
As true as the stars up above.
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Poor Johnnie went off to the prison And carried a ball and a chain, because he had bumped off the Colonel, For tryin' to pick up his Jane. She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

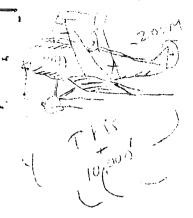
There was another "Johnnie and Frankie" dirgo, known to us at the "Day Bomber's Lament". It was about two fine young American aviators who were caught in a D.H.4, known to the great common people of the U.S. as the Liberty plane.

Constant of the second of the

Frankie and Johnnie were bombers,
Oh, my God, how they could bomb.
Frankie, he had a Croix de Guerre,
And Johnnie, he had the Palm.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.







Frankie, he flew in a D.H.,
'Twas just a damned flying hoarse,
Sent 'em over to the A.E.F.,
'Cause they didn't have nothin worse
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Heinie sat up in his Fokker, Fokker was built to fly. Heinie pulled back on the joy-stick, And she reared right up in the sky. Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Heinie slid South over Conflans,
Some nice easy meat to spy,
'Till way down below he saw the D.H.,
A slowly flop-floppin' by.
Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Heinic nosed down on the D.H.

His guns, they went tick, tick, tack,

And the second burst of his Spandau,

Caught Johnnic square in the back.

Those poor damned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Frankie, he turned to Johnnie,
And he said, "sheet man",
But Johnnie was up at the Pearly Gates,
A-hearin' the Angels toot.
Those poor danned fools - they done 'em wrong.

Heinie dove straight on the D.H. (
And he held the trigger back,

MING Till the D.H. whirled in a cloud of smoke,

222 And the smoke was mighty black.

Those poor demned fools - they done en wrong.

Forty-seven flea-bitten Heinies and one burlap sack, Carried Francie and Johnnie to the boneyard, And they aint a-comin' back.

Those poor demned fools - they done on wrong.

mi denis

This

CHITTON .



(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Nevel Trught Me")

In the first line the word "pilote" is pronounced as it would be in Italian - pec-lo-to - The song having been first sung by a group of avictors who flow some time with Italian Lir Service, first at Foggia, and Later on the Piave.

In the second verse, the reference minds to the dive of the Fokkers brings to mind the inability of the Nicuports and other ships used by Allied forces to out-dive the German planes. The Nieuports often stripped the cenves off the entering edges of their tip wings in a vertical dive and thus, we lost many good pilots.

In the third verse, the Ki-wi (pronounced Keewee) is a non-flying aviator Officer, sometimes called a ground-hog. (See the "Ki-wi Song".)

In the fourth verse, one finds the worst advice an aviator ever received. If a pilot wants to get killed, let him fly low and slow. High and fast is the only safe way of flying so far discovered.

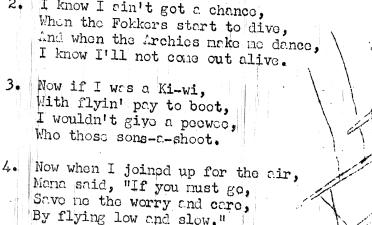
To be sung very solemnly and to be remembered every time some wild flying idea is advanced by a non-flying enthusiast.

1. Oh, 1 am a jolly pilote. I land like a galloping goose. My notor barks like a coyoto; My wings and my wires are loose.

CHORUS:

Oh, you can't fool the seldier with the shovel and the spade For percentages will get you bye and bye. Then lady luck, I feer, will play Tricks on you, old doer, And the jolly pilote has to die.

- 2. I know I sin't got a chance, When the Fokkers start to dive,
- 3. Now if I was a Ki-wi, With flyin' pay to boot,
- Mana said, "If you must go, Save me the worry and care, By flying low and slow."



I am the Co-pilot, I sit on the right. I'm not important, just part of the flight.

Fills of a middle I never talk back or I'll have regrets. But I have to remember what the pilot for ets.

I fill out the forms and check on the weather. Pull up the wheels and stand by to feather.

Check the mags and call the tower 11 1 14111 Milk up the flaps and adjust the power! (W.Olf

s whitehouse. I call for my pilot and buy him cokes. And always laugh at his corney jokes, the will the

I'm the guy that does the reporting. And flys the ole ' crate when he 's been out courting.

And on days when his landings are rusty. I come through with- "Cawd but its gusty".

As you can see I'm only a stooge, For the guy I always call sorooge,

Now maybe you think this is past under standing. But maybe someday he'll give me a landing;

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We stand 'neath resounding rafters; The walls around are barq; They ocho back our laughter; Seens that the derd are all there.

CHORUS:

Stand to your clesses steady, This world is a world of lies. Here's a health to the dord already, Hurrahi for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us, Botrayed by the ones we held dear. The good have all gone before us, and only the dull are still here.

We loop in the purple twilight, We spin in the silver dawn. With a trail of snoke behind us. To show where our conrades have gone.

In flaming Sped and Canal With wings of wood and stool, For nortal stakes we gamble, With cords that were stacked for the deal.

(Reprinted from the Deidelien Song Book)



WE'RE IN THE Q.M.C.

Oh, we don't have to hike like the infantry, Ride like the cavalry, Shoot like the artillery, Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany — We're in the Q.M.C.

We're in the Q.M.C.
We're in the Q.M.C.
Oh, we don't have to hike like the infantry,
Ride like the cavalry,
Shoot like the artillery,
Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany —
We're in the Q.M.C.



#10



THE KI-WI-SONG

Oh, we don't have to fight like the infantive Shoot like the artillery, Ride like the cavalry, Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany We are the Ki-wi-wi, We are the Ki-wi-wi, We are the Ki-wi-wi. Oh, we don't have to fight like the infantry, Ride like the cavalry, Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany, We are the Ki-wi-wi.

(The Kiwi is an Australian bird who cannot fly. The song was sung during World War. I different, but the song with its lilting melody has still more than historical value.)

LUES

G.I.-coffee, like it mighty fine: d for cuts and bruises, just like iodine.

rus.

n't want no more of this Army lifel , Ma, I wanna go,

Ma, I wanna go,

Ma, I wanna go home!

e G.I.-goulash, like it mighty fine:

ok stewed ninety bunions, seasoned them w

orus.

ke G.I.-sp'ghetti, like it mighty fine: ood to lace your shoes with and to use as tw

chorus.

like G.I.-biscuits, like 'em mighty fine: One rolled off a table, killed a pal of mine.

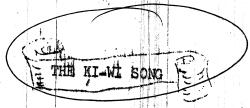
Chorus.

like G.l.-butter, like it mighty fine: If you've been out riding, smear it on behin'.

Chorus.

like G.I.-payday, like it mighty fine: Pay you fifty dollars, dock you forty-nine.

(The number of stanzas sung by the men indulging in their failing by the number of words rhyming with "fine")



(Reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

The Ki-wi is said to be an African bird possessing large, serviceable wings, but with neither ability nor willingness to fly. One may easily see the application to non-flying officers in the Air Service.

The other branches of the service never understood why the avictors took such long leaves of absence and so many of then. They wondered why the Avictors didn't "got on with the wer", perform their mysteries in the upper air, corn their rations. True, we get more leaves than we descrive, but it wasn't always our fault. It was the way of the bloomin' thing. You soo, avirtor makes his war in short, highly concentrated spurts and then stands abaft, waiting for weather, spare parts, and other necessary flying

Many of the pilots who made the war with the L.E.F. started their aeronautical erroers as flying cadets. And that was an awful background to live down. As codets we learned almost everything well-disciplined aviators should not know. One unmilitary thing the cadets did was to look upon their Officers as Ki-wis. (Particularly in the beginning was this true of the Air Service. As time passed and Officers of high rank were taught to fly, the Ki-wi situation solved itself.) They made up this song about them, discrediting thep, to say the least.

This song should be sung in the resp-berrying menner - snootily, as twere, with a mineing tread and as much of a lisp as possible.

(We have recently been advised by Mr. Charles H. Baker, Jr. that the Ki-wi is an Australian bird, something like the legendary Wahoo bird, night suggest to Mr. Baker that this, after all, is not a Bird Book.)

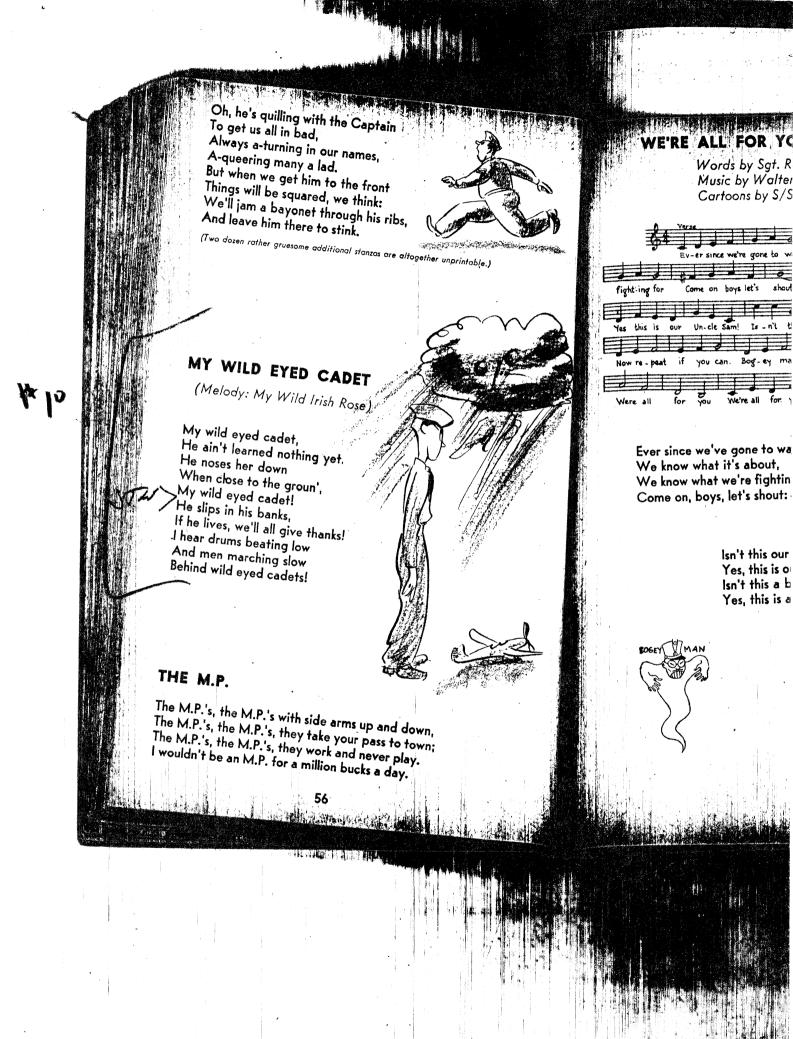
Oh, we don't have to fight like the Infantry Shoot like Artillary, Ride like the Covelry; Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany.

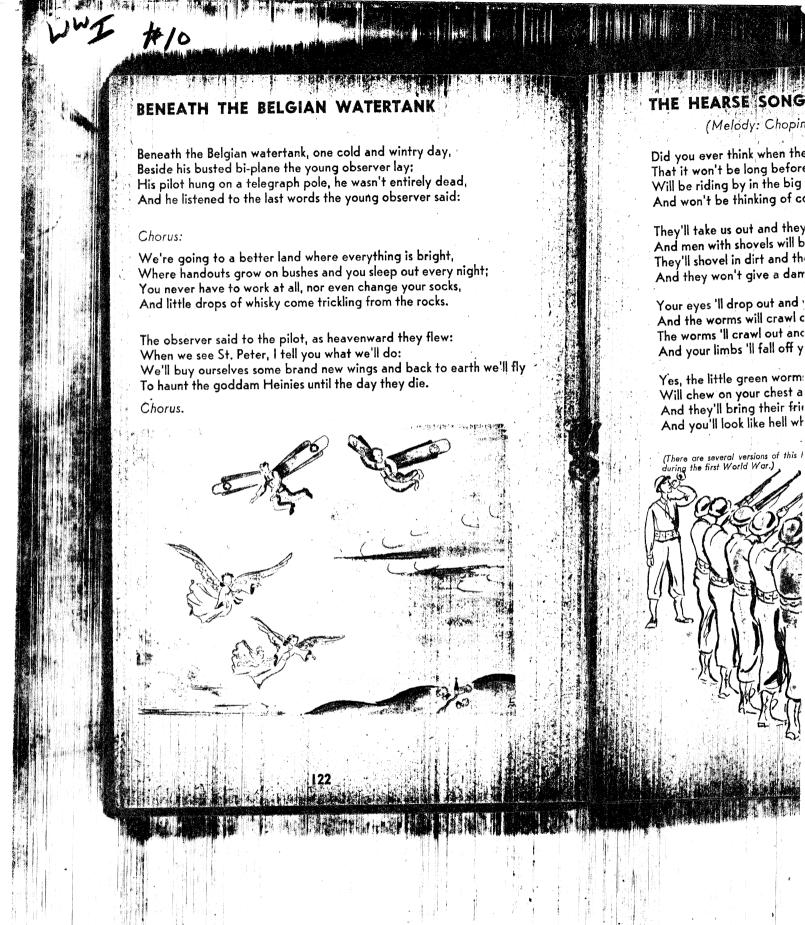
We are the Ki-wi-wi.

Wo are the Ki-wi-wi. Oh, we don't have to fight like the Infantry,

Shoot like artillery, Ride like the Cryelry;

Oh, we don't have to fly over Germany Wo are the Kinwi-wi.





Petrocour augmentical frame

*

WUI

P

"BESIDE A BELGIAN ESTAMINAT"

Besides a Belgian staminet, When the snoke had cleared away, Beneath a busted Crnel, A fighter pilot lay.

His throat was cut by the bracing wire, The tank had hit his head; Coughing a spray of dental work, These are the words that he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land-They jazz there every night; Bourbon grows on the bushes, So everyone stays tight.

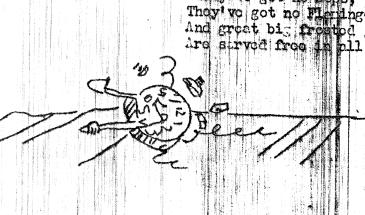
"They've torn up all the calendars, They've busted all the clocks, And little drops of whiskey, Come trickling down the rocks:"

The pilot breathed these last few words Before he passed away:
"Now let me tell you how it happenedMy flippers wouldn't stay.

"The engine wouldn't hit at all, The struts were far too few; A bullet hit the gas tank, And the gas came leding through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, Where the engines always run, Where eggness grow on eggplants, And the pilots grow a bun.

"They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads,
They've got no Flaving Fours;
And great bi; frested juleps,
Are served free in all the stores."



"BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL" Boside of Korean waterfall, One bright and sunny day, Beside & shottered Sabre A young pursuitor lay. His parachute hung from a nearby tree, He was not yet quite dead, So liston to the very last words, The young pursuiter said: "I'm going to a better land, Where everything is right; Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles, And there's peker every night. "There, there isn't a single thing to do, But sit around and sing; And all the crews are women-Oh, Death, where is thy sting? "Oh, Death, where is thy sting? Oh, Death, where is thy sting? The bells of hell will ring ding-a-ling-For you but not for me!"

EARLY ABORT

My name is Colonel , I'm the leader of the Group.

If you'll step into my Ready Room, I'll give you all the poop.

I'll toll you where the targets are and where the flak is black,

For I'm the first one off the deck, and I'm the first one back.

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Harly abort, savoid the rush,
Oh, the regreder

Oh, the raggedy— Black Sheep are on parade, parade. Oh, the raggedy— Black Sheep are on parade.

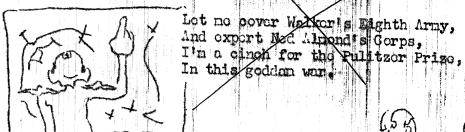
Now, when the war is over and we're back in the USA, We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the General says. But, if we have another war and they give us the '84, To hell with all the General Starfs, I ain't genna fly it no more.

CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Early abort, avoid the rush,
Oh, the raggedy————Black Sheep are on parade, parade,
Oh, the raggedy—————Black Sheep are on parade,

Tune - "TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME"

Take no out to Kores, Send me off to the war, Give me a briefing and patch no go, I ain't scared of the bullets or snow.



Beacon approach and GCA

Beacon approach and GCA

Beacon approach and GCA

Oh, when the weathers sinking' we we'll be flying all around.

We were stationed at Ashiya and we thought that it was tough, But now that we're at Tachi, we have had about enough, From Tachi to Korea nearly every day we roam, Tachi's just like stateside, we are O.J.T. for home,

TDY means PCS
TDY means PCS
TDY means PCS

Oh, Tachi's just like-stateside, we are OJT for home.

Now Mick McMerin said Of course he only meant

The barber came and s

And combed his hair a

A red wee tie and butto And a piece of Shamroo

There were nineteen car

And lots of flowers sent

O' Steve old boy why di

Sure we all felt bad at St

JES NELLIE

in,

a mermaid

porals

ing

1 good time

TDY SONG

(Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

From the fish-smells of Ashiya, Thru the ice o'er Elemendorf,

We have hauled all kinds of cargo 'round the clock

We've hauled air-evacs from Pusan

R & R Yom K-14

Although all our Form I's read "Parts not in stock"

Yes we're known as Ted Wrights' "Redcaps,"

And the name fits like a glove,

But we want to go back to the land we love: Back to two-bir beers and pickups,

Traffic lights and dim-lit bars,

Malted milks and television movie stars:

We have logged lots of time going here and there T - T D - Y

Thrus freezing ite and snow. nearly everywhere When do we leaved Don't ask Hennebry, The answer won't come from a mere B.G.!!

God only knows where we next will be,

33.

(Tune: McNamaras Band)

My name is Colonel Jones, I'm the leader of the Group I get up every morning just to give the boys the poop I tell 'em 'bout the fighters, I tell 'em 'bout the flack,

The first one off the runway is the first one in the sack, it is in

Early, abort, avoid the rush

Early, abort, avoid the rush

Early, abort, avoid the rush Oh, the first one off the runway is the first one in the sack.

We fly our ships to Pusan and we fly them to Taegu.
We fly them in foul weather and we fly at nite-time too When the sun is shiring, we are sitting on the groud But when the weather's stinking we'll be dying all around

As I we set drank (appe) I () It was to the

52. RED TAILS IN THE SUNSET

Red Tails in the Sunset All out in the blue We're flying this airlift To Korea for you.

We don't mind the weather What good would it do The wheels only fly when, It's C A V U.

These ships sure are lousy
They're falling apart,
Just head us for Stateside
We're ready to start,

We just got our orders.
We're leaving for Home,
We're TDY tired,
Hope we'll never more roam.

53. THE BAND PLAYED ON

:1 *

Now Casey formed a social club,
That beat the town for style,
And hired for his meeting place a hall,
Each week when payday came around,
They'd grease the floor with wax,
And dance with noise and vigor at the ball,
Each Saturday you'd find them,
Dressed up in Standay clothes
Each man would have his sweatheart by his side
When Casey led the first Grand March
They all would fall in line,
Behind the man who was their Joy and Pride.

Casey would waltz with the Strawberry Blonde,
And the Band Played On.
He'd glide cross the floor with the girl he adored
And the Band Played On.
His brain was so loaded, it nearly exploded.
The poor girl would shake with alarm
But he married the girl with the Strawberry curl
And the Band Played On.

From the great
From the queen
And the west E
She's mighty tall
And known qui
She's a regular C

As she glides
Hear the mig
Hear the lone
He's coming

She came down to One cold Decembe As she pulled into She heard all the 1 There's a gal from She's long and she' She came down to On the Wabash Ca

The Western states
So all the people sa
From Seattle to St.
And Denver by the
From the hills of M
Where the rippling v
No changes can be t

"My Bonny lies Over the Occan" Regular Air Force

Here's to the regular Air Force, They have such a wonderful plan. They call up the dad burned reservists, Whenever the stuff hits the fan.

> CHORUS: Fight on! Fight on! Fight on regular Air Force

Fight on, fight on!

Fight on! Fight on regular Air Force

Fight on.

Here's to the regular Air Force, With medals and badges galore. If it weren't for the dad burned reservists, There tail would be dragging the floor.

CHORUS:

They call up on every old pilot, They call up on every young man. The reservists got sent to Korea, the regulars stayed in Japan.

CHORUS:

They called up a dozen more squadrons, Staffed by a regular class. But when it came time for promotions, The reservists got jabbed in the . . .

"Buth 1/2 to Rym"

Oh, The B-50,000 phis 5 47 pers,

Oh, The B-50,000 phis 5 47 pers,

Oh, The B-50,000 phis 5 47 pers

But it of comis me little termi mensie Ann-Bottom

min are min of 'lette wing,

miles are nile of 'lette wing,

Diele are nile of 'lette wing,

But if of comis me little term were her-Born!

3 mm 04, 1555-1563.

8. GREEDY FINGERS

I net a girl, and she had Greedy Fingers
Always searching for another love you see,
I loved this girl but she had greedy fingers
Never satisfied with Kisses just from me.
She went away, and broke my heart in two
Cause all my love was not enough to see her through,
She went away and someday she will understand
Greedy fingers never find a lovin' hand.

9. THE C.54

(Tune prison without Any Walls) In I don't need booms or double tails. To tell me I can't fly, I'm in a squadron of C-54's. How ancient can an aircraft be, Sometimes I want to cry, Cause I'm stuck with this C-54.

I come and go but climb so slow
These engines are a fright
You'll see us coming home with three
Most every other night
Please build some more 124's
And send us on our way
Back to Tacoma, where we long to stay.

10. CO.PILOTS SONG

Don't need gold leaves or railroad tracks,
Don't need gold leaves or railroad tracks,
To tell me I can't fly,
I'm in a squadron where they rule the sky,
How chicken can an IP. get,
Sometimes I'ld like to fly,
I'm in the right scar of a C.54.
The I.P.'s seem come and go, but we remain the same,
The excuse that we have no time is gentifig sori of lame.
You have to wear a senior star to plainb a 54.
But we send Stateside, where we can order more.

w, ansas ring,

thing, the sting,

w ansas name bon cane,

w ansas

rain,

paid

intry star are/la

. 9

27. CIGARETTES AND WHISKY

Once I was happy and had a good wife I had enough money to last me for life, I met a young girl and we went on a spree, She started me smoking and drinking whisky.

Cigarettes and Whisky and Wild, Wild women They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane, Cigarettes and Whisky and Wild, Wild women They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Cigarettes are a blot on the whole human race, A man is a monkey, with one in his face, Now listen here's my definition dear prother, A fire on one end a fool on the reader.

Write on the cross at the head of my grave,
For whiskey and women here lies a poor slave,
Taking warning dear stranger, take warning dear friend,
And write in big letters triese woods in the end.

28 DECHO OF YOUR ENGINES

The day that you told me, that we could not be free We agreed with everything you had to say,
But we confess we lied,
And Colonel how we cried
When the Echo of your engines died away.

We thought our castles had a firm joundation But all along they were only inade of tlay, With aching heart we found.

You'd left us on the ground,
When the echo of your cagines died away.

If we had only known we'd be so all alone,
We'd have begged on bended knee for you to stay
The gates to paradise,
Swung closed before our eyes,
When the echo of your engines died away.

Wherever you are we wish you well sir,
And pray that you stay stateside many days,
But we cannot deny,
We were still on TDY,
When the echo of your engines died away.

29. THEY HAD TO CARRY HARRY TO THE FERRY

They had to carry Harry to the Ferry,
They had to carry Harry to the shore,
The reason that the had to carry Harry to the Ferry,
Was that Harry couldn't carry anymore.

The lucky stiffs. Here's to the Irish, they're drunk, For one of us can drink it all alone, damn near, And glory be to God that there are no more of us, Sing Glorious, Glorious, one Keg of beer for the four of us. The Rotterdam Dutch and the goddamn Dutch, There's the highland Dutch and the lowland Dutch. For when I'm drunk, I'm as happy as can be to say to so it That ever came over from old Germanv, O the souse family is the best family, Fir I am a member if the souse family, Like I never got drunk before, And drink to California till we woobble in our shoes, I'm going to get drunk tonight, Drunk last night, drunk the night before, California, California, Drink, drank, And when the game is over we will buy a keg of booze, We'll win the game or know the reason why, California do or die, The hills ring back the cry, California, California,

And the second s

TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS or A Gift From Saint Nick



A Gift From Saint Nick Twas the night before Christmas and all through the blue, Not a SAC Crew was flying, except you-know-who! Nine runs we had made with infinite care, In hopes that the tenth would fill our last square. The crew was all snoring, as though home in their beds, Whilst visions of oak leaves danced through their heads. The mircraft Commander (the pompous old elf, Whose delusions of grandeur made me laugh to myself) Was contentedly stretched in a long winter's sleep--Whilst from the co-jockey we heard not a peep, Tuenty seconds to go -- (I've sure got the knack) --Everything's perfect-it looks like a shack! Then out of the Stab Unit there arose such a clatter, That I sprang from my seat: "What the heck is the matter?!!?" The gimbals were bending, the yoke shook like jelly; and I got a sick feeling in my fat little belly, Stark terror had seized me as I tried not to hear The gnashing and grinding of each little gear. With tone just turned an mand POI spinning. My troubles, I feared, were only beginning! I tore open the door of the SAU rack-The smoke rose in curls - ""Twas all charred and black!" My routh opened wide as I saw all that smoke; and I know in a flash that something was broke. I picked up my manual and read on page six: "For symptoms like this there can be no fix." The scope was all flooded with blood, sweat and tears. and I felt like the "Last of the Bombardiers." The cross-hairs had vanished; it was all I could take--I wept as the tone broke, and prayed for a break. I fudged on my airspeed and hedged on my heading, and I shook while awaiting that score I was dreading. Then NS called: "Your tone-break we got; We'd suggest you start plowing -- the farm you have bought! "Your bomb, oh Senor, she don' fall like she orter, She's striking, I theenk, kinda south of ze border!" I almost ejected when they sent back the score: "You've had it "called Bomb Plot -- "You now need six more!" The AC awoke screaming: "Well, let's get to work; I've already missed dinner, and I'm hungry" (the jerk!) Then from out of the night came a beautiful sound: "Stand by on that score -- a mistake has been found. Since this is the season of peace and good cheer, we have a new scorer who came by reindeer.

"He has dolls for the girls -- for each boy, a bat;
But for you, my friend, -- ONE BOMB IN THE HAT!"
Then these words we did hear whilst departing the Site:

IES NELLIE

R & R from K-14

e mermaid

norals

MAID

ing

a good time

TDY SONG

(Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

From the fish-smells of Ashiya, Thru the ice o'er Elemendorf, We have hauled all kinds of cargo 'round the clock We've hauled air-evacs from Pusan Although all our Form-l's read "Parts not in stock" Yes we're known as Ted Wrights' "Redcaps," And the name fits like a glove, But we want to go back to the land we love: Back to two-bit beers and pickups, Traffic lights and dim-lit bars, Malted milks and television movie stars:

We have logged lots of time going here and there T - - D = YThrus freezing ice and snow. nearly everywhere T - - D - Y

When do we leave? Don't ask Hennebry, The answer won't come from a mere B.G.!! God only knows where we next will be,

T --- D --- Y

(Tune: McNamaras Band)

M name is Colonel Jones, I'm the leader of the Group I get up every morning just to give the boys the poop I tell 'en 'bout the fighters, I tell 'em bout the flack, The first one off the runway is the first one in the sack, the sack,

Early, about, avoid the rush Early, abort, evoid the rush Early, abort, avoid the rush

Oh, the first one of the runway is the first one in the sack.

We fly our ships to Pusan and we fly them to Taegu We fly them in foul weather and we fly at nite-time too When the sun is shining, we are setting on the grond But when the weather's stinking we'll be flying all around (over)

O'er the wall, o'er the wall-

O'er the wall, o'er the wall.

That bloody inpenetrable wall.

Bless old republic for building that jet;

I know a guy who is cussing it yet.

For he tried to get over the wall

With tip tanks and tailpipes and all.

His needles did gross and his wings did come off,

With tip tanks and tailpipes and all.

O'er the wall, o'er the wall—
That bloody inpenetratable wall.
That subsonic barrier is nathing but rough;
Worse than a ride on a local base bus.
So I say this to one—and all,
"If you're hot you'll make it,
If you're not you'll break it,
Your tail boys but never the wall."

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver Will you love us just the same? Oh, we'll always call you "(Any old dirty Major)" Isn't that a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke And the parties that we knew When your leaves have turned to silver You can stick them up your flue!

506 TPW Dry

37. WHIFFENDOOF SONG (AF VERSION)

From the boys up in the barracks, To the guys down on the line, To the dear old wild blue yonder that we love, Stand the Air Cadets assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts its spell. Yes the magic of their singing, Of the songs we love so well, Of the songs we love so well,

Jolly sixpence, Wild Blue Yonder and the rest, We will Serenade our Air Force
While life and voice shall last Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs Who have lost our way, Baa, Baa, Baa. We are little black sheep Who have gone astray, Baa, Baa, Baa. Gentlemen flyers off on a spree; Doomed from here to eternity. God have mercy on such as we, Baa, Baa, Baa.

38. DARLING '82

— Chorus — Oh my darling, oh my darling/ Oh my darling 82 Put together with one rivet And a thousand pounds of glue. The little of the little We were collin, down the runway, and the control of the Gathering an speed mighty slow, and a final and a latest with Fairchild says she'll fly on one fan,
He designed her, he should know. He designed her. he should know. 46's, 47's The state of the s Just to seem them makes me blue, They are aircraft, they're not coffins Like my Darling 82.

Oh the tax payers gripe at taxes
They know just what they can do
They don't fly'em, They just buy 'em
They don't fly'em, They fly'em, Th

The guests were a O'Mally was closin When he turned a To the lady in red

'Twas a cold winte

39. LE

Get out, you can't So she shed a sad As she thought of When a gentleman And these are the

> Her mother ne The things a j About the way Now age has t And sin has lel Remember you And let her sle

> > 40.

Many years have co. Since I wondered f In those Oklahoma Many a page of life Many a lesson I has Still it's in those hill

> Way down yond Ride my pony o In the Oklahom Way down you A cowboys' life In the Oklahom

Now as I sit here to Many miles I am aw From where once I r Where the blackhawl Where the snow-whit In those Oklahoma I

រៀបពីស្ត្រីស្ត្រី ស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្ត្រីស្

The second second second second second

Land own a as in set of

YOU'D BETTER GET YOURSELF A GUY

You'd better get yourself a guy
Who stays right here upon the ground,
And doesn't wear those shiny, silver wings
And when the evening shadows fall
There'll be no long distance call
There'll be no long distance call
To say he's RONing in Palm Springs!
He'll be known in every bar across the country
From blondes, brunettes, and redheads he will flee,
From blondes, brunettes, and redheads he will flee,
And not a pilot in the ADC!

506 TPW Day

The Air Force is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill the aviator I'll fly this ship'til I've had enough, said Bill the aviator I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, reared Bill the aviator
I'll fight this ship with a flyers grin, reared Bill the aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill the sailor

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

STREET CLEANER SONG Tune: Carolina in the Morning 89.

Nothing could be meaner
Than to be a street cleaner
In the morning
Nothing makes you bluer
Than to pick up horse manure
In the morning

When the horses unload
That's what I really hate
Cleaning up horse manure
From four AM till eight
Strolling with my pushcart
When the breezes smell like cheeses
In the morning

There's nothing more I fear
Than a horse with diarrhea
In the morning
Why can't they drop those little balls
That don't stick to my overalls
In the morning

If I had Alladins lamp for only a day I would make a wish or two And here's what I'd say I wish they would put glasses All around those horses asses In the morning

THE MOUSE

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor And the bar was closed for the night When out of a hole came a little brown mouse And sat in the pale moonlight He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor And back on his haunches he sat And all night long you could hear him roar: "BRING ON THE GOD DAMNED CAT!!!"

90.

Tune: I Learned about Women from Her

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton
And one that was trained at Cornell
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks
And the Shave tail that gave me hell

The fellow from Princeton was steady
He taught me to takeoff and land
He'd set her down on three points
And loop her to beat the band
But when I went up for a solo
The Jennie was steady and trim
Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip
And I learned about flying from him

The man from Cornell was a bad one
A son-of-a-gun I will say
The dirty tail-spin he gave me
Will last for many a day
I donated a lunch to the cockpit
But he dived and he spun her again
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl
And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport
And he talked through a long rubber tubeAll that I heard was his swearing
He spotted me for a boob
I'll never forget one bad tailspin
He yelled, kick the rudder you simp
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick
And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation
And took a fast ship from the line
I made the first turn a humming
And brought her back upright just fine
I sped up the ship without thinking
And hit number two in the wing
And——when I got well, the CO gave me hell
And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine
But take some straight dope from a flyer
And go to the Navy at sea
For the ships they have there can land anywhere
And learn about flying from me

HIS Des

Joseph F. Tuso-Head

Box 3E/Las Cruces

NEW Mexico. 88003.

Professor of English Lt. Col, USAF (Ret)

Department of English

New Mexico State University

PIANIST - TEACHER - SONGWRITER

Words & Music

By

John R. Gots Writer of

Hold Me In

Your Arms

Somewhere

Someone Cares

You Belong To Me

Dear Sir:

Till The End of Another Day

Get Into The Shadows of The Sun

You Are Forever Ours

In This Great World

I'll Always Be In Love With

You Can't Win Them All

Love Will Go

On Forever Wherever

You Are

I Want To Be Good

Please Don't Forget

Even Tho It's Our

I'm For You America

God-Bless Our

New Jersey

American Flag

June 3 1981

I want to thank you very much for accepting my two Air Force songs that I have sent to you for your use of the lyrics of same in your book.

I am very happy to hear that you are familiar with several of my songs, and deeply appreciate that you admire them- words cannot express how much gratitude f can give to you for this magnitude work you are doing with these songs and your book. "God Bless You".

I am including the following history of the above named two songs which I feel may be of some importance to you:

1-"Air Corps Wings Of The Sky"

Copyrighted 11-6-44 Copyright No. EU-396-626 Entered in Domain-11-6-72

2-"Bless Our Fighter Pilots Of The Sky"

Copyrighted-3-19-45 Copyright No. EU-413072

Entered in Domain-3-19-73 These two songs unfotunately went into domain due to my illness in the renewal period when I was in the hospital to have my leg amputated. Therefore the renewal was completely out of my mind at that time.

I would also like to mention that I wrote these songs solely for Air Force, and for their use only, thereby they never were published.

I sent these songs to John F. Loosbrock, Editor-Air Force Space Digest, Washington, D.C. (7-3-71). I asked him if he would place songs in his library- which he did,

Thank you so much for everythig. And as you it's a double pleasure for me to be given this opportunity.

When this book is comleted would Coxdially appreciate very much if you would forward copy of same to me, THANK YOU. John R.Gots

MEMBER: AMERICAN COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS - NATIONAL GUILD OF PHAND TEACHERS - NATIONAL SONGWRITERS GUILD

National Retired Teachers Association ASCAP - AGAC

1. 506 TFW angs 1958 doc as and 4. 36 A M DOW. HE 5,35TETasFaby-Pho 6. An Force Space Dides alphabeting If Notion Chech date prive for accuracy check fras Witefutio W then wich se Winter ofern Foldow Four

18. WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW

We'll build a bungalow, Big enough for two, Big enough for two my honey
Big enough for two,
And when we are married, Happy we'll be Under the bamboo, Underneath the bandoo tree.

If you'll be M-I-NE, mine;

I'll be T-H-I-NE, thine,

And I'll L-O-V-E, love you
All the T-I-M-E, time,

You are the B-E-S-T, best,

Of all the R-E-S-T, rest,

And I'll L-O-V-E, love you

All the T-I-ME time. All the T-I-ME, time. Just Ike a L-A-R-K, Lark I'll build a B-A-R-K, bark, And I'll K-I-S-S, kiss you, In the D-A-R-K, dark, It takes a K-I-S-S, kiss. To make and M-I-SS, miss, And I'll L-O-V-E, love you, All the T-I-M-E, time



19. I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

I've got sixpence, Jolly, jolly sixpence, I've got sixpence, to last me all my life, I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend, And tuppence to send home to my wife, Poor wife. No cares have I, to greave me, No pretty little girls to deceive me, I'm happy as a lark believe me, As we go rolling, rolling, home, Rolling home, Rolling home, By the light of the silvery mo-o-o-o-on, Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay As we go rolling, rolling, home. 20. F

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone I worked at the weaver's And the only, only thing Was to woo a fair young

> I wooed her in the Part of the winter to And the only, only th Was to keep her from

One night she knelt close While I was fast asleep She put her arms around And then began to weep.

> She wept, she cried, s Oh me, what could I So all night long I h Just to keep her from

Now I am a bachelor, I l We work at the weavers' And when e'er I gaze into I see a fair young maid.

> He reminds me of the Part of the winter to And of the many, ma That I held her in n Just to keep her from

THAT

Gee, but I'd give the worl That old gang of mine, I can't forget that old quar Goodbye forever, old fellow Goodbye forever, old sweet God Bless You Gee, but I'd give the world That Old Gang of Mine.

36th Fth Day Wing Drught
Ester & Ked Dog
Print of Garlins - Danderei, Thin
Jan 1955

A 5

The daughter want home, took her mother's advice And found the results most exceedingly nice A bouncing young baby was born in the fall To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

SHOW IE THE WAY TO GO HOLE: (81)

Show me the way to go home, dear Lord
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
Well, I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Whereever I may roam
O'er land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

HARY AIRE BURIES: (82)

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the scrobats
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice
Do a double flip and catch then on her tits
She's a great big Somofabitch, twice as big as me
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree
She can swin, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane,
drive a truck
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me.

AIR FORCE SOIG: (83)

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder Climbing high, into the sun Here they come zooming to meet our thunder Atlem boys, give her the gum.

Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,

Off with one hell of a roar, We live in fame, or go down in flame, Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast the vastness of the sky.
To a friend we send a message of
His brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast the U.S. Air Force.

The unit went flying
One dark and windy day
And as they taxied by
I heard Commander say:
I see my boys are flying
And I feel so God Damn proud
The unit will penetrate a cloud

#/5/ oud

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go around World go round, world go round Parties make the world go round So let's have a party

We're going to tear down the bar in our club Boo We're gonnabuild a NEW bar Ray It's only gonna be a foot wide Boo But it'll be a MILD long Ray There'll be no bartenders in our bar Boo We're gonna have BARMAIDS Ray Our barmaids will wear long dresses Boo Made of CELLOPHANE Ray You can't take our barmaids home Boo They'll take YOU home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids Boo They won't LET you sleep Ray Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Boo Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Boo Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor Boo With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo And no dancing on the LOVING floor Ray

Parties make the world go round World go round, world go round Parties make the world go round SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY

B-52 TAKE-OFF

Hand in the throttles, All eight of them Release the brakes, All sixteen of them Off we go into the wild blue yonder.......CRASH!!!!

33.

, , .

Tune: Dixie

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole And the woodpecker said God bless my soul Take it out, take it out, remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole And the woodpecker said God bless my soul Put it back, put it back, replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole The wood pecker said God bless My soul Turn it around, turn it around, revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers hole And the woodpecker said God bless my soul In and out, in and out, in and out, reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole And the woodpecker said God bless my soul Pull it out, pull it out, retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole And the woodpecker said God bless my soul Take a smell, take a smell, revolting

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebeelum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode

11

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass Up went the window and out went her ass

Chorus: It was brown, brown shit falling down
Brown, Brown shit all around
It was brown, brown shit falling down
Covered all over with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT

A handsome young copper was walking his beat He happened to be on that side of the street He looked up so bashful, He looked up so shy And a great gob of shit hit him right in the eye

The handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore He called that young maiden a dirty old whore 'Neath London bridge he is now forced to sit With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

#15

82.

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly six-pence
I've got six-pence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife

No cares have I to grieve mean ways. No pretty little girls to decieve me I'm happy as a lark believe me As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay
As we go rolling rolling home

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL : Tune: Hark the Herald Angels sing

Uncle John & Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table, This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning,

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night, Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon A-men

83.

The Balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and hairy
They're shapely and stately
Like the Dome of St. Paul
The women all muster
To see that great cluster
They stand and they stare
At that hairy great pair
Of O'Leary's Balls

LAST NIGHT Tune; Finicule-Finecula

79.

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate It felt so good—I knew it would Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat It felt so nice—Idid it twice

You should really see me on the short strokes; It feels so grand, I use my hand You must really catch me on the long strokes It feels so neat, I use my feet

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor.
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door.
Some people seem to think that fucking's grand.
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my

80.

SIXTEEN TIMES

Tune: Sixteen Tons

Some people say a man is made out of fear, But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer Whiskey and beer, rum and gin, If you fly the vector you're sure to spin in.

Chorus:

You fly sixteen times, whatd' you get,
Another day older and your weapon is bent.
Col. ______ don't you call me, I'm weak and lame
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine, Got my 'chute and went down to the line Down to the line to fly the "d" But it was raising so hard I couldn't see.

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,
I'd had my fill of Overholt Rye
Shot sixteen holes in a T33
They're going to hang my ass from a coconut tree.

When you see me comin' better break to the right 'Cause the _____ Fighter's had a party last night My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear, Believe me bandits better clear the air.

#15

THE TACTICAL AIR COMMAND MARCH

C.W. CosteNBADER AND E. A. DIETER



THE U.S. AIR FORCE BLUE



THE BOMBARDIER'S SONG



30. THE BORN LOSER (Tune: Teenager In Love) words by Rollie Stoneman

They sent me out on backup, I didn't want to go.
And then to make things worse, you know, I told them so.
Now every night I ask my attorney without fail,
"Why must I be a crew member in jail?"

The IG came to Delta, I was asleep in bed.

My deputy was shakey, but he may soon be dead.

He didn't wear his gun when he opened up the door.

The evaluator woke me up when I began to snore.

(Refrain)

I cry a tear, for nobody but me I'd be so happy now if I could just be free.

We didn't make our keyturn, our keys were in the safe. We lost a crypto book, couldn't find it any place. My pistol fired when I tripped upon the rail. No one ever asked my side, they just threw me in jail.

(Refrain)

The wing commander loves me, says I'm still number one. Of course, he is my father, and I'm his only son. But even so he won't pay my bail.

So I'll remain a crew member in Jail.

AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER

(Melody: After the Ball Is Over)

After the mission's over After we all get back We get interrogated Where did you see the flak? How were the Jerry fighters? What time was tally ho? Have you any bitches? If not, you may go. We like P-47s We think they handle swell We like to fly formation We're all as nuts as H We like the fighter peel-off It will kill us all some day. Land in 15 seconds Or the Colonel will have to say (Any name), you straggled all day _ used poor technique we'll have a short critique You missed the landfall in __, you will report Why, with only one wing off, You had to abort.

Social Fire Songs

flying flag,
and forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the Free and the Brave.
Every heart beats true under Red, White,
and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
But should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

Army Air Corps CHORUS: Here's a Toast to the nost of those who love the vastness of the sky; · To a friend we will send a message of his brother men who fly. We drink to those who gave their all of old, Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold. A Toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air Corps.
Off we go into the wild blue yonder, deep the wings level and true. f you'd live to be a gray haired wonder, deep the nose out of the blue! Flying men guarding the Nation's border, We'll be there followed by more. In echelon we carry on, Hey! Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps. Off we go into the wild blue yonder, Flying high, into the sun, Here they come, zooming to meet our

Allouette, gentle Allouette, Allouette, Je te plumerai. Je te plumerai la bec, Je te plumerai la bec, Et la bec, et la bec, Et la tete, et la tete, Ohhh! Allouette, Etc.

3. Le Nez. 4. Le Dos.

5. Les Pattes5. Le Cou.

There is a Tavern in the Town
There is a tavern in the town, in the town,

and there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,

And drinks his wine mid laughter free, and never, never thinks of me. CHORUS:

Farewell, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
and remember that the best of friends
must part, must part.

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,

I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.

I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,

And may the world go well with thee.

Yanky Doodle Dandy

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Yankee Doodle do or die.
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam,
Born on the fourth of July.
I have a Yankee Doodle sweetheart,
She is my Yankee Doodle jpy.
Yankee Doodle went to London
Just to ride the ponies,
I am that Yankee Doodle boy.

P. Brokam

thunder.

under,

At 'em boys, give her the gun!

Off with one hell-uva-roar.

Down we dive, spouting our flame from

We live in fame or go down in flame, Hey! Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

#

What is it the Salvation Army runs down?
Boozing, jolly well boozing
They stand on street conners, they sing and they shout
They talk about things they know fuck-all about
But where do you find them when lights are all out?
Boozing, jolly well boozing.

Oh, we're boozers all and we're singing as we go
To the promised land where the beer and whiskey flow
Oh, we're boozer all you can tell es by our nose
We belong to the Salvation Army.

Would you go, would you go?

If a man came up to you and said hello, hello, hello

Now you're looking mighty queer

Would you go a glass of beer

Jesus Chriat I've asked you twice now yould you go, go, go?

My bloody oath I would Deedliedie, de die de die

A YOUNG AVIATOR

A young aviator lay dying

At the end of a bright aummer day

His comrades gathered around him

To carry the fragments away

He spit out a valve and a gasket.

As he stirred in the sump where he lay

And to his wondering comrades

Those brave dying words he did say:

"Take the cotter pin out of my kidney
Take the con-rods out of my brain
Take the crankshaft out of my liver
And assemble the engine again

"Stand by your glasses steady".
For the world is a world of lies.
Here is a toast to the dead already
Heray for the next man to die "

1, #4

Early Abort #/

Oh, my name is Colonel , I'm the leader of the group, Just step into my briefing room; I'll give you all the poop, I'll tell you where the enemy is and how to dodge the flak, I'll be the last one off, the first one to get back.

CHORUS: Early abort, avoid the rush;
Early abort, now don't delay.
Early abort, avoid the rush;
Oh, my name is Colonel I'm the leader of the group.

Now we'll all line up and take off and set our course at 10:00, And when we reach the channel we will all turn back again. We'll call the tower and get a steer: we don't know where we've been. Drop your tanks and canopies, peel off and belly in.

Abrus:

Oh, we fly those red-tailed jugs at a hundred bloody fleet. We can fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet. We think, we're flying bloody south, instead we're bloody north, And we make our bloody land fall at the firth of bloody forth.

CHORUS

Oh, we fly those red-tailed jugs at a hundred bloody freet. We fly them in the rain and fog and in the bloody sleet. And when we're flying bloody high, we're flying bloody low, When we hit the marker bearcon such an awful bloody blow.

CHORUS:

Tame Man namin Band!

The Formation Leader

Here's a health to the formation leader,
A jolly good fellow is he,
He uses three-star navigation
And flies on Bacardi.
Here's a health to the leader's two wing-men,
To the gunner within his turelle,
Here's a health to the whole damn formation,
We'll fly reviews in hell.



Frustration

Now look, my proud beauty, I think it's my duty To tell you this stalemate can't last. My liberty's fleeting, and I'm overheating, My blood pressure's rising, but fast.

I've subsidized taxis from Reuben's to Maxie's, I've escorted you 'round the bars. I've religived my sorties while flying P-40's, I've shown you my ribbons and scars.

Your curvaceous chassis entices me, lassie, So let's not encumber the plot With doubtful evasion, and subtle equations. Are we goin' to bed--or NOT?

WW I

FUCK 'EM ALL

They say there's a Fortress that's leaving Cologne
Bound for old blimey shores
Heavily laden with terrified
Shit-seared and flat on the floor
Now there's many a Heinkel
Many a Messerschmidt too
They shot off our ballicks
They fucked our hydraulics
So what we going to do?

Cho.

Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Fuck all the sergeants and W/O ones
Fuck all the corporals and their bastard sons
So we're saying goodbye to them all
As back to their, harlots they crawl
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all!

Senior officers don't bother me
Senior officer don't bother me
Bell bottom trousers with stripes down the side
Bloody great pockets with fuck-all inside
So we're saying goodbye to the all
As up the CO's ass they crawl
There'll be no promotions
This side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads, fuck 'em all!

Cho.

They sent for the navy to go to Tulagee
And our gallant navy agreed
They went off in sections
In fifty directions
It looked like a bloody stampede

Cho.

They wanted our navy to go to New Guinea
But our gallent navy said no
We'll sit on our bustles
This side of the Russolls
And collect all the ribbons you know

Cho.

A 120

WIR

NEW QU INEA BLUES (Tune Blues in the Night)

From Nadzab to Cusap, From Wewak to Dunpa, wherever the ramu flow.

I ve seen me some big ships, and shot up a few nips, but there is onething

I know, a Tonies a bastard, a worrysome thing was il lead you to sing the New Quinea Blues.

Now the bombs are falling, now the sectors calling, Shotgun—go up there and get them, Now my guns are spitting, now my engines quite. Snafu—This thundering ain't right, oh give me the green light, I'll turn in my wings and come in and sing, the New Guinea Blues.

Minnie The Mermaid

Manys the nite I've spent with Minaie the mermaid.

Down at the bottom of the sea,

Minnie lost her morals down among the corral,

Gee boys but she was nice to me.

Manys the time I've seen the pale moon shining.

Down in her little bungalow,

Ashes to Ashes, dust to dust, Twin beds—but only one must

You can easily see she's not my mother, For my mothers' forty-five,

You can easily see shes' not my sister cause I wouldn's show my such a wonderland time.

You can easily see shes not my girl frien, for my girl friends too refined.

Shes just a slop of a kid who don't care what she did, shes just a personal friend of mine.

GIVE ME A P-47

Don't give me a p-38, the props they counter rotate, There scattered and smittem from buna to Britten Don't give me a p-38.

Don't give me a p-39, the engine is mounted behink.

They'll tumble and spin and auger you in dent't give me a p-39.

Don't give me a peter-four o, A hell of an airplane I know, A ground looping bastard, You're sure be get Mestered,

Don't give me a peter-40

Don't give me a p-51, It was alright for fightin the Hun,
But with collant tank dry, you?!!! run out of sky
Doj't give me a p-51.

Don't give me a p-61, for nite flying is no fun.
They say its a lark, but Im seared of the dark. Don't give me a p-5!

Just give me a p-47, That airplane is straight from heaven, With eight guns a spitten, Ol Toges been smitten. Just give me a p-47

种件

GREEN DRAGON ANTHEM

Off we go, to meet the foe tight.
Flying fast and flying low
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

The Japs have lost another drome.

As the Dragons go buzzing along to weather.

For it's Hi-Hi-Hi, a merry band are we You'll never meet another of our kind. For where are you go you will always know That the Dragons are buzzing along.

On the trees, we're at ease
Over land or over seas
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

For it's HI-Hi-He, a merry band are we You'll never meet another of our kind, For where ere you go you will always know That the Dragons ge buzzing along.

Down past lae and Hansa Hay

Just another strafing day

As the Dragons go buzzing along.

There they are, at our feet Watch those yellow sons retreat As the Dragons go buzzing along

For it's Hi-Hi-He, a merry band are we You'll never meet another of our kind. For where ere you go you will always knew. That the Dragons are buzzing along. WW II Pre

用儿

A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Oh, a little bit of heaven fell from out of the sky one day we re ming to And it fell into the ocean many miles away The next day when the angels found it, it seemed so sweet and fair That they said why don't we leave it there? Then they sprinkled it with stardust just to make the shamrocks grow, Ther's no other place you'll find them No matter where you go. Then they dotted it with silver just of make its lakes so grand And when they had it finished, sure they Called it Ireland.

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

(CHORUS)

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine You make me happy when skies are gray; You'll never know dear how much I love you please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night as I lay sleeping, I dreamed I held you in my arms. But when I awoke dear I was mistaken and I hung my head and cried,

(Chorus) You told me once dear you d never leave me And no one else would come between But now you ve gone and found another the you have shattered all my dreams is the state of the stat

(CHORUS)

WE WE WE SHE HEAD the destant Policy I will

THE THE THE

ALL WINIER P

TIPPERARY

It's a long way to Tippary, Its a long way to go. It's a long way to Topperary, To the sweetest girl I know. Goodbye to piccadilly, Farewell Leichester Square. It's a long, long way to Tipperary But my heart's right there.

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU

I'm in love with you, honey Say you love me too, honey No one else will do, honey Seems funny but it's true.

Loved you from the start, honey Bless your little heart, honey Every day will be so sunny Honeý with you.

HAIL THE SQUADRON

Hail to the Squadron Hail to the Corps 'Hail to all the airmen Who braved the skies before

We're on the road to victory Thumbs up forever more Hail to Squadrons flying high Hail to the men who urle the Sky Hail to the Army, the Army Air Corps. Butter on his

WWITH

HARDSHIPS

Off to Guinea we did go, to fight the shits from Tokio. Hardships, you bastards, you don't know what hardships are. #12

Seventy four hundred miles of drink, how our underpants did stink. Hardships, you bastards, you don't know what hardships are.

We slept with bngs and we slept with snakes, we all came down with fever shakes, (Chorus)

We ate camp pie and bully beef and gave our belts another reef.
(Chorus)

Tofo called most every night, with greeting cards of dynamite.
(Chorus)

They looped and stalled and rolled around and shot our planes upon the ground.

(Chorus)

GHQ said go bomb Lee, with fragmentary bombs one day. (Chorus)

Ack-Ack here, ack-ack there, the fucking zeroes fill the air.

(Chorus)

Back from Buna through the pass, with a chute sucked up our ass.

(Chorus)

When we got back we always found, our top soldier on the grounod.

(Chorus)

Off we go to old Rabaul, that dammed place is bound to fall.

Then we go to old Wewak, it's 2 to 1 we don't come back

Month after month of all this shit, the C C said we could leave a bit. (Chorus)

When we got down to old Brisbane, to hear the PID boys complain.

(Chorus)

Six bucks a day with regular pay and the Japs two thousand miles away.

(Chorus)

When we get to American shores, the P. D. hove will be there before, Shouting hardships, hardships, you don't know what hardships are.

THE ENL

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman at the week Is like a ship without a sail Is like a boat without a rudder in way Is like a kite without a tail A man without a woman Is like a wreck upon the sand But if there's one thing worse, in this universe It's a woman, I said a woman, I mean a woman without a man

Now you can roll a silver dollar cross the bar room floor And it will roll, because it's round A woman never knows what a good man she's got Until she let's him down Now honey listen, my honey listen to me I want you to understand Like a silver dollar goes from hand to hand So a woman goes from man to man,

WW 11

Brite day will be so many

Mail Wither Strading

Mail to the f

Mail Sale of the sale mark

What was of the Line Hilland

The star than strain the training and

of the late of the second fair.

Paty - lishing Che

INTO THE AIR

TOTAL PROPERTY AND STREET Into the air Army Air Corport 1 how ye Into the air Pilots true with hear. Into the air Army Air Corps Keep your nose up in the blue And when you hear the engines roaring And the steel props started the steel props started to the started to the steel props started to the started to th Then you can bet the Army Air Corps Is along the fighting line.

and so have been sold of the second

ELMERS TUNE

THE STATE OF THE S 1 1 1 Why are the stars always winking and blinking above the to the stars always winking and blinking above the What makes the fellows stop thinking and dalling in love It's not the season, the reason is plain as the moon :

What makes a lady of eighty go out on the loose Why does the gander meander in search of a goose What puts the kick in the chicken, the interest the interest the interest that the chicken, the interest that the chicken, the interest that the chicken is the chicken in ie in June It's just Elmers Tune

Listen, listen, there's a lot you're liable to be missing Sing it, swing it, any old time and any and way The herdy gertie, the hirdie, the cop can the beat
The candy maker, the baser the man is the street
The city charmer the farmer the man in the moon
All sing Elmers Time. All sing Elmers Tune ..

HERE'S TO THE NEXT MAN TO DIE

Betrayed by the Regular Army, Cast off by the Signal Corps, Signed up for nine months flying And stayed on for three years more.

CHORUS

So stand by your glasses steady, This world is a world of lies. Here's a toast to the dead already, And Hurrah for the next man to die.

We looped in the purple sunset, We spun in the silvery dawn, With a trail of black smoke behind us To show where our comrades have gone.

Echoing through the low hung rafters, Resounding from the walls so bare, You can hear the tears and laughter Of the dead, for they really are there.



LWII A

NIGHT FIGHTER STLAMENT

OH I HAVE A STORY TO TELL WOU
A STORY OOF BOLD MEN AND BRAVE
WHO HAVE FOUGHT SOME HAVE DIED FOR THEIR COUNTRY
WITH A BRIGHTLY BURNING PLANE FOR THEIR GRAVE

ON AN ISLAND WE CALLED IE SHIMA
WITH THE BROAD BLUE PACIFIC ALL AROUND
WE SET UP OUR TENTS AND OUR SHELTERS
AND DUG HOLES FOR OUT SAFETY ON THE GROND.

AT NIGHT WHEN DAY FIGHTERS WERE SLEEPING THE NOCTURNAL RAIDS WERE BEGUN AND THE HEAVENS WERE SORE SPLIT AS SUNDER BY THE ROAR OF OUR P-SIXTY ONES

ON A COLD MOONLESS NOGHT BACK IN AUGUST THE ORDER WAS READ WITH A SIGH AND A HAPPY GO LUCKY YOUNG PILOT TOOK HISPLANE AND HIS CREW OUT TO DIE.

THEY WENT WITH A SMILE ALL UNKNOWING
'TWAS ONLY A ROUTINE PATROL
TOO BAD THAT THEIR DUTY INCLUDED
THEIR ANSWERING GOD'S FINAL ROLL

PINEAPPLE GAVE THEM THEIR VECTOR SERVEILANCE UP TO JAPAN AND BACK THEY SAY THE LAST WORDS THEY TRANSMITTED, WERE "WE WISH WE WERE LYING IN OUS SACKS"

ONE HOUR STRECHED OUT INTO SEVEN
IT WAS NO TIME TO JEST OR TO GRIN
THEY DNEW AS THEY WAITED AND LISTENED
THAT ANOTHER NIGHTER FIGHTER AUGERED IN

THERE WAS NO ONE TO SEE AND REPORT IT
NO HELP FROM A SEARCHING SUBMARINE
JUST THREE NAMES WRITTEN OF THE ROSTER
AND THREE FACES NO LONGERING BE SEEN.

SO LITT UP YOUR GLASSES MY EDIDLES IN HONOUR OF THOSE WHO IS CHIEFIGHT THE SLEEP YOU ENJOYED OF TAX DANGER WAS BECAUSE OF THE POYS WHO FLEW AT NIGHT

END

Old Soldiers Never Die

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die, Old soldiers never dieThey just fade away.

Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy, Old sailors never buy-They just sail away.

Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly, Old pilots never fly—
They just draw their pay.

RED ROUNDLES IN THE SUNSET

On a farm neat Yokohama, As a slant eyed mother cries;
Bewails the fate of her seven sons that found death in the skies.
And as she moans her sad lament, she say he natile prayer,
She burns some futile incense, and tears some futile hair.

#12

For who will milk the slant eyed cows when comes the day of grace, And who will feed the slant eyed ducks, and save the slant eyed face, Her lean and famished fingers held, a message edged in black.

A message telling her, that her sons would not be back.

Oh Shato was the eldest, to be none to wise,

He never saw the fifties, that closed his slant leyes,

Yomana was the next in line, he was slender, eager, wary,

A Thunderbolt flight came from the right, to was the same as Hari Kari.

The third in line was Kluso, a fine fat rice fed lad,
He flew right through some tracers, the results were very sad.
Born fourth to ma Hokiya, was short but Shoto,
He misgudged the Jugs ability to gage the proper leado
He was strafing little children when a thunder jug struck his zero.

Come we now to stout Shimetothe bravest of the clan,
This youngest son but a staumcher one never came from old Japan,
This warrior of the Shinto Shrine was fired with one ambition,
To liquidate the ones who caused his brothers demolition.

And as he flew his courage grew for he was a stout hearted buster,
While strafing a dock he hung his jock so we il give him the mustard duster
Let's drink up our beers and give three theres for the Nammo's who wouldn't run.
The got no fame...Just died in value for the land of the raing sun

its good for outs and bruises he beefsteak in the Army they :. say is mighty fine ut someone hollered whoa and it Choked a pal of mine. PISTOL PACKING MAMA cing beer in a cabaret and was I having fun . one night she caught me right and Now I'm on the run CHORUS hat Pistol down babe hat Pistol down l pack'im mama, Lay that Pistol down e kicked out my windshield i hit me over the head cussed & cried & swore I lied l wished that I was dead nking beer in a cabaret and cing with a blond il one night she shot out the light "Bang" that blond was gone 1 see you every night babe 1 Woo you every day L be your steady but that gun away sergeant was a talking man llways had his fun with some lead she shot him dead his talking days are done. GRAND OLD FLAG a grand old flag a high flying flag ever in peace may you wave the EMBLEM of the land I love e of the free and the brave

eart beats true, under red white 1 d blue nere's never a boast or a brag ild auld acquaintance be forgot ir eye on the grand old flag.

Everybodys been knowing and my gal and taste like Iodine. (Beefsteak) And for weeks they've been sewing Ev'ry Susie and Sal They're congregating for me and my gal The Parsons waiting for me and my gal And sometimes I'm going to build a little Home for two, for three or four or more In Loveland, For me and my gal. MARCHING ALONG TOGATHER Marching along together, No ones gonna stop us now Marching along together, No ones gonna top us now Rolling along the highway

Sailing the sky and sea OH rum-ti-tiddle dee beat the drum And hold onto your lids OH rum-ti-tiddle dee here we come The Yankee Doodle kids Marching along together, All together to Victory.

SHEPPARD FIELD Marching along to a hearty song Our eye on a star in the sky Glory be to God that we Hail from Sheppard Field Our boys parade on the ground that made Them greatest of all in the sky That is how we offer now A Toast to Sheppard Field.

BEER BARREL POLKA Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun Roll out the barrel we've got the blues on the run Zing, boom, tarara, Ring out a song of good cheer Nows the time to roll the barrel Cause the gangs all here.

HINKY DINKY PARLEY VOO They say this is an aerial war, Parley Voo They say this is an aerial war, Parley Voo They say this is an aerial war So what the hell are we marching for Hinky, Dinky, Parley Voc. ((Make up your own verses of this))

SCNG OF THE PETER SIX ONE

Now we're all thru with fightin' in a goddam sixty-one
We're on the lam we're going to scram
When the dirty job is done
We're a bunch of shits we'll all admit
But this you must confess
We're giving our all for Uncle Sam
And We'll see it through (I guess)

Oh, Captain Farr once said to me in all sincerity
The sixty-one's a fine aircraft as fine as it can be
But men in white took him sway
And now his room and beerd
Is furnished by the army
In the psycopathic ward

Now we're all thru with fightin' in a goddam sixty-one We're on the lam, we're going to scram When the diry job is done We're a bunch of shits we all admit But this you must confeas We're giving our all for old Northrup And we'll see it thru (I guess)

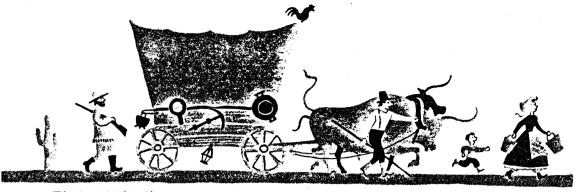
The engineering of ficer once said and it is true
The sixty-one's a fine aircraft to take into the blue
But the bloody tail booms crumpled
And the canopy blew away
It's a lucky goddam fucker
Who can land and walk away

SMASH IT, BASHMTAR.

Smash it, bash it, beat it unwished floor Smite it, bite it, thrust it it through the standard Some people think that fragging is good.
But for personal enjoyment I would late ground my page

Smash it, bash it, hit it on the head Smite it, bite it till it's aimont dead Some people think that fucking's grand But for inner satisfaction I will take it my band

15



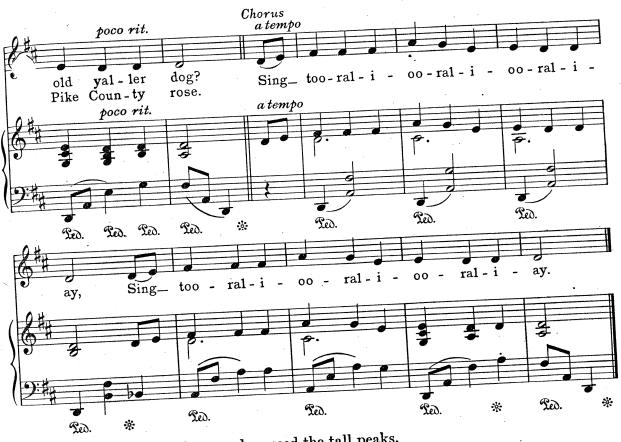
SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

A favorite California immigrant song of the fifties. Carl Sandburg writes, "It has the stuff of a realistic novel. It is droll and don't-care, bleary and leering, as slippery and lackadaisical as



Th Ar

Sta Th Ch



3. They swam the wide rivers and crossed the tall peaks,
And camped on the prairie for weeks upon weeks,
Starvation and cholera and hard work and slaughter,
They reached California spite of hell and high water.
Chorus:

4. Out on the prairie one bright starry night
They broke the whiskey and Betsy got tight,
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,
And showed her bare arse to the whole wagon train.

Chorus:

The Injuns came down in a wild yelling horde,
And Betsy was skeered they would scalp her adored;
Behind the front wagon wheel Betsy did crawl,
And there she fought the Injuns with musket and ball.

Chorus:

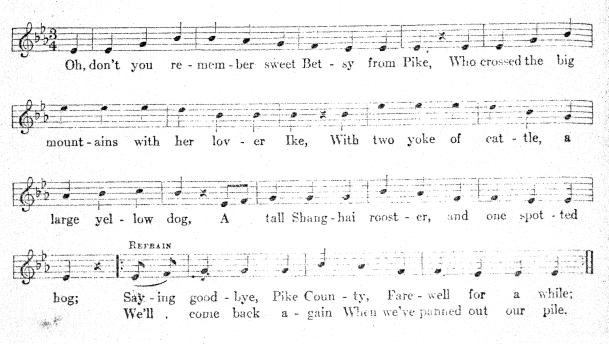
6. The alkali desert was burning and bare,
And Isaac's soul shrank from the death that lurked there:
"Dear Old Pike County, I'll go back to you."
Says Betsy, "You'll go by yourself if you do."
Chorus:

CHORUS

Sing too-ral-ioo-ral-ioo-ral-i-ay. Sing too-ral-ioo-ral-ioo-ral-i-ay.



The ups and downs of covered wagon life, mixed with romance and ending in divorce, are told in one of the favorite songs of California in the 1850's. Sweet Betsy From Pike has the stuff of a realistic novel. It is droll and don't-care, bleary and leering, as slippery and lackadaisical as some of the comic characters of Shakespeare, or as trifling as the two murderers who are asked, "How came you here?" and who answer, "On our legs." It was a good wagon song. Miles of monotonous scenery would pass to the singing of it. Disappointed prospectors could share their own misery with Betsy and Ike. The last line of each verse could be repeated, for a change, with the fol de rol words, "Tooral lal looral lal, Tooral lal la loo." It was a good wagon song.



1 Oh don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of cattle, a large yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster, and one spotted hog;

Refrain:

Saying goodbye, Pike County,
Farewell for a while;
We'll come back again
When we've panned out our pile.

2 One evening quite early, they camped on the Platte, "Twas near by the road on a green shady flat; Where Betsy, quite tired, laid down to repose, While with wonder Ike gazed on his Pike County Rose. Refrain: Couris S. Winstock
Songs and Music of the Redconts
Harriburg Pennsylvana 39
1970

Here's to the last to die

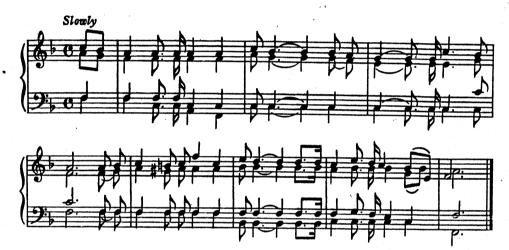
words Captain Darling

MUSIC Traditional

SOURCE Scottish Students Song Book c. 1892

nber,
date,
es a new hit,
Kashmir Gate.
and musketry,
good.
were outside,
ilood.
te did go, my boys, etc.
hpur won by Sir

om the Mutiny, rises because the TRATED, a journal correspondents ondent asked on been sung in the October 1 that it ho later died of ggest it had been n Darling never of the Victorian



We meet 'neath the sounding rafters,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo to our laughter
'Twould not seem that the dead were there.
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis all we have left to prize,
Quaff a cup to the dead already,
And one to the next who dies.

Who dreads to the dead returning, Who shrinks from that sable shore Where the high and haughty yearning Of the souls will be no more? So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

Cut off from the land that bore us, Betrayed by the land we find, When the brightest have gone before us, And the dullest remain behind. So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

There's a mist on the glass congealing, 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath, And 'tis thus that the warmth of feeling Turns ice in the grasp of death.

So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

There is many a head that is aching, There is many a cheek that is sunk, There is many a heart that is breaking, Must burn with the wine we have drunk. So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

There is not time for repentance, 'Tis folly to yield to despair, When a shudder may finish a sentence, Or death put an end to a prayer. So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

Time was when we frowned on others, We thought we were wiser then; But now let us all be brothers, For we never may meet again. So stand to your glasses steady, etc.

But a truce to this mournful story For death is a distant friend; So here's to a life of glory, And a laurel to crown each end. So stand to your glasses steady, etc. Come, fill up a bumper, Our toil at length is done, Since the Pandies are defeated, And Delhi has been won. Great men they were in their own eyes, At least, then so they thought. So we took the shine out of them On the 12th at Trimmu Ghat. When a-hunting we did go, my boys, A-hunting we did go. To chase the Pandies, night and day, And levelled Delhi low.

A-thirsting to avenge, my boys, The bloodshed that was done. On poor defenceless women, 'Ere Delhi had been won. We made the Pandies for to know, And caused them for to feel, That British wrongs should be avenged, By sterling British steel.

When a-hunting we did go, my boys, etc.

On the 14th of September, I remember well the date, We showed the Pandies a new hit, When we stormed the Kashmir Gate. Their grapeshot, shell and musketry, They found but little good. When British soldiers were outside, A-thirsting for their blood.

When a-hunting we did go, my boys, etc.

Another ballad was written about the victory of Fatehpur won by Sir Henry Havelock, but only a fragment has survived.

With our shot and shell, We made them smell hell, That day at Fatehpur. 39

One particularly lugubrious ballad may date from the Mutiny, although this is by no means certain. The difficulty arises because the song was discussed in 1898 by the NAVY AND ARMY ILLUSTRATED, a journal with an unsurpassed editorial talent for rendering its correspondents faceless and anonymous. One such anonymous correspondent asked on August 27 about the origin of a ballad said to have been sung in the Mutiny, and another - equally disguised - replied on October 1 that it had been composed in India by a Captain Darling who later died of cholera. Whether the questioner was well qualified to suggest it had been sung in 1857 or the replier to attribute it to Captain Darling never emerges, but Here's to the last to die is a fine example of the Victorian penchant for morbidity.

He

WOR1 MUS SOUR





We meet 'neath the so And the walls around As they echo to our le 'Twould not seem that So stand to your glass 'Tis all we have left to Quaff a cup to the de And one to the next 1

Who dreads to the de Who shrinks from the Where the high and Of the souls will be # So stand to your glas

Cut off from the land Betrayed by the land When the brightest And the dullest rem So stand to your gla

There's a mist on th 'Tis the hurricane's And 'tis thus that th Turns ice in the gra So stand to your gla

/2. COMIN' BACK TO YOU (Maintenance Lament) (words and music by Rollie Stoneman)

Drivin down this lonesome road thinkin back to you. Why I left tonight I'll never know. Wind is whistlin by my ear I shiver with the cold. I wish I was back home again I need your hand to hold.

When morning comes you'll find my note, Please try to understand.

You know I didn't want to leave this way.

Give little Jenny a great big hug, Tell her don't be sad.

Tell her happy birthday from her dad.

(Refrain)

Cause I got the call, Ive got; to go,
These birds of war can't wait.
I know it's hard for you to understand.
But something deep inside me makes me proud to do my share.
And I'm comin' back to you soon as I can.

I know I promised that I'd have this special day at home. You've heard those words so many times before. Now I guess I'll spend her birthday out at Kilo One. It's just a day, not special any more.

But my little girl won't understand why daddy isn't there. It's hard to understand when you're just two. There's something deep inside me makes me proud to do my share.

And I'm comin' back to you soon as I can.

Come the spring, we'll be leavin', leave this place behind.
We're gonna be a family again.
We'll visit the zoo, take a walk or two, we'll wrestle on the floor.
I won't be chasin' missiles anymore.

(Repeat first refrain)

(Tune: is a combination of Mountain Dew and White Lightning) words by Rollie Stoneman

They call us the good old Capsule Crew. And men of our courage are few. We live like a mole way down in the hole. That good old Capsule Crew.

Well, at Hotel Flight way out in the sticks Lived a crew commander named Mean Gene Hicks He'd watch his missiles 'till the sun went down Then he'd sing right out with a joyful sound.

(Refrain)
"Missile duty's pleasin',
I never will be leavin'
Ooo, I love it."

Twas the third of June, that fateful day, Gene went on alert so far away. Then the fuel shortage hit; it still hasn't passed. Now he'll never be relieved 'cause there isn't any gas.

(Refrain)

Well I asked mean Gene why he called his crew The "Tight Twosome" stead of one-oh-two. When he kissed his deputy it all came clear. Missile duty made Mean Gene queer.

(Refrain)

(Bridge)

Sky Cops, OSI, CIA
They're all chasin' Mean Gene tryin' to put him away
They're lookin', tryin' to book him
But Mean Gene kept on truckin'.
Ooo, I love it.

(Repeat first verse)

/7. THE CREW THAT NEVER RETURNED (Tune: MTA) words by Rollie Stoneman

Let me tell you all about a crew commander named Charlie In the merry, merry month of May. He grabbed his Tech Data, kissed his wife and family, And went on alert that day

(Refrain)
But, did they ever return?
No, they never returned.
And their fate may be unlearned.
They may drive forever on the plains of Nebraska,
The crew that never returned.

The deputy was driving toward western Nebraska At a speed of a Hundred-and-two, When a state patrolman waved that crew van over sayin, "Hey, buddy, I want YOU."

So from the jail Charlie called the command post, And told them of his plight. The controller said, "Hold on! I've got to call Omaha. For now you've just gotta sit tight."

(Refrain)

Charlie broke from the jail and headed for the capsule, Down into the LCC. He slammed the blast door, turned around and shuddered, For waiting there was DOV.

Now seven major errors is a poor performance As all of you surely know. The Standboard crew waved a finger at Charlie, Said, "Charlie, you've got to go."

He was firm and would not yield.

(Refrain)

Charlie called the command post and told them what had happened.

He asked to be relieved in the field.

The controller said, "NO! I can't let you go!"

He said, "Don't ever return. Don't you ever return. Your fate has now been learned. You will stay forever 'neath the plains of Nebraska. To Warren don't ever return. I say again. To Warren don't ever return.

// HOME IN THE HOLE
(Tune: Home On The Range)
words by Rollie Stoneman

Oh, Give me a home where the Ops weenies roam, Where the SAT troops and Site Mothers stay. Where seldom is heard an ungarbled word, And we never see the light of the day.

(Chorus)
Home, home in the hole,
Where all our SAC missilemen stay.
Where we do our best, and pass all the tests.

Oh, when do we get alert pay?

We drive to our site, though it takes half the night,
Through the wind and the rain and the snow.

Our leaders are brave but at home they must stay. How we'd like to tell them where to go.

Home, home in the hole, Where all our SAC missilemen stay. We watch our tin birds until the warble tone's heard. But it's only and Olympic Play.

The food tastes just great, like an old paper plate. And the water is not fit to drink. Television they say will be installed on the day That hell freezes over. I think!

Home, home in the hole, Where all our SAC missilemen stay. The battles we fight to stay awake through the night. Oh, when do we get alert pay?

We read magazines filled with lush bedroom scenes. Frustration does things to our brain. Champagne is taboo; females are, too. So, for 36 hours we abstain.

We feel old men, on alert we have been. It touches or hearts like a knife. But to tell you the truth we regain our youth The night we're back home with our wives.

Home, home in the hole, Where all our SAC missilemen stay. Where we do our best, and pass all the tests. Oh, when do we get alert pay?

(Tune: Little Boxes) words by Rollie Stoneman

Little boxes in Wyoming, little boxes in Montana, Little boxes in Dakota, little boxes all the same. There are green ones and green ones And green ones and green ones. And they're all made out of ticky-tacky And they all look just the same.

And the crewmen in the capsules all went to the university, And then into the Air Force where they came out all the same. There are line crews and instructor crews, And Stanboard weenie crews.

And they all dress in ticky-tacky And they all look just the same.

On alert in the capsule at three in the morning, We all watch for Fault lights
But the Fault lights look the same.
And we order from a menu which is very diversified...
But the food is put in foil packs
And it all tastes just the same.

And the snow comes to Wyoming, Montana, and Dakota. We're stuck in the capsule And each day is the same. So we scrutinize the pornography Then glance at our manuals. But after three days there it all looks just the same.

(Repeat first verse)

CG NOVEMBER
(Tune: Acres Of Clams)
words by Rollie Stoneman

I was driving way out to November, A trip of a hundred or so. Fighting the wind and the weather, The wind and the rain and the snow.

I stayed awake through the briefing, Though my bloodshot eyes could not see. I'd heard the same thing for the past eight months, "Let's get ready for the IG."

(Refrain)
And nothing's too good for the missilemen,
And nothing is just what we get.
The pilots get all the gravy,
The missilemen get all the grit.

I picked up my truck at the motor pool And drove toward the rising sun. With luck and a helluva tail wind I'll be there before day is done.

I headed way out to the "boonies"
Where mere mortals dare not tread.
Cause the missilemen guard the country
While the pilots are shacked up in bed.

Refrain

I asked the DO, "Where's November?"
His answer it gave me a fright.
"Just drive to the edge of the world," he said.
"And when you get there, hang a right."

So I drove till the gas tank was empty, I drove till I ran out of gas. To the left or the right not a soul could be seen So I lay down to die in the grass.

Refrain

I shinnied the pole up to Heaven.
Oh, listen to what I do tell.
When I saw the SAC fist on the Pearly Gates
I thought I was surely in Hell.

St. Peter was watching me struggle.

He threw back his head and he laughed.

He said, "Everyone else rides the elevator,

But missilemen still get the shaft!"

Refrain

24, ON THE LINE (Tune: I Walk The Line) words by Rollie Stoneman

SAC keeps a close watch on this life of mine. They keep their thumb upon me all the time. They're always looking for mistakes sublime. This ass of mine is on the line.

SAC makes it very very easy to screw up.

They cought me drinking from the wrong side of a cup.

And when I try to make a point they say, "Tough luck!"

This ass of mine is on the line.

As sure as night is dark and day is light, They say I'm wrong even when I prove I'm right. And revelation only serves to cloud their sight. This ass of mine is on the line.

My brief career is threatened every day.

I was checked by 3901st and now they say.

"You'd best get ready for the IG's on his way."

This ass of mine is on the line.

Ob. THE PLAINS (Tune: The Seine) words by Rollie Stoneman

One night along 16th Street, the heart of old Cheyenne, I met a lovely lady; that's where it all began. We shared a silent moment beneath a starry sky. I knew we'd soon be lovers, 'twas something we could not deny.

(Refrain)
The Plains, The Plains, when will I again
Meet her there, greet her there
In the Men's Room down at The Plains?

She hooked her arm around me and led me through the door. I could tell by her clothing she surely was...twenty-four. She was so captivating, I reconciled my fate.
My eyes undressed her body and she was nearly eighty-eight!

(Refrain)

She led me to the Men's Room, down a shadowed stair.

The door swung shut and then she ran her fingers through my hair.

My heart was pounding in my breast, I felt so much alive. "I'll make you feel much better," she said, "for only \$14.95...plus tax."

(Refrain)

Our talk was very heady, the evening quickly passed.

An lying her warm embrace, I knew it couldn't last.

The night we slept there on the tile I remember, oh too well.

For that night I was arrested in the Men's Room of The Plains

Hotel.

(Refrain)

SSOS SAT TROOP LULLABY
(Tune: Too-Ra-Loo-Ra-Loo-Ral)
(Words by Wally Odd)

Over in Nebraska, a day or so ago I heard a SAT troop singing on his pickup radio. His song was full of meaning and his voice was full of fear The echo of his M-16 was ringing in my ear.

(Chorus)

A tour or two at Tango A tour or three at "I" The song that I am singing is a SAT troop lullaby

As commander, I was worried and my deputy stood near, Together we could see it as the end of our career. We huddled at the console and turned up the radio, With great anticipation to hear the voice of the FSO.

(Chorus)

Then within the garble there came a blare of hope The target of their shooting was the pronghorned antelope.

(Chorus)

10F

/Or THERE ARE NO MISSILEMEN DOWN IN HELL (Tune: traditional) words by Rollie Stoneman

There are no missilemen down in hell.
There are no missilemen down in hell.
There are hippie agitators
And a dozen navigators
But there are no missilemen down in hell.

The crew commander's life is just a farce. The crew commander's life is just a farce. The Change-in-Status isn't on. He's reading Penthouse on the john Oh. the crew commander's life is just a farce.

The deputy thinks he has lots of class.

The deputy thinks he has lots of class.

On the gravy train he rides,

When there's work to do he hides

And you'll always find him sitting on his...chair.

The flight commander thinks he is first rate. The flight commander thinks he is first rate. Oh, he thinks he's bright and perky. But he's really just a turkey. But to himself he thinks he is first rate.

The site cook really is a dope.

The site cook really is a dope.

But never tell him that he's dumb,

If you do you'll have to run

When you find your dinner tasting just like soap.

The SAT troops are the worst by far.
The SAT troops are the worst by far.
They're always driving into town,
Chasing women all around.
And they often make their LF checks from bars.

Instructor crews are always in the dark.
Instructor crews are always in the dark.
It's perfection that they seek,
With new procedures every week.
Oh, instructor crews are always in the dark.

The Stanboard weenies think they are so fair.
The stanboard weenies think they are so fair.
They say, "That ckeckride sure was weak,
We'll see you at the formal critique."
You can tell them by their palms all covered with hair.

There are no missilemen down in hell.

There are no missilemen down in hell.

They just flunked their ORI and they re too damn scared to die.

Oh, there are no missilemen down in hell.

HANG DOWN YOUR BOOM, Ross Coaley
Has name is obe Ross Cooley The Best damm boom in SAC His father was a gunner His mother was a WAC met the Crew in operations Soid Where do we pass gas? The pulot scowled at the boomer Said boomen now watch your sen. And then, Hang down your boom Rose looky Hang down your boom Today. Hang down your boom Rose Cooley Don't call a break away. Boom said you're just a chauffer For the trup aloft now wake me at the IP I'll get the JP off. They rolled out, for the take off The engines they did rown The Boomer screamed to the pilot Didn't close the cargo dook. The Bomber called in early He said I'm over youse I've got a fuel shortage I'm almost dut of juice Please hong down your boom and fly Hong down your boom Ross Cooky I'll be there by and by

The bomber came in wobbling At lying like a Jon better watch it. They call me Break away:" They landed on the runway. The Boomer got off fact. He said, "I can't a have around I'm for headed for a blast. I'll tickle all the girlier I'll there dance and stomp all night and if a swabbie speaker to me There's going to be a fight. now lister all you pilots. The moral of this ode a Booner is a rough neck But he liver by the Boomer's code. He'll fell your hearts with joy, He'll full your heart with grief, But come around promotion time, He'll help you get your leaves.

WW21 Reck of The Old 94 - II

They gave him his orders in Castle, a Saying, Make your take off at night fare need one more flight before your got Put her over such a bong time.

They gave him his orders in Castle, California Saying, make your take off, at night four need one more flight lasfore your quadration but her over such a long time. He turned around and said to his hard working rewman, a perfect mission is our goal when we cross that Sacramento bond plat Watch Old 97 go.

It has on that grade that he lost his recurren drag chute, you see what a difference that made He was herded down the receway making ninety knots an hour, His copilat let out a scream. you forgot to drop the flags We're running out of loster Mould never get up enough speed at a 160 knots, the 12 forther the thirtle and yelled "abort" to the crew The airbrakes went to six, the drag Scratch one B-52

#

Now all you pelote, you better take warning from this time on and learn, don't forget to use your cherklist you may leave us and never return. The SAC Fament For long, long your he tried in vain To win his escape from SAC's domain Requests for transfer all come back We cannot spore you said saint SAC at other bases he'd enlist To flee the clutch of SAC's mailed fist We need your skills, Sarge, he was told, and back he went into SAC's fold. He tried, and tried a thousand times To besting himself to free functif of SAC's confine, But in his heart the hope burned bright That he would come for his sad flight at last his butch on earth was done Long løst freedom had hæn won. "L'em free" he cried, "my spirit rides. No more alerts, no more TDY2. But as he neared the Pearly Lates He saw a sign that sealed his fate as of this date, the Promised Land becomes part of SAC Command.

There are no SAC Crew Members Down In Hell There are no SAC Orew members down in Hell There are no SAC crew members down in Kell Oh, the place has receteers, and civilians drinking beer, There are no SAC crew members down in thell Our Wing Staff thinks that they are just the most, Our Wavy stuff thinks that they are just the most, All they do is make up tests, till they think they are the best, Clas the color of their nose looks just like toost a bomber pelot's life as just a farce A bomber pilot slife is gust a farce rovels. The automatic pilot to on, he's reading con in the John, The bomber pulot's life is just a farce. Our ECM man never does no work Our ECM man never does no work Sols to sleep in the climb, with teven know the time He ain't nothin' but a spot from our jerk Our hedar thinks he is a VIP Our Radar thrules he is a VIA On the gravy train fre rides, when there's work to do he huder We always wake him up at the IP. A Our novegator is always in the dash Aur navigator is always in the dark her suppose to shoot the stare, but

he always uses VOR's Our novigator's polivays in the dark A Our gunner is the worse one of the bunch Our gunner is the worse one of the bunch Heis always found in town, charing girles all around Ind he always has a case of beer for lunch # There are no SAC Crew members about in Hell There are no SAC crew members down in Hell They just flunk their ORIs and they're too damn scarred to die. There are no SAC crew members down in Hell. SAS Farely HHI3 Storne On The Pad (Home On The Cange)

Oh, give me a home, Where the guards and the sentry days stay Where always is hegrd, the imporbled word and the Klaston horn blows leveryday. Home, home on the pad Where all our SAC crow members & but Where we do our but and park all the tests when do we get alert pay

The food is divine Set we stand in line and we can watch refer TV Champagne is teboo Tenisles are too. Seven doep, like eternity CHORUS Home home on the remensal where allow SAC even membere stay where we park our by birds Tell the Klayen is, heard, We're ready for the big fruit LT, may I dance with your wife? Pick it out there For SAC we are glad, But alert pad Our training is hough It has been knough Twenty years of peace through arrpower Home, home on the pad Home, home on the pad CHORUS. We're heady to go, Ewen EW O When do we get alert pay?

(8) We feel like old men, On alert we have been It toucher our hearts like a knife But to tell you the truth, We regain but youth, The night we're back home again with CHORUS. Home, home on the pad, where always is heard, The ungalobed word, and when do we get alert pay? CIS The Crew That Never Keturned-II Let me tell you the story both a pilot named charlie, so brave and sound They went up one day on a normal training So for they've never come down. They had a bad day of precision bombing With a 10000 foot CPA a solled SAC Control had this to say. Don't you over return, please don't ever

You're fate is still unlearned To sheperd were return. When Charle got back for his Sheperd senetration With a 10,000 pound fuel load He got on the horn and called for a tanker Said," How about one more for the road?" It happened that day, that the last of the quarter. and squares were hard to fill and their refueling squadrons were so for heherd, So far they'd never get well. Now Charlies was no good at attent refueling, On the boom he could not stay. So his fadar helped him out With the tracking handle, and the gunner bailed out the bombay.

CHORUS Theyever return, no they never returned there fate is still unlearned. They may fly forever, in the will blue yorder To Sheperd they never roturned. Charlie kept going from one tauker to the smother, with the tanker 23 Then that man in Omaha soid " Let those tankers airborne, Ne'll finish SAC 50-8 Every day at a guarter part moon. They load up bread and water into the tanker, frew thought the boom. After six weeks of flyin' Charle's rufe came crying To our Colonel, one day at moon We don't know what she said. But his face got mights red When he cried," you can't send that down the boom. And they ever return, no they never returned

They may fly forevel in the wild when you let best square pillers ever known.

HOBO 51 Ballad of Kolin Olds

SAT Troop's hullaly to the song Tooraloora-loora

Over in Nebraska, a day or so ago cl heard a SAT troop sunging on his pickup radio His song was full of meaning And his voice sins full of Jean The echo of his M-16 Was ringing in my ear.

A tour or two at Tango, a tour or two at "cl". The song that I am singing is a SAT troop lullaby.

as commander el was worsied and my deputy was near Together we could seg it We huddled at the console and turned up the radio With great anticipation to hear the voice of the F.S.O

Chorus.

Then within the earble there came a glare of hope. The target of their shooting was a pronghan antelopse Chorus Ol,

Notes

SAT - Security Alert Team Team
FSO Flight Security Officer

The Crew that Never Returned sung to Kingston Trus song "The MIR.

Let me tell you all about a crew commander mamed Charlie cln the merry merry month of May.

We grabbed his teck data, kissed his surfer and family and went on alert that day.

Chous But did they ever return, no they never returned and their fate may be unlearned (what a pile) They may drive forever on the plains of Hebraska The Crew that never returned

The deputy was driving toward Western Nebraska.

At a speed of Am Hundred and two
When the State Patrolman waved that crew wan over
saying "bey buddy of want you

So from the jail Charlie called the Command Post
And told them of his slight
The Controller said hold on, I've got to call Omaha
For mow you just gotta set tight."

Chorus

urthout (what a sety)

Charlie broke from the jail and headed for the cassule Down to the LCC We slammed ble blast door, turned around and shuddered, For waiting there was 0.0.V.

Now seven mayor errors is a poor performance
As all of you surely know
The Standboard crew waved a finger at Charlie
Saying "Charlie, you gotta go.

Chorus

(fame and scandal)

Notes LCC - Launch Control Center 00V - Stan/Eval

The Plains sung to the tune of cl believe, a Kingston Tris song "The Seine"

One might along 16th Street, the heart of old Cheyenne I met a lovely lady - that's where it all began We shared a selent moment beneath the starry sky I knew we'd soon be lovers, twas something we could not deny.

Chorus

The Plains, the Plains, When well it again Meet her there, greet her there In the men's room down at the Plains.

She hooked her arm around me and led me thou the door. I could tell by her clothing she surely was 24.

She was so captivating it reconciled my fate.

My eyes undressed her body and she was nearly 88!

Chorus

She led me to the mens room, down a shadowed stair.
The door suring shut and then she ran her fungers they my hair
My heart was pounding in my breast, of felt so much glive.
All make you feel much letter she said for only 14.95 (plus tax)

Chorus

Our talk was very heady, the evening quickly passed
Lying in her warm embrace. I lower it couldn't last
The night we slept there on the tile, I remember of too well,
For that night I was arrested in the men's room of the Plains Hotal

Chorus and repeat the last two lines.

Notes - The Plains is an old hotel "landmark" downtown

Oh give me a home, where the opes weenies room. Where the SAT troops and site Mothers play. Where seldom is heard an ungarbled word.

And we mover so the light of day.

Chorus Where all the SAC missileemen stay.
Where we do our best and pass all the tests.
Oh when do we get about pay

We drive to our site, the it takes half the night Thru the urned and the nain and the snow Our leaders are brown but at home they must stay Now we'd like to tell them what to do

Chorus (1st 2 lines)

We watch our ten birds til the warble tones heard But its only an Olymeric Play

The food tastes just great like an old paper plate and the water is not fit to drink Television they say well be installed on the day That hell freezes over of think

Chorus ((st 2 lines) The battles we fight to stay awake half the night Oh when do we get alert play.

We read magazines with lush bedroom scenes Frustration does things to our brains. Champagne is taloo. Temples are too So for 36 hours we abstain Rosember

Not sure of the mame of the song it parodies.

cl was driving way out to Invember, a tryp of a hundred or so Tighting the wind and the weather, the wind and the rain and the sensor cl stayed awake thou the briefing the my bloods hot eyes could not see cl've heard the same thing for the last 8 years het get ready for the I.6.

Chorus. And nothings to good for the missilemen, and nothing is just what we get Pilots get all the gravy, Missilemen get all the grit

cl picked up my truck at the motor pool, and drove toward the rising sum with luck and a hellus a tailwind, clill be there before day is done if headed way out to the boonies, where mere mortals dare not tread Cause the missilemen quard the country, while the pilots are shacked up in bed.

Chorus

I asked the D.D "where's November," His answer it gave me a fright "Just drive to the edge of the world, "he said, "and when you get these hang a right" Well I drove til the gas tank was empty, I drove til I ran out of gas. To the left or the right not a soul could be seen so I lay down to do in the grass

Chorus.

I skinnied the pole up to heaven, I'l listen to what I do tell When I saw the SAC first on the pearly gates, I thought I was surely in hell It leter was watching me struggle. He threw back his head and he laughed. He said everyone else ricles the elevator, but missilemen all get the shaft

and the second s

Chorus x 2.

They sent me out on backup, I didn't want to go and then to make things worse, you know I told them so Now every night I ask my attorney without fail Why must I be a crew member in jail.

The cl. I. came to "Selta", cl was aslege in bed
My Deputy was shaky, but he may soon be dead
be didn't lucar his gun when he grened up the door.
The evaluator woke me up when a began to snore.

d'ay a tear for mobody but me d'à le so happy now y'el could siest le free.

We didn't male our key turn - our keys were in the safe we lost a crypto book couldn't fund it any place.

My pistol fired when it tripped upon the rails to one every asked my side

They just threw my - threw me in jail

I cry a tear for nobody but me. did be so happy man, I cl could just be free.

The wing commander loves me, says clin still number one
Of course he is my father and clim his only son
But even so he won't pay my bail
So il l'remain a crew member in jail
yes il l'remain a crew member in jail
il alwayse be a crew member in jail
Shoo be do swap shoo wah

Little Boxes

Little boxes in Wysming, little boxes in Calota
Little boxes in Montana, little boxes all the same
There are green ones, and green ones
And green ones, and green ones
And they're all made ofth of ticky tacky
and they all look just the same

All the creumen in the capsules all went to the University and then into the his Force where they came out just the same. There all line crews and instructor crews and standboard weenie crews

and they all dress up in ticky tacky and they all look just the same.

On abort in the cassule at three in the morning We all watch for fault lights but the fault lights look the same.

And we order from a menu that is very discussified But the food is put in foil packs and all tastes just the same.

And the snow comes to lyoning Montana and Dakota ble re stuck in the Capsule and each day is the same. So we scrutinge the pronography anglelance at our manuals but after three days there, it all looks just the same

Repeat Ist verse

Notes - This says it all.

There are no Misselemen down in Hell

There are no missile men down in hell

There are hippie agitators and a dozen marigators but there are no missile men down in hell

The crew commanders life is just a farce (regeat) The change in status isn't on ses regoing Parthouse on the john The crew commanders life is just a farce

The deputy thinks he has lots of class (reseat) On the gravy train he rides, When thre's work to do he hides. And you'll always find him sitting on his ... clain.

The flight commander thinks he is first rate (repeat)
Oh he thinks he's bright and perky, but his really just a turkey
But to himself he thinks he is first rate:

The site cook really is adope (repeat)
But never tell him that he dumb, cll you do you'll have to run.
When you fund your dinner tasting just like soap

The SAT troops are the worst by far (receat)
They re always riding into town, chasing women all around
And they often make their LF checks from hars.

Instructor crews are always in the dark (repeat)
clts protection that they seek with new procedures every week
the instructor crews are always in the dark

The standboard weences say they are so fair (rope at)
They say that check rude sure looked week, we'll see you at
the formal critique.
You can tell them by their palms all avered with hair.

(They just flunked their ORT and they re too damned scared to die They just flunked their ORT and they re too damned scared to die Oh there are no mussile men down in hell. Repeat last 3 lines.

On the Line

Sac keeps a close watch on this life of mine They keep their thumb upon me all the time They're always looking for mistakes sublime This ass of mine is on the line

SAC makes it very very easy to screw up They caught me drinking from the wrong sude of the cup and when I try to make a point they say tough luck This ass of mine ... is on the line

Os sure as might is dark and day is light They say i'm wrong even when it prove i'm right And revelation only serves to cloud their sight. This ass of mine is on the line

My brief career is threatened every day I was het by 3901st and now they say.

You'd best get ready for the clist's on his way (He's on his way?) I heard just this mining from the squadron secretary who learned also from a semi reliable source. That the class is scheduled to land this very evening. Therefore.
This ass of mine ... is on the line.

Notes. 390/st. Eval team from Vandenberg.

Reden down this lonesome road, thinking back to user why I left tonite, cfiff never know with the cold wind is whistlin' by my ear, cf shiver with the cold I wish I was back home again, and need your hand to hold.

When morning comes you'll fund my note Please try to understand you know I didn't want to leave this way.
Sive little Jenny a great leg hug-tell her don't be said.
Tell her 'Haggy Birthday' for her dad.

cause cline got the call, clive got to go, These hadsof was wont wait clinow its hard for you to understand.

Chorus | But something does inside me makes me proud to do my share and clim coming back to you soon as I can.

I know classificated that clif have this special day at home you heard these words so many time before.

Now classes cliff special her birthday out at Kilo One clts just a day not special anymore.

But my little girl wont understand why daddy isn't there als hard to understand when you're just "two".
Chows 2 There's something deep inside me makes me proud to do my share and clim coming back to you soon as I can

Come this spring, well be leaving leave this place behind. We're gonna be a family again We'll visit the zoo, take a walk or two We'll wrestle on the floor. I won't be chosing missiles anymore.

But my little girl wort understand why daddy isn't there.

clts hard to understand when you're just two.

Chows 2 But something deep inside me makes me proud to do my share

And cl'm coming back to you soon as cl can

Chows! repeat

Riding down this long lonesome road.

Good Old Capsule Crew

Sung to Mountain Sour" and "White hightnin

They call us that good old capsule crew and men of our courage are few We live like a mile way down in the hole That good old capsule crew

Well at Notel flight way out in the sticks
Lived a crew commander mamed Mean Seme Nicks
Neid watch his missiles til the sun went down
And heid sing right out with a joyeful sound.

Chows Oh missiles dutjes pleasin, it meves will be leavin
Oth Ook Ook it love it

Twas the 3rd of fune that fateful day
Sene went on alert so far away
Then the fuel shortage lit, it still hasn't passed
Now he'll never be relieved by there isn't any gas
Thous

Well I asked mean Gene why they called his crew-The tight twosome stead of One-O-Two When he kissed his deputy It all came clear Missile Duty made Nean Sene queen Thomas

Sky lops, OSI, C/R, they're all chasing Mean Gene trying to put him away They're looking trying to bookhim, but Mean Gene Keeps on truckin Ook, look, Ook of love it

Repeat 1st verse

That good old capsub crew

The Crew that Never Returned sung to Kingston Tres song "The MIR.

Let me tell you all about a crew commander mamed Charlie cln the merry merry month of May.
We grabbed his tech data, kissed his surfer and family and went on about that day.

Chous But did they ever return no they never returned and their fate may be unlearned (what a pity) They may drive forever on the plains of Rebraska The Crew that never returned

The deputy was driving toward Western Petraska.
At a speed of land Swindred and type
When the State Patrolman waved that crew van over
saying "Key buddy of want you.

So from the jail Charlie called the Command Post
and told them of his slight
The Controller said hold on, I've got to call Omaha
For mow you just gotta set tight."

Chorus

urthout (urkat o pety)

Charlie broke from the jail and headed for the cassule Down to the LCC We slammed the Blast door, turned around and shuddered, For waiting there was O.O.V.

Now seven mays errors is a poor performance
As all of you surely know
The Standboard crew waved a finger at Charlie
Saying "Charlie, you gotta go.

Chorus

(fame and scandal)

Notes LCC - Launch Control Center

Charlie called the Command Post and told them what had happened

No asked to be refreshed in the field

The controller said ins, I can bet you go.

No was firm he would not yield

Chorus He said "Ant ever return. Om? you ever return.

Jour Fate has more bearined.

Journal stay from math, the plants of Melraska.

To Warren don't ever return.

Oh No

To Warren don't ever return say again To Warren don't way ever rotu Oh give me a home, where the gas weenies room where the SAT troops and site Nothers play: ...
Where seldom is heard an ungarbled word.
And we mover so the light of day.

Chorus Where all the SAC missileemen stay.
Where we do our best and pass all the tests.
Oh when do we get about pay

We drive to our site, the it takes half the night Thru the wind and the nain and the snow. Our leaders are brown but at home they must stay Now we'd like to tell them what to do

Chorus (1st 2 lines)

We watch our ten birds til the warble tones heard But its only an Olymeric Play

The food tastes just great like an old paper plate and the water is not fit to drink Television they say well be installed on the day. That hell freezes over of think

Chorus ((st 2 lines) The battles we fight to stay awake half the night Oh when do we get alert play.

We read magazines with lush bedroom scenes Frustration does things to our brains. Champagne is taloo. Temples are too So for 36 hours we abstain We feel like old men on abert we have been all touckes our hearts like a knife.
But to tell you the truth we regain our youth. The night we're back home with our wives. Chorus Notes Olympic Play - soutine exercise 2/

II-31)

Lydia M. Fish
Director, Vietnam Veterans Oral History and Folklore Project
Department of Anthropology
Buffalo State College
1300 Elmwood Avenue
Buffalo, NY 14222
Home: (716) 883 1843
Office: (716) 878-6110

GENERAL EDWARD G. LANSDALE AND THE FOLKSONGS OF AMERICANS IN THE VIETNAM WAR

The occupational folksongs of Americans, both military and civilians, who served in the Vietnam War are closely related to those of earlier wars. They are also strongly influenced by the folksong revival and by country and popular music. Our knowledge of these songs is almost entirely due to the work of General Edward Geary Lansdale, who, in addition to his extensive collecting of folksongs, made use of folklore as a technique of psychological warfare and as a means of conveying intelligence.

To most of us, the Vietnam War has a rock and roll soundtrack. Almost every novel, memoir or oral history of the war by a veteran mentions the music that the author listened to in country. All the songs of the sixties were part of life in the combat zone; troops listened to music in the bush and in the bunkers (Perry 1968). Sony radios, Akai stereos and Teac tape decks were easily available, American music was performed live by the ubiquitous Filipino rock bands, AFVN Radio broadcast round the clock, and new troops arrived weekly with the latest records from the states. GI-operated underground radio stations, playing mostly hard acid rock, were part of the in-country counterculture of the war. Even the enemy contributed to the sound of American music on the airwaves; Radio Hanoi played rock and soul music, while a series of soft-voiced, Oxford-accented women announcers known collectively to the troops as Hanoi Hannah competed with AFVN disk jockey Chris Noel for the hearts and minds of the American soldiers. The troops had their own top forty, of songs about going home, like "Five Hundred Miles," or "Leaving on a Jet Plane," or of darker or more cynical album cuts which reflected their experiences: "Run Through the Jungle," "Bad Moon," "Paint it Black," or "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down." References to popular music are an integral part of the language of the war: "Puff the Magic Dragon" or "Spooky" meant a cargo plane outfitted with machine guns, "rock and roll" fire from an M-16 on full automatic. But there were other songs in Vietnam, too--the songs made by the American men and women, civilians and military, who served there, for themselves.

Some of these were part of the traditional occupational folklore of the military. The pilots who flew off the carriers and out of Thailand sang songs that were known by the men who flew in the two World Wars and the Korean War: "Give Me Operations," "Save A Fighter Pilot's Ass," "There Are No Fighter Pilots Down in Hell." Captain Kris Kristofferson rewrote one of the most popular of all Korean War songs, "Itazuke Tower" in Germany and his helicopter pilot buddies carried it to Vietnam where it was sung as "Phan Rang Tower" and reworked again by Phantom Jock Dick Jonas as "Ubon Tower." They learned RAF songs like "Stand to Your Glasses" and British Army songs like "I Don't Want to Join the Army" from the Australians who served in Vietnam. Some of the songs grow directly out of the Vietnam experience; in the spring of 1970 the men of the second battalion of the 502nd brigade of the 101st Airborne Division created one of the most powerful songs of the war, "The Boonie Rat Song," and appointed a keeper of the company song (Del Vecchio 1983 :i, 100-101; Rosenberg 1988). In some cases both the words and music were original, usually new lyrics were set to folk, country or popular tunes. Barry Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets" alone spawned dozens of parodies.1

These songs served as a strategy for survival, as a means of unit bonding and definition, as entertainment, and as a way of expressing emotion. All of the traditional themes of military folksong can be found in these songs: praise of the great leader

("We Flew in the Wolfpack with Robin Olds"), celebration of heroic deeds ("Doumer Bridge"), laments for the death of comrades ("Blue Four"), disparagement of other units ("Green Flight Pay"), and complaints about incompetent officers ("The LT Who Never Returned") and vainglorious rear-echelon troops ("Saigon Warrior"). Like soldiers from time immemorial they sang of epic drinking bouts ("Beer La Rue") and encounters with exotic young women ("Saigon Girls"). Songs provided a means for the expression of protest, fear and frustration, of grief and of longing for home. Some of the songs show empathy with the enemy; I recently ran across a very gentle fighter pilots' song presented from the point of view of a girl in love with a North Vietnamese truck driver on the Ho Chi Minh trail. Others, especially late in the war, are extremely violent: "Strafe the Town and Kill the People," "Chocolate-Covered Napalm" and "We're Going to Rape and Kill."

Civilians serving with civilian agencies such as AID (Agency for International Development), CORDS (Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support), the State Department and the CIA had their own songs. Jim Bullington, who was working for AID in Quang Tri in 1968, wrote "Yes, We Are Winning" while he was in hiding in Hue during the Tet Offensive of that year. (Bullington 1985) In Dong Tam Emily Strange, (Red Cross), with her friend Barbara Hagar (USO), wrote "Incoming," complaining about having to go the bunkers every night, and sang it for enthusiastic grunts on the firebases (Strange 1988). Employees of OCO (Office of Civil Operations) and JUSPAO (Joint United States Public Affairs Office) contributed "Where Have All the Field Reps Gone" and "God Smite Thee, Barry Zorthian." They griped about the unpunctuality of Air America flights ("Damn Air America, You're Always Late") and the futility of pacification efforts ("We Have Pacified This Land One Hundred Times"). The Cosmos Tabernacle Choir was composed of CIA agents who used to meet in the Cosmos Bar near the American Embassy. Their songs tended to be both cynical and humorous: "Counting Geckos on the Wall," "Deck the Halls with Victor Charlie" and "I Feel Like a Coup is Coming On." The group even had a Cosmos Command patch made, showing crossed Bau Muoi Ba bottles over an explosion, which can still be seen on the walls of bars in McLean and Langley (Allen 1988).

All the streams of American musical tradition meet in the songs of the Vietnam War. The influence of the folksong revival was strong, especially in the early or advisor period of the war. Many of the soldiers, especially the young officers who had been exposed to the revival in college, were already experienced musicians when they arrived in Vietnam. A few brought instruments with them, others ordered them from the United States (Lem Genovese remembers buying a mail-order autoharp from Sears Roebuck) or purchased Japanese guitars from the PX or on the local economy. Many of them sang together in Kingston-Trio-style trios or quartets: the Merrymen, the Blue Stars, the Intruders, the Four Blades. Country music groups were also formed in Vietnam and many songs are based on country favorites: "I Fly

the Line," "Short Fat Sky," and "Ghost Advisors." One of the great song writers of the war, Dick Jonas, wrote almost entirely in this tradition. Later in the war, many of the young soldiers had played in rock bands before being drafted and this, too, is reflected in the music. Some of the songs of the anti-war movement at home were also sung in Vietnam; one night at Khe Sanh Michael Herr saw a group of grunts sitting in a circle with a guitar singing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" (1977:148).

Joseph Treaster, a member of The New York Times Saigon bureau, wrote in 1966:

Almost every club has a resident musician, usually a guitar player, whom the men crowd around, singing songs about their lives in a strange country and the war they are fighting. The songs are laced with cynicism and political innuendoes and they echo the frustrations of the "dirty little war" which has become a dirty big one. Above all, the songs reflect the wartime Yank's ability to laugh at himself in a difficult situation. The songs grow fast as first one man, then another, throws in a line while the guitar player searches for chords. The tunes are usually old favorites (1966:104).

Photographs in the DOD Still Media Archives and paintings in the Army and Marine art collections show soldiers playing guitars in bars, in bunkers or while sitting in the sun at base camp. One Navy photograph shows a group called the Westwinds playing for wounded Marines aboard the assault landing ship Iwo Jima. Three members of the Merrymen met and first played together on a troopship bound for Vietnam. Joseph Tuso (1971:2-3) gives a vivid description of formal parties at an Air Force Officers' Club in Thailand; solitary singers or groups provided entertainment during the meal and broadsides were sometimes distributed so everyone could join in. In my own collection I have tapes of performances at farewell parties and concerts, in officers' clubs and bars, hootches and bunkers.

The same technology which made it possible for the troops to listen to rock music "from the Delta to the DMZ" provided ideal conditions for the transmission of folklore. The widespread availability of inexpensive portable tape recorders meant that concerts, music nights at the mess, or informal bar performances could be recorded, copied and passed along to friends. Toby Hughes writes,

Just before leaving Southeast Asia and as a favor to some friends I recorded (three songs) on tape, leaving them with instructions not to let the tape be copied, as I planned to include the songs in a book. One has to understand fighter pilots and their love of fighter pilot songs to know that I was neither surpised nor upset to find that copies of the tape were all over Southeast Asia within thirty days. One copy actually beat me back to the States and I was subjected to the strange sensation of hearing my own voice, recorded

half-way around the world, singing the songs over the speakers in the casual bar just after arriving at my stateside assignment. (1989)

Some especially popular groups made tapes for their fans and several singers had records cut. We know that these songs were occasionally played on AFVN Radio and they were probably also played on the "bullshit net" which the troops operated illegally on field radios. The extremely high rate of troop mobility meant that these songs spread rapidly.

Some of this music even had official sponsorship. early 1960s the USIS (United States Information Service) sponsored tours of Vietnam by American folk groups, although these mostly played for Vietnamese villagers rather than American troops. Especially talented performers and groups were often picked to represent their units at commanders' conferences or to entertain visiting dignitaries. In 1965 Hershel Gober formed a band called the Black Patches and was sent on tour to sing for the troops, including a "command performance" for General Westmoreland. Later in the war Bill Ellis, who wrote songs about the First Cavalry Division, was taken out of combat and sent around to sing for men on the remote firebases, where USO performers couldn't go. He also cut a record, a copy of which was given to each member of the division on his return to the United States. A few of these performers were filmed or recorded for radio or television release over the Armed Forces Network or in the United States.

No folklorist thought to collect these songs, although Saul Broudy (1969) based his MA thesis on a tape and a songbook of helicopter pilot songs which he acquired during his tour of duty in Vietnam. Two Air Force officers, Joseph Tuso (1971) and James Durham (1970), published excellent collections of song texts they had learned in country and Bill Getz (1981, 1986) included Vietnam War material in his superb two volume work on Air Force songs. However, with the exception of the Tuso article, which was published in Folklore Forum in 1971, these sources were not easily accessible to folklorists. It is to another Air Force officer, Major General Edward G. Lansdale (1908-1987), that we owe most of our knowledge of the songs of the Vietnam War.

Lansdale, a legendary figure in his own right (William E. Colby regarded him as one of the ten greatest spies of all time), is best known to military historians for his unorthodox approach to counterinsurgent warfare. In his introduction to Cecil Currey's excellent biography of Lansdale, Colby writes:

His battles were over ideas and his weapons were the tools to convince, not kill. His influence with Asians came more from his preference to listen to them than from a compulsion to tell them, an unfortunately rare attribute among the other Americans they knew. He was more interested in their songs and stories than in their armaments and believed the people's rich traditions and history were more important than their military's stockpiles in the long run (1989:xi).

Most of Lansdale's career was dedicated to furthering the cause of democracy in emerging nations, primarily in the Philippines and Vietnam. He was convinced that a government's best weapon against Communist insurgency was the genuine support and trust of the population, a belief which ran counter to the conventional American military wisdom which relied on force. He was fascinated by the traditions and customs of the people with whom he worked and made brilliant use of applied folklore both as a technique of psychological warfare and as means of conveying intelligence. He also compiled and edited one of the finest collections of occupational folksong ever made.

Lansdale's interest in the possibilities of folklore as a technique of psychological warfare dated back to his OSS days in World War II. In 1943 he circulated a memo on Japanese proverbs pointing out that "a surprising number of these sayings—clothed with credibility by centuries of usage—can be made applicable to modern events and can, in the opinion of this section, be used effectively against the Japanese." (1943:1).

In 1945 Lansdale was assigned to the Philippines. His brother Ben, who had served there during the war, remembers that Lansdale asked him if he could remember any tunes he might have heard the Filipino soldiers sing. When Ben could not, Lansdale pulled out his harmonica, played a few songs and asked if any of them sounded familiar. He suggested that such things might be important; he wanted to understand and communicate with the Filipinos and one way would be to know their songs, "something they hold dear in their hearts." (Currey 1989:26-27).

Lansdale always held that the proper place for an intelligence operative was with people; it was necessary to talk with them, eat and drink with them, learn about their dreams and share their interests. When he wanted to learn about the Communist-led Hukbalahap guerrillas, he simply made use of intelligence sources to determine the most likely routes they would take when escaping from superior numbers of Filipino soldiers, camped out on the trail alone and waited for them to appear (Currey 1989:39). He picked up many of the folktales and traditions of the barrios and wrote in his memoirs about the "mournful singing of men and women known as nangangaluluwa as they walked from house to house on All Saints' night telling of lost and hungry souls." (1972:72). He also amassed a considerable collection of Filipino songs in manuscript and on tape.

In 1950 Lansdale returned to the Philippines to advise Philippine Army Intelligence Services in the fight against the Huk insurgency. In the spring of that year, he put together a special school for Filipino army officers training in the United States, using as instructors officers who had had practical experience in psychological warfare. "People came on their own, they paid their own way," Lansdale remembered years later, "[to] reminisce [and tell] war stories about World War II." Instruction focused on incidents where one military force had been deceived and tricked by its enemies (Currey 1989:68-69).

He made good use of these techniques, and of his knowledge of Filipino superstitions, in one of his most famous exploits. The Filipino army had not been able to evict a squadron of Huks from the area of a garrison town. A combat psychological warfare squad was brought in and, under Lansdale's direction, planted stories among town residents of an asuang or vampire living on the hill where the Huks were based. A famous local soothsayer, they said, had predicted that men with evil in their hearts would become its victim. After giving the stories time to circulate, the squad set up an ambush on a trail used by the Huks and, when a patrol came by, snatched the last man. They punctured his neck with two holes, held the body upside down until it was drained of blood, and put it back on the trail. The next day the entire Huk squadron moved out of the area (Lansdale 1960:6-7).

He also made use of his interest in music as a way of getting a message across. In 1953 he arranged for the recording and pressing of a "Magsaysay Mambo" and "Magsaysay March" which were used to good effect in the presidential campaign of that year (Lansdale 1953:1).

Lansdale was sent to Vietnam in 1954 and at once began to familiarize himself with Vietnamese history, society and customs. He was especially interested in soothsayers and developed a concept of the use of astrology for psychological warfare in Southeast Asia. He noticed that, although soothsayers did a thriving business, none of their predictions were issued in printed form. He decided that it might be a good idea to print an almanac for 1955 containing predictions of the most famous astrologers, especially those who foresaw a dark future for the Communists and predicted unity in the south. Several soothsayers were willing to cooperate, although Lansdale was interested to notice that they all insisted that they were following professional ethics and that playing tricks would be beneath them. He also noted that some of the things they foretold actually came true. Copies were shipped by air to Haiphong and then smuggled into Viet Minh territory. The almanac, which was sold for a small price to avoid the appearance of propaganda, became an instant best seller in Haiphong and a large reprint order was sold out as soon as it hit the stands. The unexpected profits were donated to the funds helping the refugees from the North (Lansdale 1971b, Lansdale 1972:226-227, Pentagon Papers 1971:I, 582).

Lansdale's interest in the soothsayers continued after his return to Vietnam in 1965 as head of the Senior Liaison Office (SLO) in Saigon. On May 18, 1967, he wrote to Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker:

It is suggested that the U.S. Mission compile a list of the personal soothsayers and astrologers who service leading Vietnamese personalities, particularly those who will be candidates in the forthcoming Presidential campaign. These soothsayers have a decided influence on the activities of many of the Vietnamese leaders, and their guidance may not always coincide with U.S.

objectives. In turn, most soothsayers are vulnerable to certain influences, also. Perhaps such a project is already being carried out, unknown to me. If so, I can think of some folks such as General Loan who deserve a bit of influencing (Lansdale 1968:1).

He also circulated memos on proverbs as a clue to Vietnamese attitudes, the importance of being aware of jokes circulated by the Vietnamese about Americans, auspicious dates, and the traditional meanings of colors for the Vietnamese people. alerted the ambassador to political stories being circulated before the senatorial election of 1967 and expressed his hope that these stories will have lost currency by the time there is a real influx of journalists and other "foreign observers" to cover the elections, who might well believe such stories told by prominent citizens. "I suggest that we keep alert to the folk lore, be aware of the reasons for some of the kookier questions we may be asked by the visitors." (1967b). His interest in the customs of the Vietnamese was endless; when he was invited to an engagement party and a wedding in the summer of 1967 he sent descriptions of the events to the ambassador and the members of the U.S. Mission Council which are models of ethnographic field

In 1966 Lansdale issued a short dictionary of Vietnamese slang terms. He told Currey in 1984:

I noticed . . . at big gatherings, where Americans and Vietnamese mixed at official functions, the Vietnamesespeaking Americans occasionally got baffled looks on their faces. I asked them about it and was told they simply didn't understand what was being said. I went to the Vietnamese and asked them. They told me they made up slang to get around Americans who spoke Vietnamese. I put out a dictionary with political slang in it. The Vietnamese had nicknames for all sorts of people and events and constantly added new ones. Along with general slang, they had names for leading Americans -- the ambassador, the generals, the AID people. Westmoreland was "Mr. Four Stars." I was the "General." They had, I finally discovered, about six or seven of these damned nicknames for me (Currey 1989:406).

In the same year Brigadier General Fritz Freund, who was at that time assigned to JUSPAO, was given charge of a Chieu Hoi operation, a program to encourage members of the Viet Cong to desert and join the other side. Usually these were tied to offensive combat action, with the assumption that the Viet Cong would be discouraged by the bombing or the battle and choose that moment to quit. Lansdale suggested that many of the enemy guerrillas were growing homesick, and that they would be missing their families especially at Tet, when Vietnamese traditionally visit their families and eat a huge holiday dinner. He proposed to Prime Minister Nguyen Cao Ky that they put on a Tet dinner at all the Chieu Hoi centers and advertise by propaganda leaflet

that anyone who came in and surrendered at that time would be given a big meal and that efforts would be made to get him back to his family. Leaflets with the Tet dinner menu were duly distributed and more Viet Cong came in and surrendered than at any previous time (Lansdale 1971b).

In 1955 Lansdale met the Vietnamese singer Pham Duy. Pham Duy was a formally trained musician who was interested in Vietnamese folkmusic, collected it for over twenty years and eventually published a book on the subject (1975). He was also an extremely talented song writer, whose songs were taken up by guerrillas, students and villagers at the time of Vietnam's struggle for independence from France; it was his songs that the soldiers sang when they hauled the guns across the mountains to Dien Bien Phu (Yoh, 1988). In 1955 he broke with the Viet Minh and came south, where he went to work for Radio Saigon.

In 1965 Lansdale visited a camp of college students in Gia Dinh, where they were building housing for refugees who had come from central Vietnam. Classes were about to start and the young volunteers were working overtime. While he watched, a crew started on a new building and broke into a song which was picked up by the other crews, Pham Duy's "Vietnam, Vietnam." Later he heard the song sung by troops, by the Rural Construction/Revolutionary Development cadre who served in the hamlets and countryside, and by workers in the cities (Lansdale 1966, 1967a). Lansdale urged Pham Duy and other composers to write songs to help raise the morale of the Vietnamese people; the American and Vietnamese governments occasionally acted as patrons for concerts of this material.

Often American and Vietnamese singers performed together. Bill Stubbs, who served as Public Affairs Officer for USIS at the American Cultural Center in Hue, remembers an evening when Steve Addis, who was touring Vietnam for the Cultural Presentations Program of the State Department, and Pham Duy sang together in a boat on the Perfume River, while the young girls who worked the river as prostitutes clustered around in their little boats and accompanied them on mandolins (Stubbs 1988). With Lansdale's encouragement, Pham Duy put together a singing group to perform for the Vietnamese army in combat areas, and several propaganda films were based on his songs. At parties at the villa where the SLO team lived, Pham Duy first tried out songs which Lansdale later heard being sung by schoolchildren in the villages (Lansdale 1966:1-3, Lansdale 1967a, Lansdale 1978:1-2).

Lansdale himself was a good performer on the harmonica; when he first arrived in Saigon in 1954 he and his Philippine security man, Procolo Mojica, who played guitar, amused themselves and guests by playing duets (Currey, 1989:142). When he returned for his second tour in 1965, he began recording the singing at parties at his villa at 194 Cong Ly. Pham Duy was a regular singer on these occasions, but other Vietnamese guests, students, military men and bureaucrats, including Prime Minister Ky and Nguyen Duc Thang, the minister of rural rehabilitation, also contributed songs. The whole cast of the early years of the war

appears on these tapes: visiting American dignitaries and newsmen, Philippine and Korean visitors, American soldiers serving as advisors to the Vietnamese military, and American civilians working for the CIA, USIS, CORDS, the Foreign Service or AID. Jim Bullington, serving as Vice counsel in Hue, occasionally dropped in to sing the latest songs from I Corps and Hershel Gober, who was working as a sub-sector advisor for MACV (Military Assistance Command Vietnam) in Rach Gia on the Gulf of Siam, would hop a flight up to Saigon to record a song which he had just written (Gober 1987).

Early in 1967 Lansdale put together a tape of 51 of these songs, as a "report from the Senior Liaison Office of the U.S. Mission in Vietnam to top U.S. officials." He wrote a script which explained circumstances of the composition and performance of the songs and Hank Miller, who had joined his team from Voice of America, edited the tape and did the narration. Lansdale sent copies to Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, Walt Rostow, Henry Cabot Lodge, Henry Kissenger and General William Westmoreland, among others. "I had hoped," he wrote later, "to catch some of the emotions of the Vietnam War in these folk songs and, with them, try to impart more understanding of the political and psychological nature of the struggle to those making decisions." (Lansdale 1975). He was worried that these decisions were being made outside of the context of the needs and feelings of the Vietnamese people and of the American troops. (Lansdale 1971a) Unfortunately, Washington was not listening to what Les Cleveland has described as "perhaps the only example known to military history of folklore being used for the transmission of intelligence." (Cleveland 1986:9). "I got form letters back from all those people," he said. "It was very disappointing to me and I don't know to this day whether they ever listened to them or not." (1971a)3. He presented a copy of this collection, In the Midst of Wars, to the Music Division of the Library of Congress in 1974.

Lansdale returned to the United States in 1968. For the next eight years he worked intermittently on a second collection of songs by Americans in the Vietnam War. Friends still serving in Vietnam sent him tapes of new material and he also made a systematic effort to fill in the gaps in his earlier collection. At gatherings in his house in Virginia he asked singer friends to perform songs from the Saigon days of which he did not have recordings. A special "Cosmos bar reunion" was held in 1975 to record the songs of the Cosmos Command (Maxa 1975:4). In the spring of 1977 he presented the Library of Congress with a superb second collection of 160 songs, Songs by Americans in the Vietnam Unlike the first collection, which was arranged thematically, this one was presented chronologically: the first sixty songs, including most of the English-language material from the first collection, were from the advisory period from 1962 to 1965, the second one hundred were from the U.S. combat period from 1965 to 1972. Again, Lansdale wrote the script and Hank Miller did the narration and the editing, which was a truly

formidable task. Lansdale identified each singer, often gave details about the circumstances under which the song was performed and sometimes included several variants.

Lansdale has left us no formal statement about these collections. In the notes to <u>In the Midst of War</u> he states, "In 18 months, there have been many tapes. The songs they record are part of the history of a long, long war--and unexpectedly, we realize now that all along we have been historians without meaning to be--that these tapes tell the story of a human side of war which should be told." (1967). In the letter to the Music Division which accompanied the gift of Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War he wrote, "This collection is given to you so that the songs can be available to all who are interested. emotions and thoughts of Americans in the Vietnam War, expressed in these songs mostly sung for comrades and virtually unknown in the United States during the war, deserve being preserved as unusual insights into the feelings of the Americans who fought They should prove invaluable to the scholar or historian seeking a true understanding." (1977).

It is true that these songs can give the historian a unique perspective on the war. "The Battle of Long Khanh," sung by the men of the 6th Royal Australian Regiment, "The Battle for the Ia Drang Valley," written by James Multon of the First Cavalry, (Lansdale 1976) or "The Ballad of Ap Bac," which was sung in the clubs at Soc Trang and Tan Son Nhut and which Captain Richard Ziegler included in his detailed notes on the battle, include information which is never found in the official after-action reports. As Neil Sheehan has argued, ballads of battles composed by the men who fight them often suffer from factual inaccuracies because of the confusion of war, but the inaccuracies do not detract from the truth (Sheehan 1988:305-307).

But Lansdale was more than a historian without meaning to be one -- he was also a superb accidental folklorist. His unedited field tapes, deposited at the Hoover Institution Archives at Stanford University in 1980, include 68 tapes of SLO staff, friends and visitors recorded in Saigon and Virginia between 1968 and 1975 and nine additional tapes of songs by American There are also eighteen tapes of Vietnamese music, servicemen. including seven of the music of the Lien Minh, guerrilla troops under Trinh Minh The, recorded 1954-1955, songs of the Vung Tao Choir, a cadre group of trainees at the Revolutionary Development at Vung Tao, three tapes of miscellaneous Vietnamese music and one tape of Viet Cong songs. There are also ten tapes of music from the Philippines (McCluggage 1981:1-3). As a collection of occupational folksongs, his work is unmatched for breadth of conception and for recognition of a living tradition at the time of its creation. No one else who collected military folksong has thought of documenting, during the war, the songs of civilians serving in the combat zone, allied troops and the enemy.

Folklorists have spent a good deal of time arguing about the pros and cons of applied folklore over the past twenty years. Those engaged in these esoteric discussions have often overlooked

the fact other people have been operating effectively in an area that we tend to consider our own province. In Lansdale we have a superb example of a highly skilled practitioner of applied folklore—a man who not only collected the material, but used it efficiently and with extreme sophistication.

NOTES

The songs mentioned in the text are from my own collection or from the Lansdale tapes in the Library of Congress. information about radio in Vietnam I am indebted to Roger Steffens, Larry Suid and Alexis Muellner. Dick Jonas, Lem Genovese, Emily Strange, Joseph Tuso, Bull Durham, Hershel Gober, Mike Staggs, Saul Broudy, and Bill Ellis told me about making and performing songs in Vietnam. Bill Getz, Les Cleveland and Frank Smith have been unfailingly helpful, in supplying material from their own Vietnam collections and comparative texts from other wars. Dick Koeteeuw and Tuck Boys found superb incountry tapes for me. Cynthia Johnston and Steve Brown, producers of Song of Vietnam, graciously made copies of their own interview tapes for me and introduced me to singers and to members of Lansdale's Saigon SLO team. Baird Straughan, of Radio Smithsonian, also gave me copies of his interviews with singers. Chuck Rosenberg tracked down songs and references and patiently translated military terms. Cecil Currey, Lansdale's biographer, has been extraordinarily generous in giving me access to the material he has amassed. Marylou Gjernes, Army Art Curator of the US Army Center of Military History found three wonderful paintings of soldiers making music in Vietnam and made my visit to the Army Art Collection delightful. Elena Danielson, associate Archivist at the Hoover Institution Archives at Stanford University, treated me like visiting royalty and guided me through the intricacies of the Lansdale manuscript and tape collections there. Pat Lansdale gave me the tapes which were still in her husband's possession at the time of his death and has been a gracious hostess on my trips to Washington. Joseph Baker, George Allen, Bernard Yoh, Lucien Conein, Dolf Droge, James Bullington, and Dr. Joseph Johnston shared their memories of Lansdale in Saigon and Washington, parties at his villa at 194 Cong Ly, and singing at the Cosmos Bar. Joseph Baker also gave me his tapes of Lansdale's Saigon parties and of the two edited collections, which have been invaluable, and he and Lucien Conein very kindly read the manuscript of this article. To all of these people, and to Michael Licht, who first brought the Lansdale tapes to my attention, I am deeply grateful.

1. Several of Barry Sadler's songs are set to traditional tunes and are definitely within the boundaries of military occupational folksong. Even his bestselling "Ballad of the Green Berets," which he claims to have written in a whorehouse in Nuevo Laredo, is clearly related to the unit-song tradition. (Scroft

- 1989:35) A cassette of his 1966 album continues to sell well at the Special Forces Museum at Fort Bragg.
- 2. Lansdale's notes and memos on the subject of Vietnamese folklore are in box 62, folder 1619, of the Lansdale collection at the Hoover Archives at Stanford University.
- 3. Oddly enough, transcriptions of some of these songs turned up in the documentary evidence submitted in the libel trial of General Westmoreland vs CBS. (Ritter 1986:3)

REFERENCES CITED

- Allen, George. 1988. Interview by author, July 13, 1988.
- Broudy, Saul P. 1969. G.I. Folklore in Vietnam. M.A. thesis. Folklore Department, University of Pennsylvania.
- Bullington, James. 1985. Interview by Steve Brown and Cynthia Johnston, 17 September 1985.
- Les Cleveland. 1986. Songs of the Vietnam War: An Occupational Folk Tradition. Manuscript.
- Currey, Cecil B. 1989. <u>Edward Lansdale: The Unquiet American</u>. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.
- Del Vecchio, John. 1983. <u>The Thirteenth Valley</u>. New York: Bantam Books.
- Durham, James P. ("Bull"). 1970. Songs of S.E.A. n.p.: Dur-Don Enterprises.
- Getz, C. W. 1981. The Wild Blue Yonder: Songs of the Air Force. Vol I. Burlingame, California: Redwood Press.
- Vol. II. Stag Bar Edition. Burlingame, CA: Redwood Press.
- Gober, Hershel. 1987. Interview by Baird Straughan.
- Herr, Michael. 1977. <u>Dispatches</u>. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
- Hughes, Toby. 1989. What The Captain Means: A Song of the In-Country Air War. Manuscript.
- Lansdale, Edward Geary. 1943. From the Dragon's Mouth: Japanese proverbs which may be turned against Japan. Lansdale Collection, Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, Stanford, California, box 31, folder 649.

- ------ 1953 (?). Notes on recordings, no date. Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, Stanford, California, Lansdale Collection, box 34, folder 753.
- ------ 1960. Military Psychological Operations. Part II. Lecture at Armed Forces Staff College, Norfolk, Virginia, 29 March, 1960. (Transcript in author's possession.)
- ------ 1966 Pham Duy Can: A Vietnamese Patriot. SLO memo, 23 March, 1966. Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, Stanford, California, Lansdale Collection, box 59, folder 1535.
- Archive of Folk Culture, LWO 8281, AFS 17,483 and 18,882
- ------ 1967b. Smoke-Filled Rooms. Memo from Lansdale to Ellsworth Bunker, 3 August, 1967. Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, Stanford, California, Lansdale collection, box 57, U.S. Embassy, Saigon, SLO Day File, August, 1967.
- Bunker, 18 May, 1968. Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, Stanford, California, Lansdale collection, box 62, folder 1619.
- ------ 1971a. Interview with Lansdale by unidentified interviewer, 19 June 1971. Tape in Lansdale's possesion at time of his death, presented to author by Pat Lansdale.
- ------ 1971b. Interview with Lansdale by unidentified interviewer, 8 October 1971. Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, Stanford, California, Lansdale Tape Collection, tape 124.
- Southeast Asia. New York: Harper and Row.
- ----- 1975. Memo from Lansdale to the Library of Congress, accompanying gift of <u>In the Midst of War</u>, 25 January 1975.
- of Congress, Archive of Folk Culture, LWO 9518, AFS 18,977-18,982.
- ----- 1977. Letter to Donald Leavitt, Music Division, Library of Congress, April 1977.
- ----- 1978. Letter to Edward T. Sweeney, 3 August 1978.
 Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, Stanford,
 California, Lansdale Collection, box 5, folder 173.

- ----- 1985. Interview by Steve Brown and Cynthia Johnston, 2 April 1985.
- McCluggage, Vera E. 1981. Catalogue of the Edward G. Lansdale Tape Collection. Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, August 1981.
- Maxa, Rudy. What Did You Sing in the War, Daddy? The Washington Post (Potomac Magazine), 23 February, 1975:4.
- The Pentagon Papers: The Senator Gravel Edition. 1971. The Defense Department History of United States Decisionmaking on Vietnam. 5 volumes. Boston: Beacon Press.
- Pham Duy. 1975. <u>Musics of Vietnam</u>. Edited by Dale R. Whiteside. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press.
- Perry, Charles. 1968. Is This Any Way To Run the Army? Stoned?
 Rolling Stone, November 9, 1968:1,6,8,9.
- Ritter, Jeff. 1986. Songs of the Vietnam War. <u>Broadside</u>, April 1986:3-6.
- Rosenberg, Chuck. 1988. <u>Jody's Got Your Cadillac</u>, concert of folksongs of the Vietnam War, Albany, NY, 28 May 1988.
- Scroft, Gene. 1989. Eternal Mercenary. Soldier of Fortune, February, 1989:34-36, 79-80.
- Sheehan, Neil. 1988. A Bright Shining Lie. New York: Random House.
- Strange, Emily. 1988. Letter to author, 21 August 1988.
- Stubbs, William. 1988. Interview by author, 13 December 1988.
- Treaster, Joseph B. 1966. G.I. View of Vietnam. New York Times Magazine, October 30, 1966:100, 102, 104, 106, 109.
- Tuso, Joseph F. 1971. Folksongs of the American Fighter Pilot in Southeast Asia, 1967-1968. <u>Folklore Forum</u>, Bibliographical and Special Series no. 7:1-39.
- Yoh, Bernard. 1988. Interview by author, 15 July, 1988.

Fish 16

SONG: Chu Yen

SINGERS: Merrymen, 173rd Assault Helicopter Company

TUNE: New York Girls

LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 20

Tapes of this song, performed by the Merrymen, circulated widely among Army helicopter pilots, but the song was also known to Air Force pilots.

Now listen, pilots, unto me, I'll tell you of my song, When I left the shores of old Nha Trang and I landed at Saigon.

Chorus: Hello, Chu Yen, my dear Chu Yen
All you Saigon girls, can't you dance the polka?

As I walked down Flower Street, a fair maid I did meet, She asked me please to see her home, she lived on Tu Do Street.

Now if you're willing, come with me, and you can have a treat, You can have a glass of Saigon Tea or Bau Muoi Ba Thirty-Three.

Chorus

Well, we walked for an hour or two, and finally found her hut, Papasan was a VC, Mamasan chewed betel nut.

Chorus

When I awoke next morning, I had an aching head, My pocketbook was empty and my lady friend had fled.

Now looking round this little room, I couldn't see a thing, But a poster saying, "Yankee, Go Home," and a picture of Ho Chi Minh.

Chorus: Where is Chu Yen, my dear Chu Yen?

She can do a lot of things, but she can't dance the polka.

Well, I've come to this conclusion, all pilots need a rest, But if you go to Saigon, your morals it will test.

Well, the moral of this story, don't be a sinner, Stop going down to Saigon, try the Red Cross Recreation Center.

Chorus: Goodbye, Chu Yen, farewell nuoc mam
I'm trading in my aching head, I'll try a doughnut dolly.
Please pass the cookies, I want a glass of Kool-Ade,
I'm a Red Cross girl, I want to dance the polka.
All you U.S. girls, can't you dance the polka.
(Cha Cha Cha)



SONG: Hello, Ubon Tower (The Ballad of Machete Two)
SINGER: Captain Dick Jonas, 8th Tactical Fighter Wing
TUNE: Wabash Cannon Ball
LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 122

This song was widely known in the Korean War as "Itazuke Tower." It was sung in Vietnam by helicopter pilots as "Phan Rang Tower" (Broudy 1969:37a), and by Air Force fighter pilots as "Ashau Tower" (Durham 1970:70,), "Cam Ranh Tower" (Tuso 1970:9-10, Getz 1986:HH4-5) and "The Ballad of Machete Two" (Tuso 1971:21-22, Getz 1986:HH5-6).

"Hello, Ubon Tower, this here's Machete Two, It's raining on the runway, oh Lord, what will I do? My gas tank's getting empty, and I am puckered tight, Tell me, Colonel Gibson, why must we fly at night?"

"Hello there, Machete, do you see the runway's end? 'Cause if you don't then go around and we'll try once again;" "Machete Two is on the go, I need some JP-4, Just let me hit the tanker, and then we'll try once more."

"Lion, I need vectors out to Blue Anchor Plane, Please expedite the joinup, I'm flying in the rain. I've got to hit the tanker, 'cause I sure need some gas, If he ain't got no JP-4, then he can kiss my ass."

"Hello there, Machete, Lion here, you're three miles out, I'll have you on Blue Anchor soon, of that there is no doubt. Oops, disregard the last word, you're fifty miles in trail; If you will just be patient, this time I will not fail."

"Hello Lion, Machete, you can't mean fifty miles, I'm reading seven hundred pounds here on my gas tank dials. I'm heading back to Ubon, I'll try it one more time, The truth about my chances is that they ain't worth a dime."

"My throttle's back at idle, descending at max glide, If we don't make it this time, we'll have to let it slide. We've got it on the runway, pulled off and turned about, Good Lord, look at those gauges, both engines just flamed out!"

"Hello, Ubon Tower, this here's Machete Lead, I'm standing by my airplane in mud up to my knees. I don't know just what happened, I'd like to tell you how, Won't you send the crew truck, I'd like to come in now."

"Hello there, Machete, this here is Ubon Tower, Just make a left three-sixty, you'll be down within the hour. We've got some TAC departures, lined up on the other end, Just let me them airborne, and you can come on in." "Ubon Tower, Machete, you just don't understand, We are no longer flying, we're setting in the sand. Our airplane is inverted and lying on its back, So come and take us home, I'm tired and I wanna hit the sack."

"Machete, Ubon Tower, you say you're on the ground? You know without a clearance that you can't set her down. If you have violated regs you know you'll have to wait. Machete, do you hear me?" "I hear you, FSH!"

The moral of my story is if you're low on gas, Just get it on the runway and only make one pass. On unprepared dirt runways--now listen carefully--You know if is illegal to land the F4D!

SONG: Downtown

SINGER: Captain Dick Jonas, Eighth Tactical Fighter Wing

TUNE: Downtown

LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 119

Versions of this song also appear in Durham (1970:38-39), Getz (1981:D6) and Tuso (1971:8).

When you get up at two o'clock in the morning You can bet you'll go--downtown. Shaking in your boots, you're sweating heavy all over 'Cause you've got to go--downtown.

Smoke a pack of cigarettes before the briefing's over, Wishing you weren't bombing, wishing you were flying cover; It's safer that way. The flack is muck thicker there, You know you're biting your nails and you're pulling your hair; You're going downtown, where all the lights are bright, Downtown, you'd rather switch than fight, Downtown, hope you come home tonight, Downtown, downtown.

Planning the route you keep hoping that you Won't have to go today--downtown. Checking the weather and it's scattered to broken So you still don't know--downtown.

Waiting for the guys in TOC to say you're cancelled, Hoping that the words they give will be what suits your fancy. Don't make me go. I'd much rather RTB.

So you sit and you wait, thinking, foxtrot, sierra, hotel. And I'm going downtown, but I don't want to go Downtown. That's why I'm feeling low. Downtown, going to see Uncle Ho, Downtown, downtown.

SPOKEN: Missile Force, burners now...

Barracuda has sweeping guns...

Disregard the launch light--no threat...

What do you mean, no threat? There's a pair at two

o'clock!

Take it down!

SUNG: Downtown.

SONG: Mow the Little Bastards Down (Strafe the Town and Kill the People)
SINGERS: Pilots of 8th Tactical Fighter Wing, Ubon Mess
TUNE: Wake the Town and Tell the People
LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 132

Getz (1986:16-17) includes two Vietnam War variants of this song. I also have several taped and one manuscript version.

Strafe the town and kill the people, Drop your napalm in the square. Take off early Sunday morning; Catch them while they're still at prayer.

Drop some candy to the orphans; And as the kiddies gather round, Use your twenty millimeters, To mow the little bastards down.

SPOKEN: Isn't that sweet?



SONG: Silver Wings (Green Flight Pay)
SINGER: Merrymen, 173rd Assault Helicopter Company
TUNE: Ballad of the Green Berets
LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 88

This song, sung by the Merrymen, circulated widely via tape in Vietnam. It is also included in Broudy (1969: 64).

Green beret...

CHORUS: Silver wings upon my chest,
I fly my chopper above the best.
I can make more dough that way,
But I don't need no green beret.

Tennis shoes upon his feet, Some folks call him "Sneaky Pete." He sneaks around the woods all day, And wears that funny green beret.

CHORUS

It's no jungle floor for me, I've never seen a rubber tree. A thousand men will take some test, While I fly home and take a rest.

CHORUS

And while I fly my chopper home, I leave him out there all alone. That is where Green Berets belong, Out in the jungle writing songs.

CHORUS

And when my little boy is grown, Don't leave him out there all alone. Just let him fly and give him pay, 'Cause he can't spend no green beret.

And when my little boy is old, His silver wings all lined with gold, He'll also wear a green beret, In the big parade St. Patrick's Day!

CHORUS

Green beret...

yes Sup?

Fish 22

SONG: McNamara's Band

SINGER: Written and sung by Dolf Droge, USIA

TUNE: McNamara's Band

LANSDALE NUMBER; Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 31

Oh, me name is McNamara, I've got a special band, And every couple of weeks or so I fly to old Vietnam. I assemble the troops, count communist groups, and while the choppers fall, I hurry home to tell you, sure, it's not so bad after all.

La, la, la, la, we are winning! La, la, la, yes, we are winning!

Computers roar, we tally the score, the Vietcong blaze away, And hardly a government flag survives after the close of day. But have no fear, victory's near, that is plain to see; I don't believe the New York Times, just rely on me.

La, la, la, la, we are winning! La, la, la, yes, we are winning!



SONG: Air America

SINGER: Written and sung Jim Bullington, Foreign Service

TUNE: God Bless America

LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 142

Damned Air America, You're always late. You do hound us and confound us, Our desire for to travel is great.

From old Saigon,
To dear Danang,
To the airport citadel,
Damned Air America can go to hell.
Damned Air America can go to hell.

SONG: Pacified This Land One Hundred Times
SINGER: Written and sung by Bill Stubbs, USIS
TUNE: Five Hundred Miles
LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 143

If you work for OCO, you will know RD is slow, We have pacified this land a hundred times.

CHORUS; A hundred times, a hundred times, a hundred times, a hundred times,

We have pacified this land a hundred times.

There's a hamlet that I know, where the cadre come and go, We have pacified this land a hundred times.

CHORUS

Got pajamas on my back, and of course the color is black, We have pacified this land a hundred times.

CHORUS

RD is a parlor game, pacification is the same, We have pacified this land one hundred times.

CHORUS

SONG: Montagnard Sergeant
SINGER: Cosmos Tabernacle Choir
TUNE: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean
LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War. 33

This song is widely known in camp and fraternity, as well as military tradition. Getz (1981:11-12) who comments that it is a "very popular song among airmen," found versions in fifteen Air Force Song Books. The Cosmos Command version is printed in Songs of Saigon, an undated dittoed collection of Cosmos Bar songs.

My mother's a Montagnard sergeant, She draws jump pay and quarters to boot, She lives in Saigon on per diem, And always has plenty of loot.

CHORUS: Stay here, stay here,
Oh, don't let the program go down, go down.
Stay here, stay here,
'Cause Saigon's a real swinging town.

My father's a part time guerrilla, He gives all the ARVN a fit, By selling for twenty piastres A do-it-yourself ambush kit.

CHORUS

My sisters all work in the taverns, They encourage the soldiers to roam, Drink up 'cause you'll soon leave your loved ones, And back to your wives back at home.

CHORUS

My brother's a poor missionary, He saves all the girls from sin, He'll save you a girl for five dollars, My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

My grandpa sells cheap prophylactics, He punctures each head with a pin, While grandma grows rich on abortions, My God, how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

SONG: Co Van My (My American Advisor) SINGER: Jim Bullington, Foreign Service

TUNE: Wabash Cannon Ball

LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 42

A typed five page broadside version of this ballad states that it "was composed at Quang Ngai by Captains T.C. Cooper and L.F. DeMouche, October, 1965." Verses were added by various singers, including the present performer.

You have heard of mighty warriors, you have head of deadly fights,

When broadswords clashed and cannon flashed through bloody days and nights.

There's many a fearsome fighting man in the halls of history, But they can't hold a candle to the brave young Co Van My.

The Russian revolution would have never come to pass, If the Co Van My had been there to advice the ruling class. Ho Chi Minh would be a Democrat if they were on his team, And China's dark ambitions would be a foolish dream.

Napoleon flourished briefly, but his empire soon collapsed, Cleopatra's dreams of glory terminated with an asp. Caesar had his Brutus, but anyone can see, These people would have made it if they'd had a Co Van My.

The ordinary Co Van can play a thousand parts, From a deadly jungle killer to a patron of the arts. He will talk of epic struggles, days of blood and fire and sweat, He'll be written up in Newsweek, but he ain't seen a VC yet.

The only VC that he's seen cut grass at his mess hall, So he took his trusty Pen double E and down he mowed them all. Now he has photographic proof of legions of VC, And he'll build a lie as high as the sky about being a Co Van My.

SPOKEN: The SZ is the intelligence advisor.

The SZ sits behind his desk and sighs and moans and flaps, Chasing mythical battalions across outdated maps. With "probably" and "possibly" and "indications are," He worries hell out of the men who try to fight the war.

He paints a picture of despair as he talks of the VC might, A crow of evil omen, only his eyes are bright. He speaks of hordes and legions, and canon hid in huts, He scares hell out of Saigon, but Division thinks he's nuts.

At winning paper victories the S3 has no peer, As he sits down at the O club with his whisky and his beer. He'll never lose a battle, he'll always win that fight, But his TOC gets mortared every other night.

The JB's daily recon is the terror of the beach, Calling naval gunfire missions on everything in reach. He sees VC in every hootch, supplies in every boat, He's killed one hundred fishermen, twelve chickens, and a goat.

The naval gunfire spotter is professionally proud, He's never hit a target, but his guns are awfully loud. "Delay fuse, right eight hundred," the cruisers pitch and lurch, "Cease fire, end of mission, boys, we got that VC church."

SPOKEN: Now we're going down to Saigon where there was a special brand of Co Van My--the further they got away from the combat, the more heavily armed they travelled.

He wears a jungle uniform and he moves with a tiger's stealth, He keeps his weapons sharp and clean and he's careful of his health.

He moves with a heavy escort, in danger every day. And he drives to Cho Lon twice a week to earn his combat pay.

His shirt is open to the breeze, his hat's down over his eye, A Thompson's slung across his back, there's a pistol on each thigh.

Grenades are fastened to his belt, there's a knife in either boot,

As he drives his forklift up and down the streets of Than Son Nhut.

SONG: Arrivederci, Saigon SINGER: Cosmos Tabernacle Choir TUNE: Arrivederci Roma LANSDALE NUMBER: Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War, 15

Arrivederci, Saigon,
We hope you win your war.
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons,
The Viet Cong hold them tight.
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets,
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets,
Wonder where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight.

The Bao An steal our chickens, The Dan Ve steal our rice. And the hamlet chief is selling bulgar, With the GVN acting so vulgar, Is it any wonder the VC seem so nice?

Where are the Special Forces?
They're not on our frontier.
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes,
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes,
That's they reason for the shooting that you hear.

They send us lots of colonels, With chickens on their necks.
They are working in coordination,
They are working in coordination,
They are making plans to win the war atop the Rex.

Arrivederci, Saigon,
We hope you win your war.
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

A Toast to the Commander () Ww[#])

It was early in the morning when the engines start to roar, You could see the old man standing by the operations door, 'Sweating out the take offs like he's always done before.

He's the man behind the armovired plated desk--dead drunk. When the lead ship starts to faulter and the end is near at hand, He is laying on his sofa with his headset on command,

Shouting take 'em up on top boys with a mixed drink of his hand. He's the man behind the armoured plated desk--dead drunk. Three times he led us out boys and three times he led us back, He circled o'er the target as we dove down through the flak, Shouting now let's be fair boys, I'm alergic to the flak,

He's the man behind the armoured plated desk--dead drunk.

fren.

O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sitting at O'Reilley's bar Listening to tales of blood and slaughter Came a thought into my mind Why not shag O'Reilley's daughter

CHORUS

Fiddley-I-E, Fiddley-I-O Fiddley-I-E for the one ball Reilley Rig-jig-jig sing balls and all Rub-a-dub-dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the tit Then I threw my left leg over Shagged and shagged and shagged some more Shagged until the fun was over

There came a knock upon the door Who should it be but her one ball father Two horse pistols in his hands Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the ball Shoved his head in a pail of water Shoved those pistols up his ass A damned sight farther than I shagged his daughter

As I go walking down the street People shout from every corner THERE GOES THAT DIRTY SON OF A BITCH The one who shagged O'Reilley's daughter.

WE ALL MAY BE DEAD TOMORROW

We all may be dead tomorrow
No one gives a shit but our wives
So; lets drink and get royally plastered
And enjoy what we can of our lives.

THE LITTLE BIRD

There once was a little bird, no bigger than a turd A sitten on a telegraph pole
He stuck out his neck and he shit about a peck
As he puckered up his little asshole
Asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole.

THE OTHERS TENT FLYING

The (unit) went flying
One dark and windy day
And as they taxied by
I heard (Commander) say:
I see my boys are flying
And I feel so God Damn proud
The (unit) will penetrate a cloud

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Parties make the world go around World go round, world go round Parties make the world go round So let's have a party

We're gonna build a NEW bar It's only gonna be a foot wide But it'll be a Mile long There'll be no bartenders in our bar We're gonna have BARMAIDS Cur barmaids will wear long dresses Made of CELLOPHAME Ray You can't take our barmaids home They'll take ¥0U home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids They won't LET you sleep Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Whiskey FREE Conly one to a customer Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Then we'll all go swimming No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON There'll be no loving on the dance floor And no dancing on the LOVING floor Ray	We're going to tear down the bar in our club	Boo
But it'll be a MILE long There'll be no bartenders in our bar Boo We're gonna have BARMAIDS Cur barmaids will wear long dresses Made of CELLOPHANE Ray You can't take our barmaids home Boo They'll take ¥0W home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids Boo They won't LET you sleep Ray Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Boo Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor	We're gonna build a NEW bar	Ray
There'll be no bartenders in our bar We're gonna have BARMAIDS Our barmaids will wear long dresses Made of CELLOPHANE Ray You can't take our barmaids home They'll take ¥0H home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids They won't LET you sleep Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON There'll be no loving on the dance floor	It's only gonna be a foot wide	Boo
We're gonna have BARMAIDS Our barmaids will wear long dresses Made of CELLOPHANE Ray You can't take our barmaids home They'll take #6H home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids Boo They won't LET you sleep Ray Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Boo Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Boo Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor	But it'll be a MIII long	Ray
Our barmaids will wear long dresses Made of CELLOPHAME Ray You can't take our barmaids home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids Boo They won't LET you sleep Ray Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Boo Whiskey FRIE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Boo Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor	There'll be no bartenders in our bar	Boo
Made of CELLOPHANE You can't take our barmaids home They'll take YOU home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids They won't LET you sleep Ray Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor	We're gonna have BARMAIDS	Ray
You can't take our barmaids home Boo They'll take YOU home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids Boo They won't LET you sleep Ray Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Boo Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Boo Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor Boo With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	Our barmaids will wear long dresses	Boo
They'll take ¥0U home Ray You can't sleep with our barmaids Boo They won't LET you sleep Ray Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Boo Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Boo Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor Boo With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	Made of CELLOPHANE	Ray
You can't sleep with our barmaids They won't LET you sleep Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Then we'll all go swimming No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	You can't take our barmaids home	Boo
They won't LET you sleep Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Whiskey FRIE Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Boo Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	They'll take \foundation \text{MU home}	Ray
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass Whiskey FREE Only one to a customer Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo		Boo
Whiskey FREE Ray Only one to a customer Boo Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Boo Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor Boo With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	They won't LET you sleep	Ray
Only one to a customer Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass	Doo
Served in BUCKETS Ray We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Boo Then we'll all go swimming Ray No girls allowed above the first floor Boo With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	Whiskey FREE	Ray
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river Then we'll all go swimming No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	Only one to a customer	Boo
Then we'll all go swimming No girls allowed above the first floor With their CLOTHES ON There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	Served in BUCKETS	Ray
No girls allowed above the first floor Boo With their CLOTHES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	Boo
With their CLOTUES ON Ray There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo	Then we'll all go swimming	Ray
There'll be no loving on the dance floor Boo		Boo
	With their CLOTHES ON	Ray
And no dancing on the LOVING floor Ray	There'll be no loving on the dance floor	B0 0
	And no dancing on the LOVING floor	Ray

Parties make the world go round World go round, world go round Parties make the world go round SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY

B-52 TAKE-OFF

Hand on the throttles, All eight of them
Release the brakes, All sixteen of them
Off we go into the wild blue yonder......CRASH!!!!!

- July was





Up jumped the swagman and plunged into the billabong, "You'll never catch me alive," cried he, And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong,

"You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda, "You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me." And his ghost may be heard as you ride beside the billabong, "You'll come a-waltzing, Matilda, with me."

Note: swagman—a hobo; billabong—a water hole in a dried-up river bed; waltzing Matilda—the bundle on a stick carried by a hobo; jumbuck—a small lamb; tuckerbag—knapsack.

I'VE GOT SIXPENCE

BRITISH AIR CADET VERSION

Word and Music BOX, COX and HALL



Copyright, 1943, by Chappell & Co., Inc. Copyright, 1943, by Army Air Forces Aid Society, Washington, D. C. Used by permission



engines. The taxiway all the way back to the ramp is lined with men, gesturing thumbs up, clasped hands shaking over their heads, prancing like children. The word must have gotten around. They know, and their laughing faces are a welcome sight indeed. . . . We are all down, no one lost.

Olds continued to lead his wing in the air and on the ground, shooting down a MiG-21 on 4 May 1967, and two MiG-21s on the same mission on 20 May 1967.

This brought his total score for the Vietnam War to four, more than any other pilot was to achieve during this portion of the conflict. It would be five more years before any American achieved the magic five victories in Vietnam. He did come close to being shot down on 30 March 1967. Charged with leading a low-level strike mission on the Thainguyen steel works, Olds was flying his F-4C so low that gunners on rooftops were shooting down at him. The first two bullets to strike his aircraft entered the wing from above. With a hole the size of a basketball, the aircraft wing burst into flames. The fire ceased after Olds pulled off of the bombing run, and he was able to nurse the aircraft home.

Robin Olds' comments in describing the air war over North Vietnam show his unique perspective of this conflict:

Basically, the battles aren't that much different from the Second World War. Even then they were saying that we'd never be doing it again. Well, here we are. The tactics, the maneuvers, nobody's got anything new. The differences are in speed and closing rate. The weapons systems that we've got now give you a greater killing range. But the idea is still to get behind the other guy before he gets behind you.



JOHN J. "JACK" NILES
First Lieutenant, Air Service, O.R.C.

DOUGLAS S. "DOUG" MOORE
Lieutenant (j.g.) U. S. Navy (ret.)
and

A.A. "WALLY" WALLGREN
Official carbonist of "The Stens & Stripes", A.E.F.



THE MACAULAY COMPANY Publishers, NEW YORK 1929

Copyright, 1929, by THE MACAULAY COMPANY

Ž.

The songs in this book are copyrighted . . . and they must not be used for public performance for profit without the permission of the publishers.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

the top."

Ind set down

Ind in "The
ertain boys
ethers" and
is taken out

ages of old
etters from

Indian to,

S. O. R. C.
OORE,
Navy (Ret.)

CONTENTS

MAD'MOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES	TAC 1
PETER AND PAUL	. 2
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE HOME FOLKS	. 2
THE INFANTRY	. 2
HELIGOLAND	3
THE SERGEANT	. 3:
"LOUSE SONG"	. 3
THE CORPORAL	. 36
HOME, BOYS, HOME	. 37
ALLENTOWN AMBULANCE	42
BOMBED LAST NIGHT	. 43
GROUSE, GROUSE	. 48
BON SOIR, MA CHERIE	. 50
THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND	. 50
QUAND LA GUERRE EST FINI	. 55
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE PRIVATES ARE	. 59
CAISSON SONG	. 64
I LEARNED ABOUT HORSES FROM HER	. 68
MARINE HYMN	. 72
MARINE SONG	· 72
SANTY ANNA	. 78
A NOTE ON THE MUSIC OF THE NAVY	. 84
DESTROYER LIFE	. 84
SHOWING THE FLAG	. 86
THE SHORE NAVY	92
COLUMBO	98
OH, IT'S DRIVE THE GENERAL'S CAR, MY BOY	106
N THE HARBOR AT BOULOGNE	109
ÆNEZUELA	114
HE HEY, WHY DO WE PAY	116
THE ARMORED CRUISER SQUADRON	120
	123

CONTENTS

ullet	
THE F 2 A AND THE H S ONE MONTEZUMA	P.
	. 1
LIMEY SAILOR SONG	. 1
SOME SAY THAT LOVE IS A BLESSING	. 1
BLOW, BLOW, BULLY BOYS BLOW THE WAITRESS AND THE SALLOR	. 13
THE WAITRESS AND THE SAILOR THE SAILOR WHO LOVED THE SPANWING CO.	. 14
THE SAILOR WHO LOVED THE SPANKIN' GALS	. 14
THE BALLAD OF THE PIRATE WENCH SALLY BROWN	. 15
THE KI-WI SONG	. 16
FRANKIE AND JOHNNY CADET LAMENT	. 16
CADET LAMENT THE JOLLY PILOTE	. 169
THE JOLLY PILOTE	. 175
THE RAGGEDY-ASSED CADETS JAMAIS DE LA VIE	. 177
JAMAIS DE LA VIE THE HEARSE SONG A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING	• 184
A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING	- 188
BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL	. 191
SITTIN' IN DE COTTON	. 194
DE SIX-BIT EXPRESS AIN'T GOT WEARY VET	209
	215
WHAT DO THE COLONELS AND THE GENERALS DO	218
ALLE GENERALN IN	

SONG

Bill -

This bio is more than a little bombastic, but I like it. It was done by the troops in the 401 at TFW at Jerrejon last April on the occasion of a visit I made there.

It guste: the his Unwersity on may total serial victories. The figure is truly 13 WWII, 4 SEA- and I have the confirmations to prove it. But use what ruits.

Incilutty, I misspelled sole" in that forward. I have to assume you've already found and corrected it.

Robin

ROBIN OLDS

Born on an Army post in Honolulu in 1922, "the first sounds I remember were the cough of Liberty engines warming up at dawn and the slap of the rope in the night wind against the flagpole in the parade ground." In this way General Robin Olds recalls his childhood as an "Army brat." His father was Major General Robert Olds, a flight instructor in France during World War I, an aide to Billy Mitchell, and a pioneer in heavy bombers in the mid-1930s. Robin grew up at Langley Field and Army posts throughout the world. Class president for three consecutive years in high school, he entered West Point in the summer of 1940, where he was captain of the football team and an All-American tackle. He went into combat crew training immediately upon graduation in 1943, and was assigned to the Eighth Air Force in England.

Olds first saw action in the summer of 1944 flying the P-38 with the 434th Squadron, 479th Fighter Group. Although a latecomer to the war, he learned quickly, downing two aircraft on 14 August and three more on 25 August 1944. More success followed, and his two victories on 14 February 1945, brought his total to nine and made him the Eighth's top-scoring P-38 pilot of the war. His unit then converted to the P-51 Mustang, and Olds added three more aerial victories, ending the war with 107 combat missions and an impressive total of twelve air-to-air victories and eleven aircraft destroyed on the ground. He won the British and American Distinguished Flying Crosses for his wartime exploits, and had been promoted to the rank of major at the age of twenty-two.

After the war, Robin Olds continued to meet challenges head on. He was a co-founder and team member of the Air Force's first jet acrobatic team. Flying the P-80, he placed second in the Thompson Trophy race in Cleveland in 1946. On 12 June 1946, he participated in the first round-trip trancontinential flight completed in one day. He became the first American to command a regular Royal Air Force squadron when he took the helm of the famous No. 1 Squadron at Tangmere, England, in 1948, flying the RAF's first operational jet fighter, the Gloster Meteor.

Career progression intervened in the early 1950s, and Olds found himself in an Air Defense unit in Pittsburgh, and then a staff position at Stewart AFB. He followed this with various command and staff positions in the United States, Germany, and Libya. He followed a tour in the Pentagon with command of the 81st Tactical Fighter Wing in England. A National War College graduate in 1963, Colonel Olds assumed command of the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing "Wolfpack" at Ubon, Thailand, in the fall of 1966.

Olds' achievements as commander of the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing are legendary. He led the famous "Operation Bolo" MiG sweep mission of 2 January 1967, in which he shot down his first jet aircraft, almost twenty-two years after his last victory in Europe. He rolled up a total of four MiG kills in 117 missions over North Vietnam, bringing his career victory tally to sixteen. This brought him within one victory of joining seven other Americans from World War II and Korea who were aces in two wars. He was subsequently promoted to Brigadier General and returned to the United States as the Commandant of Cadets at the Air Force Academy, and served as Director of Aerospace Safety at Norton AFB, prior to his retirement. He currently resides in Steamboat Springs, Colorado.

Dedicated to the Music Lovers of America

THE BOOK OF A THOUSAND SONGS

The World's Largest Collection of the Songs of the People, Containing More Than a Thousand Old and New Favorites:

Edited by

ALBERT E. WIER.

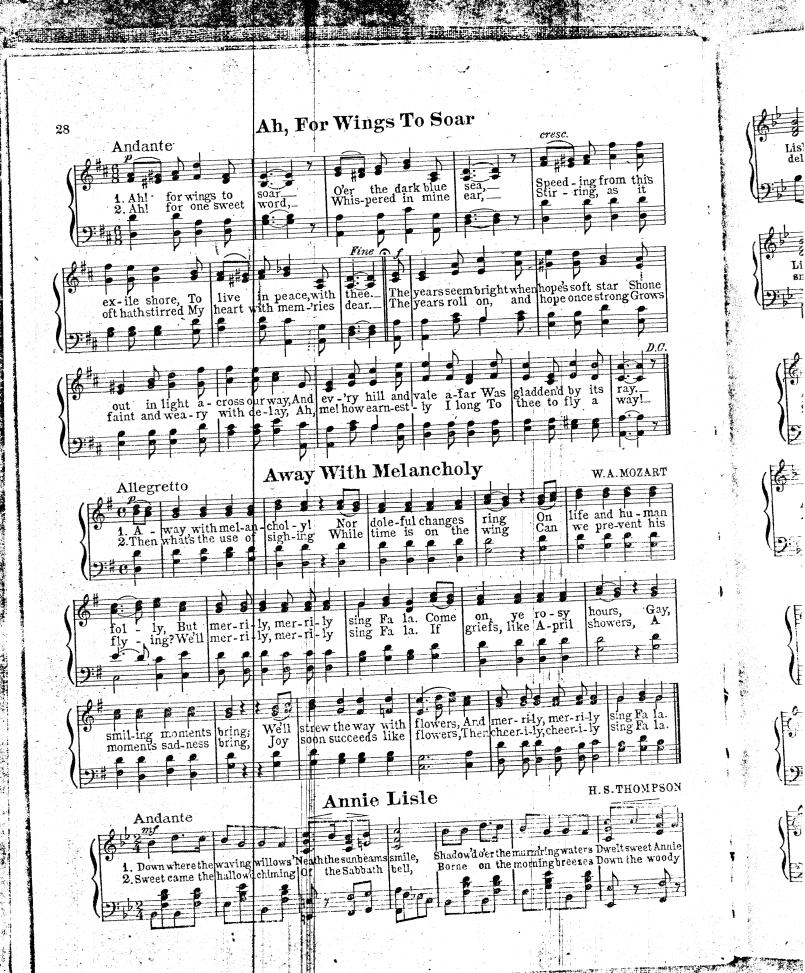


WORLD SYNDICATE COMPANY

INCORPORATED

NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY ALBERT E. WIER Printed in the United States of



CARMINA COLLEGENSIA:

A COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF THE SONGS

OF THE

AMERICAN COLLEGES,

WITE

PIANO-FORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

COMPENDIUM OF COLLEGE HISTORY.

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

H. R. WAITE.

BOSTON

PUBLISHED BY OLIVER DITSON & Co.

NEW-YORK: - C. H. DITSON & Co.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by

OLIVER DITSON & CO.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

ALL TH



Arr.

() | 4 | 4 |
1. | 1. | 2 | 4 |
2 | 4 | 4 |
4 | 4 |
4 | 1. | 4 |
6 | 6 | 4 |
6 | 6 | 6 |
7 | 7 | 7 |
7 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 | 7 | 7 |
8 |







2 And
All
And
He
And
He

Unti E3 Like Bc

3 Ah o Oi And H

The A

They cone!

SONGS OF THE

COLLEGE of the CITY of NEW YORK.

LANDLORD, FILL YOUR FLOWING BOWL.



whisky wa-ter what he

Lives as Falls as live un-ti

1111

1 There was a

- To seek a "
 2 What wrete
- Of "ponies

 3 At last the
- Where bool
 4 'Tis adverti
- They enter
 5 The dusty
- But "nary 6 Behold the
- 7 Some noble To translat
- 8 The morro
- 9 Their war: And praise
- 10 Then out a
- 11 He says,
- A legacy
 12 Thus we
- Which is 13 No wear.
- But yet t

he ought to

as

Falls as the leaves do fall, Falls as the leaves do fall, So live un - til he dies, perhaps, Will live un - til he dies, perhaps, And then lie down in

Falls

Will live un

as - til

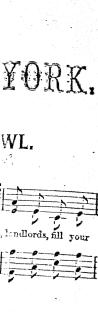
the leaves do

dies,

D.C. CHORUS.

clo -

jolly good fel





ought to

whisky punch, And goes to bed right mel wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so what he likes, And getteth "half-seas o

THE LIFE PRESERVER. ANONYMOUS.

AIR—"The lone Fish-ball."

- 1 There was a class went up and down To seek a "pony" through the town.
- 2 What wretches they who "notes" forsake, Of "ponies" to advantage take!
- 3 At last they halt before a stand Where books are sold at second-hand.
- 4 "Tis advertised a "right cheap place," They enter in with brassy face.
- 5 The dusty books they toss around, But "nary pony" could be found.
- 6 Behold them now in blank dismay :-"Must we get 'zero' every day?"
- 7 Some noble youth his mind devotes, To translate Greek with only notes.
- 8 The morrow sees an eager crowd Whilst one among them reads aloud ;
- 9 Their warmest thanks the class outpour, And praise him for his classic lore.
- 10 Then out speaks one, "Here's joy to all! I met a tutor in the hall;
- 11 He says, a manuscript they pass, A legacy from class to class.
- 12 Thus we obtain the precious prize, Which neither time nor money buys.
- 13 No weary brain with labor racks, But yet there comes the constant 'max.'"

DEDUCTUM.

And dies

- 14 Then long live ponies great and small! Who rides them well, will never fall. 15 If ponies fail, and notes won't do,
- Get manuscripts, or "fizzle through."

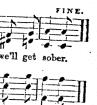
AUREM PRÆBE MIHI.

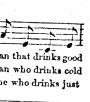
AIR-"We'll dance by the light of the moon."

- 1 Felis sedit by a hole, Intenta she cum omni soul, Prendere rats. Mice cucurrunt over the floor, In numero, duo, tres or more, Obliti cats.
- 2 Felis saw them oculis; "I'll have them," inquit she, "I guess, Dum ludunt." Tunc illa crept towards the group,
 - "Habeam," dixit, "good rat soup! Pingues sunt!"
- 3 Mice continued all ludere, Intenti in ludum vere, Gaudenter. Tunc rushed the felis unto them. Et tore them omnes limb from limb Violenter.
- MORAL. Mures, omnes mice be shy, Et aurem præbe mihi, Benigne; Si hoc fuges, verbum sat, Avoid a huge and hungry cat,

Studiose.









RETURN TO
U. S. MARINE BAND
LIBRARY

Barracks Ballads

By

C. Wesley Ward

Illustration By Charles Hill



148 W. Madison Franklin, Indiana 46131

Index

Foreword	
She Wore a Yeller Ribbon	
Bless 'Em All (First Version)	
We Have Only One Bar in Our Town	
Bless 'Em All (Second Version)	
Kansas City Blues	
The Liquor Boys	
I Learned About Women From Her	
China Night	
Mushi Mushi Anone	
Reserve Lament	
Just Viet Nam	
San Diego Here I Come	
The Persian Kitten	
Motor Boat	
Roll Your Leg Over	
I Want to Get Married	
The Armored Cruiser Squadron	
Bell Bottom Trousers	
Bachelor Song	
The Food Situation	
Meet Me In Yokosuka	
Minnie the Mermaid	
The Fighting Marines	
The Money Rolls In	
'Twas a Cold Winter's Evening	
I Want A Beer	
They Say It's Mighty Fine	
Rolling Down the Mountain	
Old Number Nine	
Mountain Gal	
In the Military	
Anchors Aweigh	
The USMC Hymn	
Show Me the Way to My Abode	:
My Alcoholic Baby	
Red Whiskey	

FOREWARD

BARRACKS BALLADS is the result of many service men and women getting together in war and peace with nothing else to do but entertain themselves the best way they could.

The individual authors are unknown, other than that they were most likely Marines, Sailors, Soldiers, or Airmen, happy, gay, sad, or lonely and that they all had the same things on their mind....women, booze and home, perhaps in that order.

On the heavily laden transports to far off ports, on long bomber flights, in rain soaked tents in the South Pacific, BARRACKS BALLADS were created. Wherever a group could get together with a guitar, harmonica or often merely with the clapping of hands or stamping of feet, a new song, version, or tune would be made up.

Wherever people gather with nothing more to do, songs will originate, poems composed, and stories will be told. Few are really entirely new. Not many are remembered or written down for posterity. The next time a group gets together, new versions are made up, new tunes are used to an old ballad.

BARRACKS BALLADS is a raunchy, risque collection of the feelings of the times. They may be sung with tunes of other songs; tunes may be made up since many tunes will fit the words; they may be recited. It depends entirely upon the mood, feeling, and location of the group using the book.

The collection has been used by individuals, organized and disorganized, throughout the world. Some are originals, but most are collections of mine and of friends in the Marine Corps during my more than twenty years association with the Marines.

To those friends in the Marines...to all who contributed to this collection whose names are unknown...I dedicate BARRACKS BALLADS.

C. WESLEY WARD

April 13, 1987

The Redwood Press
P.O. Box 3323
San Mateo, Ca. 94403-0323

Dear Publisher:

Enclosed for your consideration is an epic poem of World War 11, of the B-17 Flying Fortress Bombers flying against Hitler's Germany. It tells of the struggle these young men had against heavy odds, and of the bitter twists of fate that turned the 'Milk Run' into the Last Mission.

murered 5/11/8/

It is set to the tune of the 'Wabash Cannonball' and has been performed twice to high acclaim at the 388th Bomb Group Association reunions in Sioux City, Iowa in 1983 and in San Antonio, Texas in 1986.

Accompanying each verse is an original charcoal and ink sketch depicting the action. The cover picture is also an original work. The memorial was dedicated in May 1986 and stands on the site of WW 11 airfield at Knettishall, about 30 miles northeast of Cambridge, England. I designed the memorial.

The potential market for this work would be WW 11 United States Army Air Corps buffs especially in the U.S. and England, the 388th Bomb Group Association with about 3000 members, about 28 other WW 11 bomb group associations, larger and smaller, the 8th Air Force Historical Society, the Friends of the 8th an English Society, the Smithsonian Aerospace Museum, the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio, the Boeing Museum of Flight in Seattle, and the numerous air force museums that are springing up on the many USAF bases in the world.

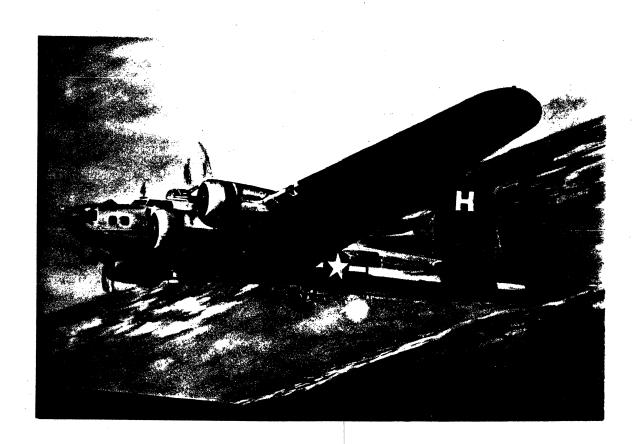
I have other parody lyrics on the same general subject that could be used in the event that you would want to flesh the publication out. I also have written narratives of my personal experiences on a Flying Fortress crew, some of which were depicted in a prime time television feature done for King 5 TV in the Pacific Northwest.

I think this material is marketable. Please give me your consideration.

John J. Ryan

Lt. Col. USAF, Ret.

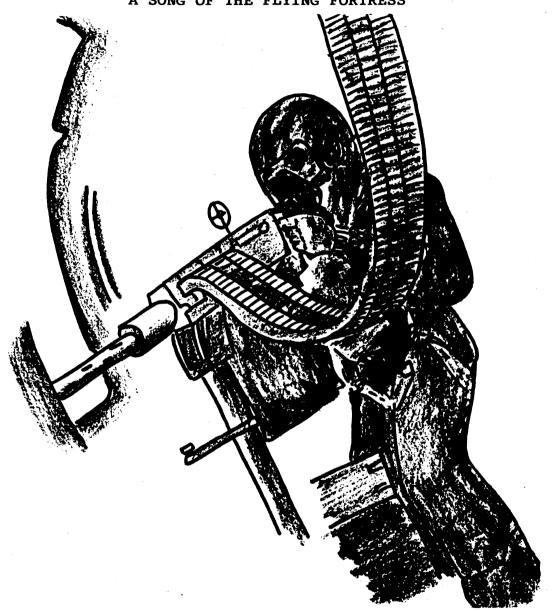
THE MILK RUN



BY PAT RYAN

THE MILK RUN

A SONG OF THE FLYING FORTRESS



"... PAILEND CHARLITE GUNNERS BEGAN TO EARN THEIR PAY..."

WORDS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

PAT RYAN

PROLOGUE

From 1942 to 1945 the United States Army Air Corps flew bomber missions from England, North Africa and Italy against Hitler's Germany. There is no one story that can cover the experiences these air crews had in battling against all odds for survival. What I have done here is to take some of the events in which I participated as a B-17 navigator in the 388th Bomb Group (H), 8th Air Force flying out of England, and a few experiences of some of our other crews and crew members, combined several missions, and came up with "The Milk Run."

To the uninitiated, 'milk run' was a term applied to easy missions where there was little or no opposition. They happened--but not as often as briefed and hoped for. The Jerries had a way of spoiling your day with a Flak (Flug Abwehr Kannonen, Anti-Aircraft Gun) battery moved to an undetected location, or a fighter group that suddenly and unexpectedly became active, neither of which were anticipated by intelligence and your friendly briefer. In the absence of this information they would brief, "No enemy opposition, fighters or Flak." Somewhat of a disappointment when the Flak and fighters hit.

This 'milk run' then, never happened--or did it!

I dedicate this parody which can be sung to the music of "The Wabash Cannonball" to the men of the Army Air Corps, and especially to the B-17 crews of the 8th Air Force, most especially to those of the 388th Bomb Group, Heavy, who flew the 'Fortresses for Freedom.'

THE MILK RUN

We went into briefing
One early summer morn
The newer crews looked worried
The older crews looked worn
The screen went up and on the map
For everyone to see
Was a crooked scarlet ribbon
Leading into Germany

CHORUS

You'll be goin' in at twenty four You're number three in line
Your heading will be oh-nine-oh
The weather there looks fine
Intelligence has told us
You won't see any flak
You'll have a fighter escort
Goin' in and cummin' back

CHORUS

Well we went out to our aircraft
Checked the bombs and bay
Buckled on our parachutes
And heard the pilot say
"They briefed us on a milk run
This is mission twenty-five
This one will be a piece of cake
And we'll all come back alive"

CHORUS

We started down the runway
The tail wheel on the ground
The props were bitin' chunks of air
Turbos whirling 'round
The wheels are turnin' faster
The wing tips start to bend
We better get into the air
Before the runway ends

CHORUS

We staggered off the runway
Began a shallow climb
Passed the Buncher beacon
I said, "We're right on time"
The pilot said, "You better pray
'Cause number three is rough
If that one goes we'll have three left
But that won't be enough"

CHORUS

We stuck our nose up in the clouds
The wing tips disappeared
We hit the Splasher turned around
On out-bound course we steered
We settled in the race track
Climbing steadily
Everything was going well
Except that number three

CHORUS

We broke out of the overcast

And much to my surprise
I saw another seventeen
Right there before my eyes

Another popped up on our left

Another right below

How we missed each other in the clouds
I'm sure I'll never know

CHORUS

We saw our lead ship up in front
Firing yaller - yaller flares
Picked our way across the sky
And took her up upstairs
We slid into formation
Where we were briefed to go
We're going to fly this mission
In Tail-End-Charlie, low

CHORUS

As we headed 'cross the Channel We cleared our guns and then We closed up on our lead ship Like chicks around a hen The crews ahead of us felt safe With aircraft all about But Tail-End-Charlie, in the low Had it's tail end stickin' out

CHORUS

We crossed the coast, on course, on time
Just as we had planned
But there below on a railroad track
Across a stretch of land
There sat a Flak battalion
With guns in full array
Surprised as hell to see the 'forts'
Heading right their way

CHORUS

"Achtung" they cried "Da kommt der Forts
Mit Bomben fur uns Krauts
Wir gotta firen grosse Guns
Und knock dem Yankees audt"
They broke out shells, checked the range
And fired a couple rounds
Bursts of flak, greasy black
Were poppin' all around

CHORUS

The first burst missed the wing tip
The second out behind
The third was high at six o'clock
And that I didn't mind
The fourth went through the fuselage
Behind the bombardier
I heard a cry of anguish
As it sliced off half his rear

CHORUS

I laid him face down on the floor
Broke out the sulfa powder
When I poured it on his ravished parts
He shouted all the louder
He said, "I'm sorely wounded
But I'm going to get that shack
And then I'll get the briefer
If we ever make it back"

CHORUS

Then Tail-end Charlie gunners
Began to earn their pay
"Bandits nine-and six-o'clock
Heading all this way
So gunners clear your weapons
And don't go wastin' rounds
They're gonna hafta get in range
Before we shoot them down"

CHORUS

Well the aircraft started shakin'
As the tail-gun opened up
"He's comin' 'round to nine o'clock
Left Waist you pick him up
There's two more low at five o'clock
A-pressin' their attack
His engine's started smokin'
He's rollin' on his back

CHORUS

"There goes engine number three
The prop just ran away
She's shakin' off the engine mount"
I heard the pilot say
"Bail out! Abandon aircraft
This plane won't fly no more
Everybody hit the silk
This crew is through with war"

CHORUS

Well, I'm sittin' here in Stalag Three
Beside my bombardier
The Jerries took us prisoner|
And cauterized his rear
The war will soon be over
|Our boys will set us free
Left Waist and Tail and Radio
The Bombardier and me

CHORUS

The others didn't make it
They rode the aircraft down
We saw that airplane twist and turn
As we drifted to the ground
They took a Change of Station
Enroute with no delay
But we'll meet for crew debriefing
On that great Judgement Day

CHORUS

EPILOGUE

In the 8th Air Force alone, there were by official count 5548 aircraft lost in combat. The 388th Bomb Group lost over four times the unit strength in two years of combat. On 25 May 1986 a group of WW II veterans of 388th travelled to the England to dedicate a memorial to those who died, and to those who lived. is one of many such memorials erected by 8th and 15th Air Force veterans. If you are in the area of Cambridge in England or Foggia in Italy, visit these sites. They are part of the history of the United States.

SINGING SOLDIERS

 g_{y} John J. Niles

MARGARET THORNILEY WILLIAMSON ILLUSTRATED BY



Author of "The Broadside Ballad" New Introduction By LESLIE SHEPARD

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS LONDON NEW YORK

Now Reissued by Singing Tree Press 1249 Washington Blvd., Detroit, Michigan 1968

ampiration -Soldiers of African-am

Rec'd 25 Mar 82

NEW INTRODUCTION

The reissue of this fine collection of songs and anecdotes of American negro soldiers in World War I is a good opportunity to pay tribute to the remarkable man who compiled this work so many years ago.

John JACOB NILES, born in Louisville, Kentucky, April 28, 1892, is the Grand Old Man of American folk song. Born six years before the final parts of Professor F. J. Child's monumental English & Scottish Popular Ballads had been completed, he was the pioneer collector of traditional ballads in America. Soon after Professor Child had studied printed sources and manuscripts, Niles began collecting from the living oral tradition of the Southern Highlands, laboriously noting down words and tunes in cheap notebooks. John Lomax, father of folklorist Alan Lomax, had just started his collection of cowboy songs and the Folk Music Division of the Library of Congress did not come into existence until twenty years later. Some items in Niles's personal collection date from 1907, long before the British folklorist Cecil Sharp started his famous collecting trip in the Southern Appalachians.

As a boy Niles learnt traditional ballads from his father Sheriff John Thomas Niles, a singer with a lively sense of humor and a caller at square dances. After graduating from school, Niles's work took him on regular up-country trips through Kentucky where he filled more notebooks. These were not the impeccable scholarly collections of professors on university grants. They were the hastily scrawled shorthand of a young man in love with music—tentatively noted pieces garnered from farmers, preachers, handymen, old grannies,

people who had little else but their music should have made fame and fortune for favored pop idols in the affluent society.

Niles was one of the few to acknowledge the importance of the negro contribution. In his collection, Seven Negro Exaltations (New York, G. Schirmer, 1929) Niles wrote:

"The Negro's music . . . fulfilled its mission in the days of slavery and in the more deadly days of reconstruction. It is still alive today, more widely sung, in fact, than ever, not only by blacks, but by whites as well. This is because the music of the Negro (like all folk music) sprang from a vital need."

London, England May, 1968.

LESLIE SHEPARD

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

On my first trip to Paris as a member of the A. E. F. (it was in December, 1917) I ran onto a paper-bound volume of French war-songs by Monsieur Théodore Botrel, titled "Les Chants du Bivouac."

Monsieur Botrel, known to the French as "Chansonnier des Armées," had been commissioned by the Ministry of War, then headed by Millerand, to sing and recite certain songs and poems of a patriotic nature to the French soldiers. His book, "Les Chants du Bivouac," was a collection of these. The work contained more than a hundred pen illustrations by Carlègle and a preface by a member of the Académie Français, Monsieur Maurice Barrès. At my hotel in the Rue Richelieu, just around the corner from the Rue St. Anne M. P. jail, I took "Les Chants du Bivouac" to the piano, and, with the help of a French aviator in our party, sang some of the songs.

That night I decided to borrow M. Botrel's idea and attempt a collection of United States Army war-songs—to make as nearly as possible an unexpurgated record of the words and to write off the tunes whenever I had time and music-score paper. My resolution at first was intended to include any songs sung by the soldiers of the United States Army, but the imagination of the white boys did not, as a rule, express itself in song. They went to Broadway for their music, contenting themselves with the ready-made rhymes and tunes of the professional song-writers—song-writers who for reasons best avoided now did not give up their royalty

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION

ety of Great Britain and Ireland, American Philological Society, New York Academy of Science, etc., etc., that to him I am perhaps most indebted—not for music nor forgotten dates and places, but for an unlimited amount of encouragement and a better understanding of the fitness of things.

NYACK, N. Y., November, 1926.

LIST OF SONGS

PAGE	4	ព	21	56	32	41	43	49	59	64	71	74	8	83	85	93	8	103	112	114	134	140	143	153	156	158	164	991	160
												•													•		•		
	•	•					•	•	•	•		•	•	•											•	٠.			
	•	•	. •	٠.	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•				•			
	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	٠			٠	٠	•		٠.	•		•	•
	•	•	•	•	•	•	٠	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	
	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	
	•	•	•	•	•	;	•	•	•	٠	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	٠	• '	•	•	•	•
			•				•		•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•	•
																		•							•	•	•	•	
		٠.																							•				
		٠.									ance									•							•		
	•	•		•	•	•	•	•	•		F	•								ä	•	•							
	•	•	ates	ey	•	•		ace	•	H	More	•	•	•	•	ies	•		•	0 Y	•	•	•	•		•	•	•	
	Song	•	Don't Close Dose Gates	Crap-Shootin' Charley			I Don't Want to Go	Lordy, Turn Your Face	Good-bye, Tennessee	He's a Burden-Bearer	I Don't Want Any More France	ry .	•	•	•	The Soldier Man Blues	es .	cher .	•	We Wish the Same to You		•	•	Roll.	•	Pray for Forgiveness	s Song	g S	
	Going Home Song	Song	Close	shootin	•	l'm a Warrior	t Wan	Turn	oye, To	Burde	t Wan	For I'se Weary	. بد	Gimmie Song		ldier 1	Deep-Sea Blues	Chicken Butcher	Jackass Song	sh the	Grave-Diggers	Song	nse.	Roll, Jordan, Roll	one.	or Forg	Clean Clothes Song	Destroyer Song	
	Going	Whale Song	Don't	Crap-5	Diggin'	I'm a	I Don	Lordy,	Good-1	He's a	I Don	For I's	Ole Ark	Gimmi	Scratch	The Sc	Deep-5	Chicke	Jackas	We W	Grave-	Ghost Song	Jail House	Roll, J	Long Gone	Pray fe	Clean (Destro	Georgia
																		1.	·				Ť		•		-	•	_

SONGS from the FRONT & REAR Canadian Servicemen's Songs of the Second World War Anthony Hopkins

Hurtig Publishers
Edmonton

Copyright © 1979 by Anthony Hopkins

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form by any means, electric or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by an information storage or retrieval system, without written permission from the publisher, except for brief passages quoted by a reviewer in a newspaper or magazine.

Hurtig Publishers 10560-105 Street Edmonton, Alberta T5H 2W7

Canadian Cataloguing in Publication Data

Main entry under title: Songs from the front and rear

ISBN 0-88830-172-3 bd. ISBN 0-88830-171-5 pa.

World War, 1939-1945—Songs and music,
 Canadian. I. Hopkins, Anthony, 1941—
 M1679.18.S6 784.6'8'94053 C79-091144-2

The aim of this book has been to reproduce songs in their authentic wartime form wherever possible notwithstanding the language contained therein. By necessity, such authenticity requires reference to certain ethnic, racial, minority or military groups or individuals. These references and such language are not and should not be interpreted as representing the views, preferences, attitudes or usages of the editor, publisher, or any of the contributors to this volume, whether named or otherwise.

Wherever possible and reasonable, extensive efforts were made to determine the copyright status of the songs in this collection. Within the services, however, songs circulate in versions which disguise or are significantly altered from any original form, copyrighted or not. We sincerely apologize if we have inadvertently omitted credits in such circumstances.

COMBAT HIGHLIGHTS

With a twenty-two year lapse between combat sorties, General Robin Olds has to rank as one of America's most unique aces. He had a sparkling career as a new fighter pilot with the Eighth Air Force, and became an ace in the short span of eleven days in August of 1944. With two kills on 14 August and three kills on 25 August, Olds demonstrated how his aggressive spirit was to pay off in the European Theater. He named his first P-38 "Scat I," and was to be flying "Scat VIII," a P-51D, on his 107th combat mission in World War II. His description of his third kill of the day on 25 August 1944 gives some insight into this football star turned fighter pilot:

A Mustang passed under me with one of Hermann's (Goering's) boys hot behind him, so I rolled over to lend him a hand. I forgot I was already on the verge of compressibility and didn't have that much altitude left. I rolled back level and started to pull out, with the nose shuddering and trying to go steeper. Next my canopy flew off, and I really thought it was over.

Using trim I managed to pull out right on the deck over a wheat field southwest of Rostock. That took all the starch out of one slightly clanked fighter pilot. I headed home. Looking round to check for damage, I saw the war wasn't over yet. There was an Me-109 about two hundred feet back and fifteen degrees off, and Hermann sure had the bit in his teeth.

That prop spinner looked like the 4th of July and as large as a barrel. I horsed my P-38 into a resemblance of a left break, and immediately high-speed stalled. The thing just didn't want to fly with the canopy and side panels gone. Hermann immediately overshot, and all I had to do was roll level and squeeze the trigger. It was his turn, and as the pieces flew off his ship, he jumped. . We would be pieces flew off his ship, he jumped.

When Robin Olds took command of the 8th Tactical Fighter Wing at Ubon in the fall of 1966, he was flying "Scat XXVII." This veteran of air combat against the Luftwaffe inspired the trust, admiration, and confidence of a whole new generation of fighter pilots. A full colonel since 1953, he had finally achieved what he described as "my goal, my aspiration, my ideal, my earnest hope, my fondest wish, all of my career"... to command a fighter wing in combat. He wasted no time in demonstrating that he was a leader worthy of the position. With "Chappie" James as his Deputy Commander for Operations, he set about the task of molding the wing into an effective fighting force. Olds led the famous "Operation Bolo" mission of 2 January 1967, in which US crews shot down seven MiGs, and Olds accounted for his first kill of the Vietnam War. One description of the scene on the ramp following this memorable mission indicated how the morale of the the 8th TFW soared under the aggressive leadership of this dynamic wing commander:

The munitions crews are dancing with glee, slapping each other, their shouts unheard over the scream of our idling

11/2

*

CONTENTS:

AND WHEN I DIE	11.7
ARE WE DOWNHEARIED?	107
ARMY OF 10-DAY SALRIGHT. The	4.0
DREAKING OUT OF BARRACKS	
COTRADES	
FAR FROM YPRES I LONG TO BE (Parody of: – Sing Me To Sleep)	54
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME (The Bells of Hell)	110
GOOD BYE DOLLY GRAY	111
GOOD-BYE-EE!	32
HELLO! HELLO! WHO'S YOUR LADY FRIEND?	II
HERE WE ARE! HERE WE ARE!! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!!!	60
HITCHY KOO	15
HUSH: HERE COMES AWHIZZ-BANG (Parody of:- Hush! Here Comes The Dream Man)	35
- I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER	112
IFYOU WANT TO FIND	78
IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD (If You Were The Only Boche In The Trench)	102
ILL MAKE A MAN OF YOU.	87
IFS A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY	80
I WANT TO GO HOME	30
JOLLY GOOD LUCK TO THE GIRL WHO LOVES A SOLDIER	108
KAISER BILL	75
KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING.	105
LAST MILE HOME. The	57
LEAP FROG.	116
MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES	106
MOON SHINES BRIGHT ON CHARLIE CHAPLIN. The (Parody of:- Pretty Red Wing)	18
NEVER MIND (Parody)	92
NO MORE SOLDIERING FOR ME (Parody of:-What A Friend I Have In Jesus)	96
OH! IT'S A LOVELY WAR	119
OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE	0.0
PACK OF YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG	0
Figure and APPLE (Parody OI:- Just A Wee Deoch-an-Doris)	0.0
RAMINING AND GROUSING (Parody of:-Holy Holy)	110
ROLLING HOME	0.5
ROSES OF PICARDI	70
ROW, ROW, ROW	
OF THE EARLY BIRDS	0.4
ON TER OUBLES SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS.	70
TAKE ME BACK TO DEAROLD BLIGHTY	<i>~</i> .
THERE SALONG, LONG TRAIL	01
THE FOIDN I DELIEVE ME (and parody)	
WE ARE FRED KARNOS ARMY (Parody of: - The Church's One Foundation)	
WILDON I WANT TO (We Are The King's Nav-pel)	
WE HAVEN I SEEN THE KAISER	
"E NE HENE DECAUSE	
we ve had no been (Parody of:-Abide With Me)	
THE RIDOSITON THE KAISER	
WILLY FOU WORE A TULIPAND I WORE A BIG RED POSE (and parader 1777 A.T)	
WHO WERE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?	68
CONTRACT AND CONTRACTOR	

Photographs on pages 14, 53, 67, 83. Courtesy of Camera Press, London Photographs on pages 2, 103, 104, 109, 114. 115, Courtesy of Mrs Leila Courrell Photographs on pages 3, 34, 118, and inside back cover. Courtesy of Barnabus, W. 1.

CONTENTS:

AND WHEN TUIL	1
ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?	10
ARMY OF TO-DAY'S ALRIGHT. The	4
BREAKING OUT OF BARRACKS	
COMRADES	5
FAR FROM YPRES I LONG TO BE (Parody of: – Sing Me To Sleep)	11
FOR YOU BUT NOT FOR ME (The Bells of Hell)	
GOOD BYE DOLLY GRAY	
GOOD-BYE-EE!	
HELLO! HELLO! WHO'S YOUR LADY FRIEND?	
HERE WE ARE! HERE WE ARE!! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!!!	_
HITCHY KOO	
HUSH! HERE COMES AWHIZZ-BANG (Parody of:- Hush! Here Comes The Dream Man)	
IDON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER	
IF YOU WANT TO FIND	
$ IF YOU WERE THE \ ONLY \ GIRL \ IN THE \ WORLD \ (If You Were The \ Only \ Boche \ In The \ Trenche \ Only \ Boche \ In The \ Only \ Boche \ In$	
I'LL MAKE A MAN OF YOU	
IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY	
I WANT TO GO HOME	
JOLLY GOOD LUCK TO THE GIRL WHO LOVES A SOLDIER	7
KAISERBILL	
KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING	
LAST MILE HOME. The	
LEAPFROG	106
MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES	18
MOON SHINES BRIGHT ON CHARLIE CHAPLIN. The (Parody of:-Pretty Red Wing)	
NEVER MIND (Parody)	
NO MORE SOLDIERING FOR ME (Parody of:-What A Friend I Have In Jesus)	
OH! IT'S A LOVELY WAR	
OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE	98
PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT BAG	8
PLUM and APPLE (Parody of: Just A Wee Deoch-an-Doris)	
RAINING and GROUSING (Parody of:- Holy, Ho	
ROLLING HOME	
ROSES OF PICARDY.	38
ROW ROW. SHE WAS ONE OF THE PARTY RIDDS	
CILE WIS CILE OF THE LAKET BIRDS	24
SISTER SUSIE'S SEWING SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD BLIGHTY	
THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL.	
THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME (and parody)	
WE ARE FRED KARNO'S ARMY (Parody of:-The Church's One Foundation)	
WE DON'T WANT TO (We Are The King's Nav-ee!)	
WE HAVEN'T SEEN THE KAISER	100
WE'RE HERE BECAUSE	104
WE'VE HAD NO BEER (Parody of:Abide With Me)	99
WHEN BELGIUM PUT THE KIBOSH ON THE KAISER	113
WHEN YOU WORE A TULIPAND I WORE A BIG RED ROSE (and parody: I Wore A Tunic).	
WHO WERE YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?	90 68
YOUR KING AND COUNTRY	

Photographs on pages 14, 53, 67, 83. Courtesy of Camera Press, London Photographs on pages 2, 103, 104, 109, 114. 115, Courtesy of Mrs Leila Courrell Photographs on pages 3, 34, 118, and inside back cover Courtesy of Barnabys, W.1.

Photographs on page 4, and used on front cover Courtesy of the Trustees of the Imperial War Museum.

nd Collator: Cecil Bolton Research and Text: Peggy Jones Cover and Book Design: Dan Galvin Cover Photograph: Terry Wheeler



16 February 1987

C. W. Getz The Redwood Press Box 3323 San Mateo, CA 94403-0323

ANSWERED MAR 6

Dear Bill:

Congratulations on Volume II of the Wild Blue Yonder: Songs of the Air Force. It is terrific! Also, what a coup you pulled off in securing the services of those great musical artists for the record and cassette!

I've had the privilege to review your books for the Aerospace Historian and a copy of that review is enclosed.

Here's a few facts and comments to further swell your data bank:

VOLUME I

A (7) ACE IN THE HOLE

The tune is probably from a song of the same name frequently sung by Phil Harris in the forties about the same time he was singing "The Darktown Poker Club."

L (10) LILLI MARLENE

For yet other versions see my "Army Air Force Lyrics." I still have not been able to find the original German lyrics which describe a fickle Lilli working her way up the ranks from private to General.

T'(5) TELL ME WHY

This is an old college song that I first heard sung by the gals in my wife's sorority back in 1940. The melody is slow and dreamy. I can sing an off-key version.

VOLUME II

B (10) THE BALL OF KERRIMUIR

13th verse - last line "and wouldn't see her hame." "Hame" is the old Scottish pronounciation of "home", still used in the rural areas.

Additional verse for your collection:

"The king was in the counting house, Figuring the cost of the hunt; The Queen was in the parlor, With a carrot up her cunt."

Source: Included in a version sung by Angus Coloqhoun, próprietor of the Coloqhoun Arms Hotel in Luss, Loch Lomond in August 1944 when I was there on a flak leave.

B (11) BALL OF YARN

Interesting note: Phyllis Dixey, the beautiful blonde sophisticated stripper who had her own show at London's Whitehall Theater in 1944 (remember her?) sang a much longer and very clever version of this song as one of the sequences in her act.

- B (21) BESIDE AN OAHU WATERFALL Additional title: "Beneath a Parisian Waterfall." Yet another version of words - see my "Army Air Force Lyrics."
- B (26) BLUES IN A FIGHT Additional title: "Blues in the Reich." See my "Army Air Force Lyrics" for a different set of words.
- DE (7) DON'T BURN THE SHITHOUSE DOWN Another version: "Please Don't Tear Our Outhouse Down," - see my "Army Air Force Lyrics."
- 0 (1) ODE TO A BOMBARDIER For yet another version see my "Army Air Force Lyrics."
- 0 (27) O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER I first heard this song at Laughlin Army Air Field, Del Rio, Texas in June 1945 so it dates back to WWII.
- S (11) SHE JUMPED INTO BED Kune: "The Girl I Left Behind Me."
- T (22) TOASTS TO TOAST Variation on Toast 1:

Here's to the girl in the little green dress. She smokes my fags and looks her best. She's got no cherry, but that's no sin; She's still got the box the cherry came in.

Here's to the girl in the little red dress. She smokes my fags and looks her best. She gets me so hot sometimes I could smother; And then she goes home and sleeps with her mother! Stingy? God Damn!

Bill, I'm sure you've already received a lot of feed-back such as this, along with additional material. If so, how about coming out with Volume III - "More Songs of the Air Force?" I'll be waiting for it!

The only trouble is — how in hell are you going to top Doolittle and Olds on introductions and Ferris on illustrations?

All the best!

Havener 7340 Eastern Germantown, TN 38138

THE WILD BLUE YONDER: SONGS OF THE AIR FORCE, VOLUMES I AND II: Songs, parodies and poems edited and compiled by C. w. Getz (The Redwood Press, durlingame, CA, 1981 and 1986), Volume I 312 pp., biblio.,illus.,index. ISBN 0-941196-00-3. Volume II 252 pp. biblio.,illus.,index, glossary. ISBN 0-941196-49-6.

Bill Getz has compiled the most complete collection of Air Force songs in existence today. They range from the World War I era right on up through the Viet Nam War and even include songs of misslemen.

Years of diligent and exhaustive research were required to document the contents and to provide descriptive comments and origination of the lyrics. These works are a unique segment of aerospace history which enable the reader to associate himself with the moods of the American airmen in a manner rarely described in other historical works.

Volume I contains 660 selections, including different versions of many of the songs. Volume II is subtitled: "Stag Har Edition" and contains all the baw-sy songs plus others that Bill came across since publishing Volume I. A total of 348 selections appear in Volume II, many of which are replets with the four letter words so commonly used my military men at war.

In addition a long play record and a tape casette are available, featuring some of the more popular songs sung by famous folk singer Oscar Brand and the Wilco Four, Franklin Smith (military song collector and history buff), the Singing Seargents and LTC Richard Jonas USAF. The Air Force band provides the excellent background music for some of the selections.

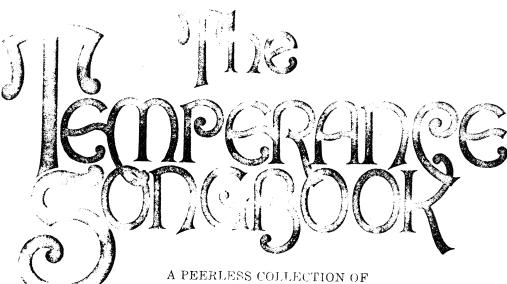
Everything about the books is first class - the introductions by General James H. Doolittle and Brigadier General Robin Olds, the art work by Keith Ferris (official Air Force Association artist), the easy-to-read print composed

J. K. Havener, LTC USAFR "ret).

CKontributing author to Aerospace Historian, 7340 Eastern
Germantown, TN 38138

entirely on an Archives Business Microcomputer, the extensive cross-reference system employed, the witty and authoritatives comments by the editor, and the aircraft identification silhouettes familiar to all airmen.

A rewarding nostal gin: work that would be a prestigious addition to any collector's library!



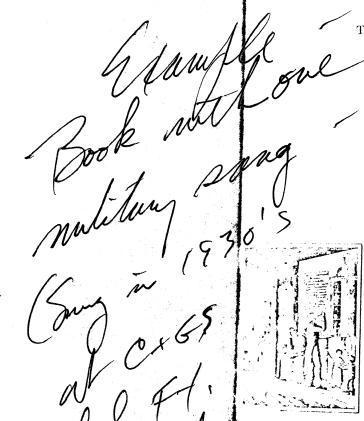
TEMPERANCE SONGS AND HYMNS FOR

THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION, LOYAL TEMPERANCE LEGION, PROHIBITIONISTS, TEMPERANCE PRAISE MEETINGS, MEDAL CONTESTS, ETC.

EMMET G. COLEMAN, EDITOR



WITH A FOREWORD BY KRISTI WITKER Rescued from the archives of 1907 by David Hoffman



MORNING DRAM



THE GROG SHOP



THE CONFIRMED DRUNKARD



CONCLUDING SCENE

Copyright © 1971 by David Hoffman.

Published by American Heritage Press, a subsidiary of McGraw-Hill, Inc.

Published in Canada by M. Graw-Hill Company of Canada, Ltd.

reserved. Printed in the United States of America. No part of this publication may be reproduced, a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 73-168459

SHE HE HE HE HE HE HE KELLE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE HE

Table of Contents

C A
TOREWORD
RE
FI.O.
4

- 7 LITTLE ARMOR BEARERS
- 8 THE PRODIGAL GIRL
- 10 THE LOYAL TEMPERANCE LEGION
- 11 UNDER THE CURSE
- 12 OH, JOHNNY, COME BACK TO THE FARM
- 13 OUR MOTTO SONG
- 14 WON'T YOU SIGN THE PLEDGE?
- 15 DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA W.C.T.U. SONG
- 17 RALLY VOTERS
- 18 THE TEMPERANCE TRAIN
- 21 NO HOPE FOR THE DRUNKARD
- 22 'TIS LIFE FOR A LOOK
- 24 I'LL BE THERE TO VOTE
- 25 A FOE IN THE LAND
- 26 THE DEAD MARCH
- 27 BREAKING MOTHER'S HEART
- 29 WE'LL TAKE THE WORLD

- 30 THE ORPHAN GIRL
- 31 WE'RE A BAND OF SOLDIERS
- 32 marching beneath the banner
- 34 THE WHISKEY SHOPS
 MUST GO
- 35 DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON
- 36 THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT
- 37 WHO WILL VOLUNTEER?
- 38 THE DRUNKARD'S MARCH
- 40 DRIVE HIM OUT!

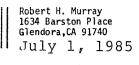
42 BROAD IS THE ROAD

- 43 GRANDPA'S ADVICE TO THE BOYS
- 45 MY SOUL BE ON THY GUARD
- 46 FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND
- 48 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS
- 49 SISTERS, BE TO JESUS TRUE
- 50 THE GREAT JUDGMENT MORNING

- 51 SPEED OUR CAUSE WE PRAY
- 52 SOMEBODY'S BOY
- 54 DREAMING TO-NIGHT
- 56 STAND FOR THE RIGHT
- 57 WHEN I LIE ON MY PILLOW TO-NIGHT
- 58 SAVE OUR COUNTRY
- 60 THAT RIBBON WHITE
- 62 STAND UP FOR JESUS
- 63 CRAPE ON THE DOOR OF THE LICENSED SALOON
- 65 SPARKLING WATER
- 66 THE TOLLING BELLS
- 68 FATHER, DEAR FATHER, COME HOME
- 70 MARCHING ONWARD
- 74 HOW MY BOY WENT DOWN
- 76 KEEP THE BALL A ROLLING!
- 77 LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT
- 78 THE TEMPERANCE CALL
- 79 TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY









Dear Bill;

Please Rush one copy of "Wild Blue Yonder, "\$\$17.95 inclosed.

After I talked to you I phoned Boyd Williamson of North Bend, Oregon, You may get am prder from him soon. He is a collector of poems and I shared my interest/collection with him.

Before you ask, I am not a care toolst nor a poet, I have the fastest Zerox in the west. I just collect.

In Closing, thanks for being smart enough to collect and publish all those pleasant memories. I was aB-17 Pilot in the 8th AF and that was the extent of my career.

The enclosed "Wasp Nation Anthem" Was seen by Mrs. Lila (Donald W.)
Mann and counter to my, at the time,
observation that it must be a Cadet

inspired song, she and a friend from the WASP proceeded to sing it with fond memories. The first WASP I saw came into Cal-Aero in a new P-38, we Cadets rushed out to see the HP and you should have seen the faces drop as alittle, trime WASP stood up to get out. We were in Basic and she slow rolled around a dead engine like we thought only a Macho Man could, so much for illusions!

Robert H. Murray

THE WASP NATIONAL ANTHEM



Before T was a member of the AAPTD,
I used so be a working girl in Washington, D.C.
My bosses were unkind to me, they worked me
night and day;
I always had the time to work, but never
timestorblay.

Chorus; Sincing Yook Suits, Parachutes and Wings of Silvertoo, He Tilferry planes like his momma used to do.

Along came a Pitot a fearying a prame,
He asked me to op flying down in Lover's Lane
And I like a simily fool, and thinking it no harm,
I jumped in the cockent to keep the Pilot warm.

Chorus:

IIÌ.

Early next morning, before the break of day,
He handed me a snorter bill, these words to me did say;
"Now take this my dayling for all the harm I've done
You may have a daughter, you may have a son;
Now if you have a daughter, just teach her how to fly,
But, if you have a son; put the bastard in the sky."

→ ③ Chorus:

IV.

Now the morel of this story, as you can plainly see, is never thus a Pilot an inch above your knee, He'll kiss you, caress you, and promise to be true and have a girl on every field as all Pilots do.

I don't know where it came from, probably Pecos, Texas 1944 as it was with my WWIL junk and orders. That polite line about teaching the girl to five and parting the bastar. In the sky probably mark it as a cadet verse, but the era was ours.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF COMBAN

Perspiration: Internation' Preparation *Interpogation Salutation Transportation Destrination Inhabitation Elevation Formation Penetration Duration Palpitation Cerman Ration Infiltration . Erustbation ... Consternation Stagnation Confirmation: Diberation Situation Poputrialion Capitulation Eletion

18-17 Combat Crewition & wingman

Bal Marie

ANSWERED DEC 1 7 1984

December 5, 1984

1.

Comments to include in beginning

C. W. "Bill" Getz Lt. Col. USAF, Retired c/o The Redwood Press Box 3323 San Mateo, CA 94403-0323

Dear Bill:

First and truly foremost, I want to thank you for the absolutely fantastic, and obvoius labor of love, and magnificent effort you put out on "The Wild Blue Yonder". It would have been great even without "I Wanted Wings " and "The Persian Kitty" but not as great as with them.

I reveled in the acknowledgements to Kenneth N. Walker (unfortunately I was his Briefing Officer on his last mission), Roger Ramey, George Wertenbaker, P. (for Pinkham - he was related to Lydia) Smith, George S. Howard (the first Director of The USAF Band, Orchestra, Strolling Strings, and Singing Sergeants - presently retired at The Air Force Village in San Antonio, and still active in music as a Guest Conductor and The Director of The Village Voices), (at 81) and Roland Birnn (he was a little before my time but he had a good-looking daughter). All these people I knew, some better than others and still today I work with George Howard as a singer and librarian for The Air Force Village Voices.

My flying school class was 40-A and our class historian Frank Schirmer of Tucson and I have both been delighted with the historical bent of your research.

From your comments of what you remember, it appears that I am about 8 years older (born Aug. 2, 1916) than you and have some advantage over you on earlier songs. In addition I am the music librarian for The Villaage and sort of a nut on popular music from the turn of the century until today.

With this background, I did note some discrepancies in some songs and comments and I pass them along, not as outright criticism, but with the wish that some of the things I say, are things you want to know and may be able to be utilized in the future. I like the collection so much, that I guess I want to make it even better.

Page A-4 - The song "Ace In The Hole" is really a song and was sung to hit status by country and western stars Tex Williams and Lefty Frizelle, Band Leader Phil Harris, Pop Singer Bobby Darin, and frequently used in concerts and recorded by Bing Crosby, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, and Frank Sinatra.

Page A-6 - "The B-17". The reason for the engine confusion is easily explained i.e. - wrong airplane - during lend lease we gave Britain DC=3 transports and the bomber version - B-18. The British named the transport "Dakota" and the bomber that they used on submarine patrol - the Digby.

Douglas used the early version of the Pratt & Whitney R-1830 (1050 HP) on the B-18 and early C-47's. It's easy to see how Big B came from Digby but it seems to me that even the barroom drunks should have known about Wright and Pratt-Whitney. I flew the underpowered B-18 & B-18A and it was really a $\underline{\text{Grunt}}$ & $\underline{\text{Groaner}}$.

Here's a nit-picker - Page B-10. "Old Hogans Goat". In a very close variation this was taught to my sister and me by my father in the twenties. He said that he had sung this in high school when he was my sister's age - that would have been in 1905 or so.

Page F-6 - "Fighter Pilots Hymn". An early form of this was "Oh, Now I am a Kaydette" (page 0-3) and the tune "Oh Infantry" was sung as a spoof on The Salvation Army. To me this makes your "suspect source" very suspect. The Kaydette song was sung by flying cadets at Randolph and Kelly in the mid and late thirties and I learned it from 0-47 observation pilots out of the squadron at Brooks. I was on duty at Ft. Crockett, Galveston, Texas in 1938-39, and they came down from Brooks for gunnery camp. I also heard the original infantry version there, and it differed from the Kaydette song only in the third verse - it went like this -

Oh now I'm in the Infantry
A-learnin' how to fight
My glorious salvation
Shall lift me to the height,
The Army is my Savior
From the straight and narrow way
They pay me twenty-one a month (recruit pay)
And take it all away

Incidentally, in the third verse (0-4) of "Oh Now I am a Kaydette" the next to the last line has been omitted. It should be - "They pay me seventy-five a month (cadet pay), and take it all away.

Page F-13 - "The First Pursuit" I have some comments on your "note". I was well acquainted with R. M. (Roger) Ramey and Howard Ramey. Col. Roger Ramey was my bomb group C.O. (43rd) and B/G Howard was my C.G. 5th Bomber Command in New Guinea. Howard Ramey was Ken Walkers successor and in April 1943 disappeared on what appeared to be a routine Recce Flight out of Port Moresby. Borenquin Field was renamed Ramey Army Air Field after Howard Ramey. I played golf with Roger in the late forties at Ramey AFB.

Page I-12 - "I Wanted Wings" WW2-Version 1. Comments about "Gnumman". The reference to Grumman in verse 2 is only poetic, in that the only plane that rhymes with woman is Grumman (or at least, almost). In the third verse, a line has been left out, coming right after "Bombs Away". The missing line is "I'd rather be home with the bunch.

Page N-4 - "Northrops Folly" the first verse as you broke it out goes perfectly with "Too Fat Polka" an Arthur Godfrey hit. However, the meter goes to "Hell in a hand basket" on verses two and three. It seems to have lost something in the translation.

Page P-10 - A little info on the Prisoners Song - this song was first made popular in 1933 by an ill-fated crooner named Russ Columbo (he died in a gun accident in 1934). Russ was one of the co-authors of the number and it was one of the tragi-songs of the depression (i.e. - Love for Sale, Boulevard of Broken Dreams). Later both Crosby and Como had big hits of the song. It was not an old folk song just a product of Tin Pan Alley in the thirties.

Page S-6 - Surely you've heard from this already - I'm sure that the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America has contacted you about this. I.E. SPEBSQSA - nuff said!

Thank you again for a truly outstanding effort, and please believe that my efforts were to critique rather than to blatantly criticize.

My best to you,

DAVID W. HASSEMER

Colonel, USAF, Ret.

4917 Ravenswood Drive, Apt. 1778

San Antonio, Texas 78227

Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major'

The Songs and Ballads of World War II

Martin Page



Introduction by SPIKE MILLIGAN



The Songs and Ballads of World War II

Edited by Martin Page

Illustrated by Bill Tidy Introduction by Spike Milligan



Hart-Davis, MacGibbon London

Granada Publishing Limited
First published in Great Britain 1973 by Hart-Davis, MacGibbon Ltd
Progmore, St Albans, Hertfordshire AL2 2NF and
3 Upper James Street, London WIR 4Bp

This anthology © 1973 by Martin Page

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher.

18BN 0 546 10748 0

Filmset in Photon Imprint 11 on 13 pt. by Richard Clay (The Chaucer Press), Ltd, Bungay, Suffolk and printed in Great Britain by Fletcher & Son Ltd, Norwich

The jacket illustration is from a postcard by Donald McGill, from the collection of Arthur Calder-Marshall.

Cover design by Ken Carroll



ten, Composed and /or Collected

nq

he Men in the Service

Edited by

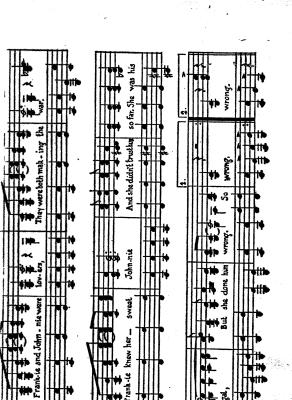
EDGAR A. PALMER

Illustrated by

Mehard A Loederer and Kurt Werth

ERIDAN HOUSE, Publishers

IN STRIP LIBRAR



Frankie and Johnnie were lovers,
They were both making the war.
Frankie knew her sweet Johnnie
And she didn't trust him so far.
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Frankie, she worked for the Red Cross, Johnnie, he flew in the air.
When Frankie and Johnnie went walking, Soldiers said: "My, what a pair!"
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Orders that Frankie and Johnnie Should not be together no more; Then Frankie was worried her Johnnie Would go out and hunt up a bore. She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

And which he reference of pearl.

He gave her a necklace of pearl.

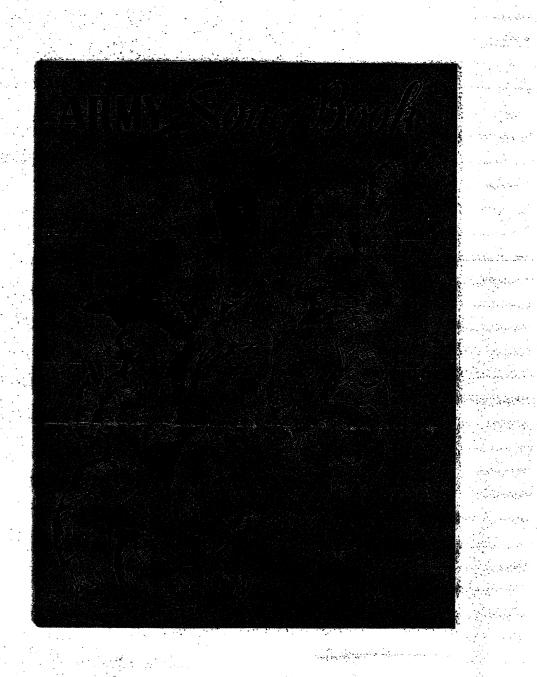
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Johnnie knew then why the orders Kept him and Frankie apart; So, with his hard-shootin' sidearm, The Colonel was shot through the heart. She was his gal, but she done him wrong. So, Frankie, she got a new pilot,
A pilot who knew how to love,
They swore, they'd be true to each other,
As true as the stars above.
She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

Poor Johnnie went off to the prison And carried a ball and a chain Because he had bumped off his Colonel For trying to pick up his Jane. She was his gal, but she done him wrong.

THE BREEZES

The breezes, the breezes,
They blow through the treeses,
They blow the chemises
And through the girls kneeses.
The soldierboy seeses
And dooz as he pleases,
Which causes diseases.
Be geezes, be geezes.



ARMY SONG BOOK

Compiled by THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

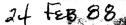
in collaboration with
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

and published by order of the SECRETARY OF WAR



This book is the property of the United States Government and its contents may be used only within the military services.

1941



"Sound Off.

Soldier Songs
From the Revolution to World War II

EDWARD ARTHUR DOLPH

Music Arranged by Philip Egner Illustrated by Lawrence Schick



Farrar & Rinehart Incorporated
New York ~ Toronto

BASE LIBRARY
ITAZUKE, APO 929

Words and Music by
PANCHO BARNES

Published by RO VERDE PUBLISHING CO. Box 37 - Muroc, California



Copyright 1950 by Pancho Barnes

International Copyright Secured

Printed in U.S.A.

All rights reserved including the right of public performance for profit.



some of the lamous piedly of the united States aik fukle

CAPT CHARLES E YEAGER
first man to fly faster than sound.
First man to take Rocket ship off
from the ground. World War II
from the ground. World War II
Ace with 16 victories. One of the
greatest test pilots of all time.

MAJOR PETE EVEREST

Supersonic Test Pilot ranks among those at the very top of the Air Force Test Pilots and is responsible for much of the current test work of the Air Force.

GEN. HOYT S. VANDENBERG Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force. Graduate of West Point, veteran pilot of more than 5000 hours in the air. Air Strategist, Air Tactician and Combat. Pilot, Veteran of the Invasions of North Africa, Tunisia and Sicily. One time Commander of the 9th Air Force and a former Chief of Staff of the 12th Air Force.

MAJOR JACK L. RIDLEY.

Supersonic Test Pilot and Engineering
Combining a
Compart for the X-1 flights. Combining a
mind with expert flying

BRIG. GENERAL ALBERT BOYD
Commanding General General



come here and hold me tight before my transport leaves I, ve got to ask you this please save your love for me I,m off to fight a war to keep our country free I, 11 keep you in my dreams your love will comfort me please save please save please save your love for me please save please save please save your love for me I will be coming home this promise I will keep now wipe away those tears and save your love for me please save please save please save your love for me please save please save please save your love for me

copyright 1990 Corey Christensen

Corey Christensen 601 S. Lorraine Wichita ks. 67211 (316) 684-9222

٦



8 June 1990

Dr. Charles W. Getz P.O. Box # 412 Burlingame, CA. 94011-0412

Dear Dr. Getz.

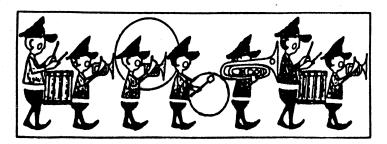
I saw a small notice in the retired Air Force publication. the "Afterburner" some months ago, and have been meaning to send you this information, which you may find of interest. As you know, Col. George S. Howard can be considered the father of Air Force Bands as they have been since the endof WW 2. Several years ago some of us thought it would be appropriate to get togather to pay our respects to him and to reminisce about old times. One thing led to another, and we had over 150 old AF Band retirees go to San Antonio for the first reunion of the retired Air Force musicians Assoc. The next reunion of this group will be in Colo. Spgs., Colo the 2, 3 and fourth of August, 1990. Col. Howard wrote several pieces

of music during his time with the AF Band in Wash., D.C., to include the "Alfalfa March" and the "Col. George S. Howard March". I have "composed" the inclosed "Col. Howard March II" that was adopted by the group as our official March. For each successive reunion we will have #III, #IIII, #V, etc. till the end of time : Col. Howard has given his endorsement to this music, and permission to use his name thereon. All this serves to make this collection of musical notation an "official" piece of Air Force Music. I do believe. The convention in Colo. Spgs will be another large gathering of ex-AF bandsmen, with over 300 in attendance. You would be welcome to attend, I am sure, but may still have some use for this information in your publication. A history of AF music should properly include the many musicians that made it possible. Good luck with your book, and if I can help you in any other way, please ask. The reunions are set for every three years.

Paul I. Leathem, T/Sgt, USAF Band, retired

200 E. Knox Rd., "45

Chandler, AZ. 85225



Second Refired Air Force Musicians' Reunion Colorado Springs, Colorado

February 29, 1990

Dear RAFM Colleagues,

Thank you for responding to our invitation! Over 300 of you have already indicated that you will attend our second reunion planned for August 2, 3 and 4, 1990, in Colorado Springs. The committee is most anxious to host you and has been working hard to insure that you have a wonderful time.

The headquarters hotel is the Sheraton South (formerly the Clarion Hotel). The Springs Motor Inn is located just across the street from our reunion headquarters and offers you a little less expensive (but nice) alternative. Please fill out one of the enclosed HOTEL REGISTRATION CARDS and mail it back to the hotel of your choice NOW or before July 1, 1990. KOA South R.V. Park registration is available by calling (719) 382-7575. The committee will not be responsible for your hotel or R.V. reservation. NOTE: Colorado Springs is located 75 miles south of Denver. If you are planning to fly to Colorado, you should terminate your flight at Colorado Springs Municipal Airport.

Highlights of your three day stay will include food and fellowship together at the Flying W Ranch, complete with a wonderful Western Show, a special musical presentation by the Air Force Academy Falconaire Dance and Show band, a Memorial Service at the famous Air Force Academy Cadet Chapel and a banquet concert by the Academy Band's premier show unit, "The Moods in Blue".

Arrangements have been made for a Reunion Golf Tournament at the Eisenhower Golf Course, one of the most beautiful mountain courses in Colorado. Sorry, there is only room for 40 players. We will assign tee times on a 'first come - first served' basis.' The cost will be \$20.00 per player and payment is due with your reunion registration. Reservations will be consummated upon receipt of the registration form included in this mailing and your check for the total cost of the reunion.

We are looking forward to seeing you in August.

John Lemelin 3210 Bell Mountain Drive Colorado Springs, CO 80918 (719) 599-7934

Jack Tardy 510 Valley Road Colorado Springs, CO 80904 (719) 633-7302 Kenneth B. Schinstine 306 Chelton Road Colorado Springs, CO 80909 (719) 632-3592

Presley B. Wood 7374 Walker Drive Colorado Springs, CO 80920 (719) 598-5196

COL. HOWARD MARCH I





DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE

302 TACTICAL AIRLIFT WING (AFRES)
PETERSON AIR FORCE BASE, COLORADO 80914-5000

8 August 1991

Bill Getz, Publisher The Redwood Press P.O. Box 412 Burlingame, CA 94011-0412

Dear Mr. Getz

In response to your request for Desert Storm songs, Lt Col Jack Taylor, 731st Tactical Airlift Squadron Commander, submits his "Got those PMS Activation Blues". In addition, we have enclosed several more of their favorites.

We are looking forward to seeing Col Taylor's songs in print. If we can be of further assistance, please call through our command post, 1-800-446-9624, ext. 4117.

TERRY BARRETTA PA Specialist

500 MILES

If you see the train I'm on Then you'll know that I am gone You can hear the whistle blow One hundred miles.

One hundred miles, one hundred miles One hundred miles, one hundred miles You can hear the whistle blow One hundred miles.

Not a shirt on my back Nor a penny to my name Lord, I can't go home— This a'way

This a'way, this a'way This a'way, this a'way Lord, I can't go home This a'way.

Lord, I'm one, Lord, I'm two Lord, I'm three and I'm four Oh, I'm five hundred miles Away from home

Five hundred miles, five hundred miles
Five hundred miles, five hundred miles
Lord, I'm five hundred miles
Away from home.

(Repeat first verse)

LEAVING ON A JET PLANE

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go I'm standing here, outside your door I hate to wake you up to say goodbye But the dawn is breakin', it's early morn The taxi's waiting, he's blowing his horn Already, I'm so lonesome I could die.

CHORUS

So kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go.
'Cause, I'm leaving on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go.

There's so many times I've let you down So many times I've played around I tell you now, they don't mean a thing Every place I go, I'll think of you Every song I sing, I'll sing for you When I come back, I'll bring your wedding ring.

CHORUS

Now the time has come for me to leave you One more time, let me kiss you Then close your eyes, I'll be on my way Dream about the days to come When I won't have to leave alone Thous the time I won't have to say

CHORUS (and fade)

THE GOOOD RAMP AT HOME ("Green Green Grass of Home")

Yes the old ramp looks the same
As I step down from the plane
And there to meet me, is my wife and her attorney
Down the ramp I look,
Mr. Bill comes walking
Barber shears in hand, I feel like barfing
It's good to touch the good old ramp at home

* Yes They're all tryin' to get me Come on P.K., you can't shit me It's good to touch, the good old ramp at home.

Then I awake, and look around me
To the B.O.Q. walls that surround me
And then I Realize, I was only dreaming.
T.D.Y. here now, and back for 30
Home just to wash my clothes so dirty
It's good to touch the good old ramp at home

Yes the old ramp looks the same, as they turn around my plane And there for a quickie, is my sweet wife, old whats-her-name I'll be gone again in just two days, on rotation like always I'd like to go back home and get some strange.

×

BALLAD OF TAC AIR LLET ("Green Berets")

Dropping jarheads, from the sky
And pallets filled, wiht railroad ties of
Or simulate, with a sand filled sack
That's how we spend our days in MAC

* Silver wings, upon our chest
We do the work of MAC's finest
Bugger speaks, and we obey
Just what good deals, has he got today

Hustle out and fill the squares Pencil whip them, If you can't Safety's Paramount you know Unless it stops, an on time go

*

The Canal Zone comes to amuse The Battered, Flag-pole weary crews Who'd R.O.N. in a Spanish Jail If it meant, a non avail

*

By day we fly, or pound the ramp With a cold box lunch, in an old green bag Night time finds, this classy bunch With Toga's on, drinking Jones Town punch.

Now were back at home once more To fly the pole, and way the floor You'll love the work, and feel no pain Just keep your hair, cut like John Wayne.

*

THE YOWL PUR SUITER

Beside a Guinea waterfall, one bright and sunny day,
Beside his shattered Mustang a young pursuiter lay,
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead.
So, listen to the very last words that young pursuiter said.
"I'm going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles and there's poker
every night.

There's not a single thing to do but sit around and sing, Where all our crew chiefs are womennmnnnn. Oh, death where is thy sting.

Oh, death where is thy sting, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling.

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling The bells of hell will ring ing-a-ling For you, but not for me.

SOGTEW Orngo

I WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS WHEN THE TELEPHONE RANG THE MAN SAID YOUR ACTIVATED I SAID YOU MUST BE INSANE HE SAID I AIN'T' KIDDING BETTER GO PACK YOUR BAGS GONNA SEND YOU OFF TO TEXAS AND TRAIN THE AERO HAGS

** CHORUS: I GOT THEM DIRTY LOW DOWN PMS, ACITVATION BLUES.

HE SAID BETTER QUIT YOUR BITCHIN
AND GET YOURSELF IN HAND
THINGS COULD BE SO MUCH MORE SO GRUESOME.
WITH A TENT OUT ON THE SAND
THE ONLY SAND YOUR'LL BE SEEING'S
IS WHEN YOUR OUT THERE ON THE LINKS
AND THE ONLY TIME YOU'LL BE DEPRIVED, IS
WHEN THE BAR RUNS OUT OF DRINKS

**

THE WAR'S STILL GOING ON
AND WE'RE STILL HERE LIKE SUCH FOOLS
COMPLAINING BUT HOW THE HEATER HAS
QUIT WORKING IN THE POOL
SOME GUY JUST LOST HIS RENTAL CAR,
ANOTHER LOST HIS BIKE
AIN'T GOT ENOUGH PER DEIM LIFT
GOTTA STICK OUT THE THUMB AND HITCH HIKE

**

I ASKED JUST WHAT DUR MISSION WAS, THEY SAID THEY WEREN'T QUITE SURE JUST GO TRAIN 500 AEROMEDS AND KEEP THE RIVERWALK SECURE SEND YOU OUT ON NIGHT PATROL EAT AT TACO ROSE INFILTRATE COLD RIVER CLUB WHILE WEARING COWBOY CLOTHES

I ASKED HIM WHY WE'RE DOING THIS
AND WHY HE WAS CALLING ME
IT SEEMED THE JOB COULD BE BETTER DONE
BY RESERVISTS ON DOUBLE TP'S
HE SAID GO GET A HAIR CUT AND
PLEASE PRESS YOUR BDU'S
I'M SURE THE LACKLAND HAIR POLICE'S
NEVER SEEN THE LIKES OF YOUZ

* *

LOVE THIS ACTIVE DUTY THIS DUTY STUFF AND I SEEM TO KNOW JUST WHY I QUIT IT SEVERAL YEARS AGD HOW THE YEARS JUST SEEM TO FLY I LOVE THE OPPORTUNITY AND I REALLY LOVE THE PAY WHICH I'M ASSURED IS IN THE MAIL AND WILL REACH ME ANY DAY

**

THOUGHT THAT WHEN WE FINISHED THERE THAT THEY WOULD SET US FREE BUT WE WERE SOON TO REALIZE THAT THAT WAS NOT TO BE WE JOINED THE GANG IN MILDENHALL TO CONTINUE DOING TIME AND SPEND THE EVENINGS SIPPING ON A LAGER AND A LIME

* *

ANOTHER ROUND OF BITTERS
ANOTHER TOSS OF DARTS
ANOTHER DAY OF SUFFERIN THROUGH
A COCKPIT FILLED WITH FARTS
JUST GOT A BRAND NEW ROOMATE
THEN ANOTHER TWO OR THREE
GETTING USED TO STANDING IN A LINE
JUST TO TAKE A PEE

* *

THE BEST WE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO
IS A LOUSY 3 DAY PASS
A CREW BUS A D DARK THIRTY
OR JUST SITTIN ON YOUR ASS
I HOPE THEY LAUNCH THE "BRAVO" SOON
NEED A CHANGE OF SCENERY
IT'S RAINED FOR FOURTY DAYS AND NIGHTS
AND MY SOCKS ARE TURNING MOLDY

**

I REMEMBER BRAVO SQUADRON
HASN'T CHANGED IN 15 YEARS
DINNERS RAMEN NOODLES
FOLLOWED BY TWO DOZEN BEERS
BETTER GET THIS FAT BUTT MOVING
AND GET DOWN TO THE GYM
SQ I CAN BE BACK IN TIME
TO DO IT ALL AGAIN

**

WE THOUGHT THE WAR WAS OVER
BUT THE PUNCHBOWL STILL HAD TURDS
THEY SENT US OFF TO TURKEY
FIND A "WHEY" TO FEED THE KURDS
GO SHOPPING IN THE ALLEY
GET A COLLAR FOR YOUR COAT
GOING BROKE JUST SAVING MONEY
NEVER SEEN A BARBECUED GOAT

**

ann+ ret, 7-27-89

2828 Wood Duck Road Virginia Beach, VA 23456 June 15, 1981

Jeseph F. Tuse, Head Prefesser of English Department of English New Mexico State University Bex 3E/Las Cruces, NM 08003

Dear Professor Tuso:

I have finally been able to ferret a few hours for typing up some of the World War Two and post-war SAC parodies for you, per my promise. I'm enclosing the first "batch" and will send the balance within a week or two. Please accept my apology for the delay but I am proceeding as fast as I can under the circumstances. I have several P.O.W. efforts to add which may also be of interest, but I must do some digging through my old papers to locate them.

I hope you will find some use for this material. Good luck on your publication. Feel free to keep it all until you are finished.

Cerdially yours,

1 Land G. Kinger

HAROLD F. KORGER Colonel, USAF (Retired)

encl:

The Air Force Salvation Song Cruisin' Down the Runway The Disc Drives the Reller You Can Tell a Fighter Pilet These Messerschmitts are Breaking Up... As Flak Gees By I'll Bemb Celegne Sixteen Runs In a Dim, Inner Sanetum Caribou and Limestone ... The Last of the Bembardiers The Last of the Titameers Twas the Night Befere Christmas Standing on the Runway Oh, Why Did I Join the Air Force My A.C. The Poor Navigator Lay Dying Dirty Gertie From Bixerte Come On and Join the Air Corps Beneath a Bridge in Sicily Stella, the Belle of Fedella Springtime in Alaska

Pusan University

My Wild Eyed Kaydet
'Twas a Cold Winter's Evening
Ballad of Tom Dooley
The Promised Land
(Cul de SAC)

2828 Wood Duck Road Virginia Beach, VA 23456 June 2, 1981

Prof. Joseph F. Tuse Dept. of English New Mexico State University Las Cruces, NM 88003

Dear Professor Tuse:

I have just returned from a trip and found your letter of May lith awaiting me. I will get my material together just as soon as possible and forward it to you. Please anticipate a slight delay as I have several pressing matters to attend to before I can get back to the song/paredy project. Some of the paredies are in relatively poor condition, legiblity-wise, and I will most probably have to re-type them before dispatching them to you; be assured, however, I will attend to this undertaking without undue delay.

When did you retire and where were you stationed? I was in SAC for as long as there has been such command, with the exception of the World War II years (most of which were spent on the wrong side of a barbed wire enclosure). I flew as bembardier and (later) as radar-navigator on heart bembars, iPety'B-24, B-29, B-50, B-47 and B-52 (also can beast one ride on that now unknown beast, the B-181).

I hepe to have semething out to you within the next ten days to two weeks.

Sincerely,

HAROLD F. KORGER

Celemel, USAF (Retired)

1 Hourslad F. Ka

P. Brian

t Under the Apple Tree der the apple tree alse but me, anyone else but

lon't sit under the apple anyone else but me, parching home. in' down lover's lane :lse but me, ut me, Anyone else but me, on't go walkin' down lover's

lse but me arching home. rd from a guy who heard next door to me. et just loves to pet ou to a "T". under the apple tree, lse but me. arching home. ng, the whole shebang sweet and true, t out and came right back raph of you.

ars a Yeller Ribbon k she wears a yeller ribbon, And NOPENCE to lend, in the winter and the summer NOPENCE to send home to my wife. r, "Why the decoration"? Fur away, Fur away." kin' cows or mowin' hay, fur her lover who is fur,

n the Flying Trapeze s happy but now I'm forlorn. oat that is tatter'd and wide world to fret and to

maid in her teens, t I loved, she was hand-

knew, her to please, ould please her one quarter

the flying trapeze.

through the air with the f ease, bung man on the flying

re graceful, all the girls lease,

has purloin'd away.

British Airmen's Song I've got SIXPENCE, jolly jolly SIXPENCE I've got SIXPENCE to last me all my life I've got TWOPENCE to spend, And TWOPENCE to lend, And TWOPENCE to send home to my wife. No cares have I to grieve me, No pretty little girls to deceive me. I'm happy as a king, believe me As we go rolling, rolling home. (CHORUS)

Rolling home, rolling home Rolling home, rolling home. By the light of the silvery moon. Happy is the day when the Air Corps gets its pay

As we go rolling, rolling home. I've got FOURPENCE, jolly jolly FOURPEN I've got FOURPENCE to last me all my life.

I've got TWOPENCE to spend, And TWOPENCE to lend, NOPENCE to send home to my wife. (CHORUS)

I've got TWOPENCE, jolly jolly TWOPENCE I've got TWOFENCE to last me all my life I've got TWOPENCE to spend,

(CHORUS)

I've got NOPENCE jolly jolly NOPENCE t's fur my lover who is fur, I've got NOPENCE to last me all my life I've got NOPENCE to spend And NOPENCE to lend k she wears a yeller ribbon, And NOPENCE to SEND home to my wife. (Poor wife!)

> Pack Up Your Troubles Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile. While you've lu-ci-fer to light your gag, Smile, boys, that's the style----What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while, SO----Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, And smile, smile, smile!

Auld Lang Syne Should auld acquaintance be forgot And never brott to mind? Should auld acquaintance to forgot And days of auld lang sy e. For auld lang syne, my dar, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet For auld lang syne.

"BENEATH A BRIDGE IN SICILY"

Beneath a bridge in Sicily, One cold and wintry day, Beside a busted fighter plane, Its former pilot lay.

His throat was cut by a bracing wire, The grs tank had hit his head; and he listened to these dying words, His young observer said:

"We're going to a better land, Where everything is bright; Where money grows on bushes, and you shack up every night.

"You never have to work at all, Not even to change your socks; And little drops of whiskey, Come trickling down the rocks."

Then the pilot nuttered a last few words, Before he passed away;
"I'll tell you how it happenedThe propeller ran away.

"The engine wouldn't hit et all, The gas was far too few; Then a bullet hit the gas tank, And the gas cane leaking through.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, Where engines always run; Where eggnogs grow on eggplants, And pilots grow a bun.

"They have no interceptors, No Junkers thirty four, And great big frested juleps Are free in every store."

(Continued on next page

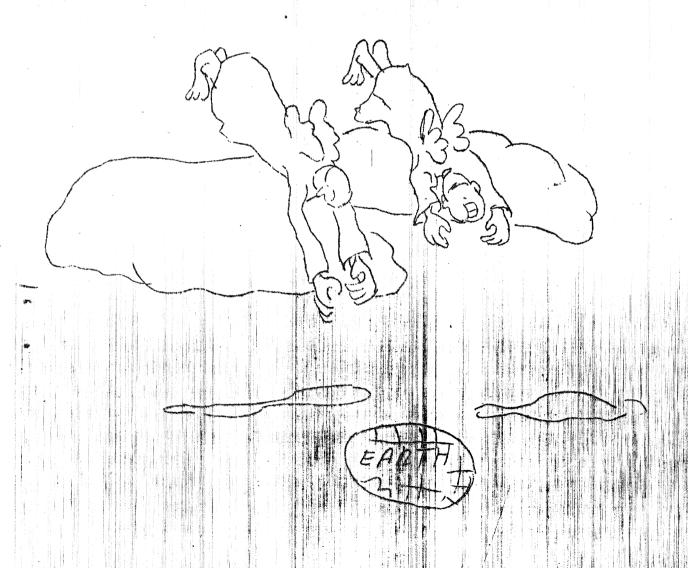
13

The observer said to the pilot, As heavenward they flew, "Now, when we see Saint Peter,

And back to earth we'll fly; And we'll haunt those lousy krauts, Until the day they die.

"Oh, we're going to a better land, We'll jazz there every night, and the cockteils grow on bushes, So every one stays tight,

"They've torn up all the calendars, They've busted all the clocks, And scotch and rye and bourbon Come flowing down the rocks."



"CASEY JONES"

The following World War II ballad was the common property of B-17 crews of the Eight Air Force, and was sung to the tune of it's then-present name, "Cascy Jones".

Now, come all you airmen if you want to hear, The story of a brave aviator. Casey Jones was the pilot's name, on a hig four engine, boys, he won his fame.

When they worke Casey up it was black as sin. Operations told Casey that the target's Berlin. Casey could tell by the lines on the map, That this was gonne! be his final lap.

CH ORUS:

Casey Jones, lines on the map.
Casey Jones, his finel lap.
Casey Jones, lines on the map.
Yes, this was gome! be his finel lap.

The major said, "Boys, there'll be some flak."
Casey could tell by this that he wouldn't be back;
He turned to his crew and this is what he said,
"We're gonna! make it to Berlin but we'll all be dead."

Casey walked into the drying room, He hollered for his clothing with an awful boom, The sergeant knew by the basterd's groams, That the man at the counter was Casey Jones.

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, the man at the counter.
Casey Jones, by his means and groams,
Casey Jones, the man at the counterYes, the man at the counter was Casey Jones.

Casey took off an all he left was smoke.

He said, "I've get a present for the HELLINVOLK.

They may get me but I'm here to tell,

There'll be a let of Nazis down in hell."

(Continued on next page)

The formed up over Buncher twenty-eight.
Casey could tell they were genna' be lete.
He called up the leader over VHF,
Said, "Wo'd better hurry up or we'll all be left."

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, we'd better hurry up.
Casey Jones, or we'll all be left.
Casey Jones, we'd better hurry up.
Yes, we'd better hurry up or we'll all be left.

Now Casey was flying in the diamond that day, He said, "For the LUFT FFE I'll be easy prey. There's gonna! be a decoration coming to me, But it'll be the Purple Hear posthunously."

He took a burst of flak between three and four.
He yelled, "That's all, brother. There ain't any more."
They couldn't bail out so they rode her in.

CH ORUS:

Casey Jones, couldn't bail out.
Casey Jones, they rode her in.
Casey Jones, couldn't bail out.
No, they cound't bail out so they rode her in.

Firebell leader called to Yellow Low.
Said, "See that awful sight down there below?"
Yellow said, "I'll but you helf a crown
That he landed on the gunner that shot him down."

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, landed on the gunner.
Casey Jones, that shot him down!
Casey Jones, landed on the gunner.
Yes, he landed on the gunner that shot him down.

The boys were awful sad that evening in the club.
They seemed to think that same one had flubbed their dub.
The colonel said, "There'll be no nore of this."
There's another crew waiting at the station in Diss."



Submitted by Special Service Office, Scott Field, III.

Come on and join the Air Corps, It's a fine corps, so they say. You never do no work at all, Just fly around all day. While the others toil and study hard, And so grow old and blind, You take the air without a care, And never, never mind!

Chorus:

Never mind, never mind, Come on and join the Air Corps And you will never mind!

And when you loop and spin har And, with an awful tear, You find yourself without your wings, Oh, you will never care; For in about two minutes more Another pair you'll find, You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet And you will never mind!

Chorus.

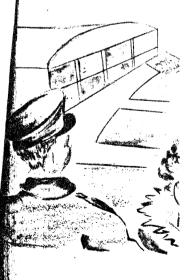
And when you meet a Zero And he shoots you down in flames, Don't waste your time a-bellyaching. And calling the beggar names; Just push your stick into the ground And very soon you'll find: There ain't no hell and all is well, And you will never mind!

Chorus.

You're flying over the c You hear your engine sp You see your prop come Your goddam engines q The ship won't float, you The shore is miles behins Oh what a dish for the cr But you will never mind!

Chorus.

Come on and get promo As high as you desire, You're riding on the grav If you're an Army flier. But just when you're abou A general, you'll find Your motors cough, your And you will never mind! Chorus.







P. O. Box 5534 Washington, D.C. 20016

Honorary Chairman:

Curtis E. LeMay, CG 20 AF

Executive Director:

Richard M. Keenan, 444 Gp (202) 337-2799

Assistant Chairmen:

Haywood S. Hansell, CG 21 BC D. O. Monteith, C/S 58 Wg Ernest Moore, CG 7 FC Leland S. Stranathan, DCO 315 Wg

Honorary Directors:

August W. Kissner, C/S 20 AF Harold H. Twitchell, S/G 20 AF David A. Burchinal, Hq 20 AF John W. Carpenter, Hq 20 AF Paul S. Emrick, Hq 20 AF Francis H. Griswold, Hq 20 AF Crocker Snow, Hq 73 Wg Hewitt T. Wheless, Hq 314 Wg Kenneth H. Gibson, 6 Gp Henry C. Huglin, 9 Gp Earl L. Johnson, 9 Gp David Wade, 9 Gp Samuel C. Gurney, Jr, 16 Gp John A. Roberts, Jr, 19 Gp Carl R. Storrie, 29 Gp George W. Mundy, 39 Gp William Kenneth Skaer, 40 Gp Douglas C. Polhamus, 330 Gp James N. Peyton, 331 Gp Winton R. Close, 444 Gp Alfred F. Kalberer, 462 Gp Paul K. Carlton, 468 Gp James V. Edmundson, 468 Gp Arnold T. Johnson, 497 Gp Jack J. Catton, 498 Gp Morris J. Lee, 499 Gp John E. Dougherty, 500 Gp Boyd Hubbard, Jr., 501 Gp Kenneth O. Sanborn, 502 Gp Glen W. Martin, 504 Gp Robert A. Ping, 505 Gp Charles W. Sweeney, 509 Gp Paul W. Tibbets, Jr, 509 Gp Kenneth R. Powell, 21 Fgt Gp

•

Dear Professor Tuso:

Reference your letter to the editor in the current issue of AIR FORCE, the enclosed copy of a song sheet we used at Basic Training in Miami Beach in early 1943 may be of interest.

May 12, 1981

"Bless them All" was another favorite at the time.

Sincerely

Richard M. Keenan Executive Director ouring Basic Train

IR CORPS SONG

Off we go into the wild blue you Climbing high into the sun; Here they come zooming to meet ou thunder. At em boys, give er the gun! Down we dive spouting our flame from under Off with one helluva roar: We live in fame - go down in flam Nothing ll stop the ARMY AIR CORP

INTO THE FAIR GRMX ATP COFFS

Into the air Army Air Corps, Into the air pilots true, Into the air Army Air Corps, Keep your nose up in the clue. When you hear the engines singing And those steel props start to whine, You can bet the Army Air Corps, Is along the firing line.

THE BOMBARDIER SONG

Said the Bombardier to the Filot "Give us a little ride". The Filot said to the Navigator

Was Parigetanibe looked eround said to the engineer.
"Your hands are dirty, your pants are dirty, you're dirty behind the

ear", Said the Bombardier to the gunner. "How are we fixed for lead?" The Pilot said to the Radioman, "How's the weather ahead?"

. CHORUS

The weather's fine for flying, The fog has gone to bed, There's such good vis-i-bil-i-ty, You can see victory ahead, Let's fill the air with bombers, Let's fill the clouds with men, And we will see a world that's fre hen we fly home again.

YANKIL DOODL

I'm a Yankee Doodle dandy,
I'm a Yankee Doodle guy,
I'm a nephew of my Uncle Sam,
Born on the 4th of July,
I've got a Yankee Doodle sweetheart Yankee Poodle do or die.
Yankee Poodle went to town
A fiding on a pony.
The just a Yankee Poodle guy.

数数据BIG SHO SPINE TRILL BANDSTEND Jes Pine Tree Drive WK

SONG SHAP

IS THE ARMY MR.

This is the Army, Mr. Jones.
No private homes or telephones.
You had your breakfast in bed
before, But you won't have it there any This is the Army, Mr. Green, We like our barracks nice and clean, You had a house maid to clean, your floor, But she won!t help you out any Do what the bugler's command. They're in the Army and not in This is the Army, Mr. Brown, You and your baby went to town She had you worried, but this is war. And she won't worry you any

OH, RU. IN THE HOW I HATE TO GET MORNING

Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning Oh, how I hate to get out of The hardest thing of all Is to hear the bugler call "You got to get up You got to get up You got to get up in the morning". Some day I'm going to murder the bugler Some day you're going to find i him dead, I'll amputate his reveille And step upon it heavily, And spend the rest of my life in bed (And then Itll get that other pup,
The guy who wakes the bugler up
And spend the rest of my life
in bed.

BLIR BEIR (Notre Dame Song)

Beer, beer for Brown; Go tell the Colonel, Dverything's fine, Send somebody out for gin Don't let a sober soldier in. We never stagger, we never fal We sober up on wood alcohol While those lovel boys so

Onward to victory.

oll out the barrel.

I've been workin' on the railroad,
oll out the barrel.

I've been workin' on the railroad,
All the live long day.

I've been workin' on the railroad.
I've been workin' on the railroad.
I ve been workin' on the railroad.
I yet to pass the time away.

I you hear the whistles blowing the time to roll the barrel Rise up so early in the morn.

then we leave the Lrmy, when we leave the will all enlist again, Te will all enlist again, Like Hell, Like Hell, Like Hell.

We were only, only fooling, We were only, only fooling, We were only, only fooling, Like Hell, we were, like hell

Then we leave Miami, ite will all sit down and cry, Then we leave Miami, we will all sit down and cry, when we leave liami, e will all sit down and cry, Like Hell, Like Hell, Like Hell.

All we do is sing the payroll. All we do is sign the payroll. All we do is sign the payroll. But we never get a cent.

STOUT HEARTED HEN

Give me some men who are stout

hearted men, Behind the coor her father kept a

shot gun. Start me with ten, who are stout hearted men, Upon the desk the sheriff kept a And I'll soon give you ten thousand. Warrant. more, Oh, shoulder to shoulder And bolder and bolder.
They grow as they go to the fore.
Then there's nothing in the world Can halt or mar a plan, Then stout hearted men can Stick together man to man!

ne**re**, OVER THERE Over there, over there, Send the word, send the word over there,

come

THE ORKINI ON THE RAILROAD

wis the time to roll the barrel. Rise up so early in the morn.

Lause the gang's all here. Can't you hear the Captain shouting Dinah blow your horn.

Dinah won't you blow.

Dinah won't you blow. Dinah won't you blow. Then we leave the Army.

Then won't you blow.

The will all enlist again.

Then won't you blow.

The will all enlist again.

Then won't you blow.

The will all enlist again.

Then won't you blow.

The will all enlist again.

Then won't you blow.

The will all enlist again.

Then won't you blow.

The will all enlist again.

Then won't you blow.

The will all enlist again.

The will all enlis Strumin! on the old banjo. Fee fie fiddle-de-I-O, Fee fie fiddle-de-I-O, Strummin! on the old banjo....

SHE GOT IT FROM A PRIVATE WHO TAS FAR FAR ATAY

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon, She wore it in December and in the month of May, And if you asked her why the hell she wore it, She wore it, far far away

CHORUS Far away, far away, She wore it for a private who was far far away.

2nd VERSE Around the block she pushed a 🖟 baby carriage.

4th VIRSE

BUCKLE DO N WINSOCKI (Perody)

Buckle down Buck Private. Buckle down, You will win Buck Private, If you'll buckle down If you break their necks, if you make them wrecks. You can break the hex, so buckle down.

ake 'em yell, Buck Frivate make 'em yell

ou can win, Buck Frivate, if you give 'em hell

f you con't rive in, ake it on the chin

outlier bound to win he you in acceptance.

BLESS THEM ALL

BLESS THEM ALL..

BLESS THEM ALL..

THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL —

BLESS ALL THE BLONDIES AND ALL THE BRUNETTES

EACH MAN'S HAPPY TO TAKE WHAT HE GETS

BUT WE'RE GIVING THE EYE TO THEM ALL.

THE ONES THAT ATTRACT OR APPALL

FOR MASSIE AND SUSIE

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CHOGSY

WHEE YOU'RE IN CAMP, BLESS THEM ALL.

san francisco international airport san francisco, ca. 94128

(415) 282-0222

12/08/83

Bill Getz Esquire The Redwood Press PO Box 3323 San Mateo CA 94403

Dear Bill:

With my five week Poland trip behind me and a lotta catching up to do, haven't made it to the Club.

Picked the enclosed up from a retired Scot Colonel. Claims all are mostly authentic Aussie war songs.

Sending them to you in case you intend doing a "Son of the Wild Blue Yonder" book.

Cheers,

With Hoffman

I he Digger Hat.

I,ve seen some lids in days gone by.

From Bris, to Dunedoos.

Top hats that strive to reach the sky,

And cloth caps around the Loos.

The scabero and the stocknam.

That shade from queensland sums.

The topi that is favourite.

On many out back runs.

I have seen some busy roscrays
All the city fashious know
The bowler and the porkolo
With its cross so very low
I have seen the swagman, s relic
The turban and the fes
And all the hats that cut a style
Pros Sydney to sues.

And I thinkit bests them all
From Cape to San Francisco
From Melbourn to whitehell
For its been in many countrys
And in each it did its share
From the mud and slush of Flanders
Sinai,s heat and glare

And not se slick as polished caps
The Tommies heads adorn;
Yer it has an air of Aussie
Of; Come and have A drink?
The good old easy style that leads
To glory or "the clink.

From cross to sweaty band
And it often makes me homesick
In this Falestinian gand
But it stands for right and Manhood
And who would want more than that
That, a why one day in 40,
I took the Digger hat

Christmass, 41,
Well, it don't seem much like Christmass.
Hations at each other, sthroats,
A fighting one another
Like a lot of billey goats
While we polish up the vickers
Or are doing a bayonet drill
It hardly seems the season
Tobe talking of goodwill

Just there one who came from Engareth

I guess he aught to know
le knocked about and summed things up
To thousaid years ago
And though new gods have come and gone
And the years has passed away.
The things he taught his followers
Are just as clear today.

To be tolerent and straight
That each might do the decent thing
And try and help his nate;
Teld of the good smaritem
Who helped the traveller bloke
Gave him a swig of Fosters
And offered him assocks

Taught ench not to fight his meighbour
Kill his calve or steal his wheat
Or broadcast lies about his
Al the corner of the street
Tillpeople learned his creed was might
had gave the sword a reet
Taug sat beside there fires and smoked
and found that peace was best

But sometimes we are forced to rid

The world of things that small

The will scatter Mitlers States

And we will blow his tanks to HTLL

Shavent sheeled him up to date

Or shound him much that true

Dut I, Llbet a quid he is pretty sick

By Christmass, 42.

The state of the s

Then you we hamped a Vickers tripod till it And your knees begin tenbuckle and your smeat begins to run

Then you, we carled belts of smotill you, we

paid for all your sins

and you, we stumbled in the derimess, fallen down and barked your chins. Tie then my lad , you know you are a private. Then depressed and and cold and weary in the endless hours on guard
Then your eyes aid heart are beavy and your
Lest are from head foot are frozen bard. then the Ord, ly Officer cops you with a feg , or off your beat. And you, d think you, d lost the bloody war the may be talls you of a treat you bet you will ourse your retten job as private Then you, we swept and sorubbed the cookhouse washed the dixies one by one, Out up bread and pealed potatoes from thedams till set of sun Thile a blasted toothache at you marring like a Bathurst bury and some narrow souled two pipper cames and . makes uou call him sir The dont you leathe the leady rank of privat And the second s When you, we had no leave for ages and you. feeling very blue And you, r sick of eating goldfish bully beef and army steer then you, r luck at two up, a loney, and you view TOUT BOLLTO THE CONTRACTOR Well you don't get drunk to acten on that t two and aix a day them you often wish you werent a hard up private. But perhaps I shouldent grissle, so I, liestop and dry my eyes For I have some dinkum cobbers who will always sympathise Andthe war can, t last for ever the tide has turned, this said show its won we, il tell the C.S.M.to go and bag his head and be glad that we were only Bloody Private.

Poor Bloody Private.

The same was a series of the same of the s

Now if a Morter cops me when the shells are falling thick

Ihope I go where battlers go and meet old.
Ginger Mick

He,s the cove that Dennis wrote about who came and had a go

on the rugged slopes of Ansac over twenty years ago.

This Mick was a Dinkum Aussie, and his mates
Were all the same

I hope they, il come and greet me when the devil calls my name;

For we, 11 have much in common spite of twenty years between,

They will know the tracks I, we travelled and the places where I, we bear

I know I, il mix with all these blokes; they, ll speak
my language too;

They, 11 talk of beer and fightes and fun the way they used to do.

We, Il all sit down and rool a smoke, and yarn of this and that,

From Bulyerio to Bendigo, from bourke to Ballarat.

But Ginger Mick I,m dreaming for your here with us today

With a fag stuck in your hatband in the sameold careless way.

And the lofty crags of Queensland is malking by
my side. Caling up the mile like a cancal with

And little smith of Gollingwood, you bet he, s his larky force

Giving check to sargent majors in the way he foot shade used to do

Ther, s the cove that more pyjamas yes, the bloke who cleaned his teeth,

And the chap who is neet and natty with a polished bayonet sheath

I guess they are much the same to day as Diggers ever were

They play up while on Cairo leave and drink and fight and swear

They, er considered hard to handle and they mosa about the stew

But it, send THE BLOOMING ANKAGS
when there,s dirty work to do.

The Pillbox On The Rise How this land is hot and dusty. And it isn't worth a hoot Itwould take a million acres to support a bandlooot Out towards where the escarpment Bears beneath the lover sky, s My mates and I are liveing In a pillbox on a rise.

Well it was not built for comfort But to stand some heavy knocks The ventilation, s not byginie And smalls of sweaty sex At night the sand fless bite us and by day we have the flys A delightful little mansion Is this pillbox on the rise. the state of the same of the s

We live on army retions bully beef or beans or stew Some "mangaree" and margarine And Molson, sevil brew To stretch and sleep in equiport We would need one twice the size But we have got to be contented In this pillbox on the rise

Oft the sigs drop in upon us Whentley, re running out there limbell, I, av left my sandy dugout They, we got them streeted about the place And departed from Matrix Like tlanky przepkinyines They sit and smoke call yearn cabile And tell the latest lies WE have our little gatherings At the pillbox on the rise. It is not a fast existence Dut me, we heard a bomb or to And when thereof sok open up Come out and see the show New Smithy, s quite disheartened But he had better dry his eyes Es want be always waiting In a pillbox on a rise

But some one has got to man it And I guess we are the sugs While we dress of leave in alex And of beer in feating mugs And if the worst should happen We, we a job that, s quite man size Defending Aussie and Egypt In the pillbox on the rise.

Semper Laga. There's a flee bound, bug, bound dug out In place they call Matruh Macore I often used to rest my weary bones In the bunid hour of mid day. Then I.d tired of the view of escarpeent sem and sky and sand and stones

Now I lie and amoke and ponder And I d curse the arid land Where selden cloud banks bellied in blue Chiche longing for a shower Just to lay the gritty sand That blow in to my dogout in Matrih

But the old dugouth was honely And I slept in her quite well Till Regnan came and dropped his nightly load And the sok soks reared around me And I we wished his plans in hell In the hour before the eastern skyline glowed

And she had her decorations Cleaning gale and movie stars And some there were that showed a nifty leg And the labels of beer bottels To resind us of the bars Where in better days we drew it from the keg

And journeyed back to Palestine Open more There Isam the groves and poplars Cold of ormace gleaning through Applyisoned many happy days in store

tite pouring rain in palestine With slush up to your knees And I am Not and cold , my overcost seated through Affid give a bloomin tenner Just more nore to take my case In that good old flee bound degout in Materials.

WOUNDED PROM TOBURY

You come limping down the gangplank or you are or you,r carried down instead,

Covered by a dusty blanket with a boot beneath you,r head,

And you all look lean and hungryunderneath that Aussie gring of the extension of the

Blok of bully beef and biscuits but the sort who dont give in.

P, raps you, re finiled by a bearer who is muscular and Mr.

Fishing fags out of his pocket with a Have a cigger Dig!

And you hold it while he lights it and you give the oldrery grin,

Making little of you, re troubles but there no one taken in

For they know that you have been through it and there nothing much to says Youare a base job or a Blighty and they, 11 help you on you, re may 1200 has the management For the sky was thick with zoomers and the

sendbags near you shook Like the beach neath BONdi boomers when you blocked em at Tobruk.

And I,m proud that I,m Australian when I look At men like these They, re the man sho marched beside me back at Ingleburn in threes

In the days when life was rosey full of laughter leave and beer.

And I never thought Isould see them carried down the gamgplank here.

Well they done there best for Rogland and they we done there best for home For the girls they left behind them and the pale whotould not com

And may the Aussies not forget them when they, er invalled back

Nor leave them poor and jobless for the dola no drags of the track. Howthe days were long and dismal.

Though the wildflowers blossomed bright,
And spring warm sun made liveing glad for some.

There was plenty good tobacco
But we felt the drought atvnight,
When we in ourtents we,d smoke and yarn of home.

And the big bare slopes seemed cheerless With there camel brush and rocks And barley golden in the morning light; But a happy rumour,s reached us HHailing from the sues docks

That has sumshow changedlife,s prespects over night.

For a freighter, s berthed in Tewfik,
That has sailed the sothern seas
A, laden to the decks with cargo rare
And each mulga, s mail confirmed it
Borne in on a sothern breeze
She, s beat the japs and anchored safely there

We she, s not an ocean liner
Just a rusty battered tramp
With a tired stoker leaning on her rail
But she heaved the green seas from her
And we recken she, s a champ
For she brought a load of Aussie beer and mail.

The Woman Folks Who Wait.
Theys sing praises to our soldiers,
Who fight in distant lands
They sing praises to our sailors
Who face death on every hand
They sing praises to our airmen
Who show the japs there hate
Why don,t they sing some praises
The woman folks who wait?

They seem the papers every day
To see who has been hurt
And they pray that soon the japs will be
Grushed under foot like dirt
Their harts grow heavy each time they read
Where some poor soul has lost her mate
They are learning fast the sorrows of this world
These woman folks who wait.

They try not think of the time
When trouble might knock at there door
And from there lips an everyday thought
"May good luck be with you, Dear throughout this war"
They realise the dangers our boy,s go through
That glorious victory may reach our gate
But God alone knows how hard this war is
For the woman folks who wate

TUNE TONE DOZEN ROSES

Give me one Dinkum Aussie
Fut the Yanks on a steamer
And send them back fo U.S.A.
They, 11 be glad to recieve them
And I knew we want kneed them
They only flist there time away.
There may be soldiers and sailors
Marnies big and strong
But give me one little Aussie
Then things want go wrong
So give me one Dinkum Aussie
Put the Yanks on a steamer
And send them back to U.S.A.

S-296

FLYING FALCONS

MARCH

Dedicated with Official Permission, to the Cadet Wing United States Air Force Academy $\mathbf{B}\mathbf{y}$

FREDERICK C. MAYER

INSTRUMENTATION - FULL BAND

PRICE \$3.50

- 1 CONDUCTOR
- 1 C PICCOLO
- 4 C FLUTE
- 1 Eb CLARINET

- 4 1st Bb CLARINET 4 2nd Bb CLARINET 4 3rd Bb CLARINET 2 Eb ALTO CLARINET
- 2 Bb BASS CLARINET
- 1 Eb CONTRA BASS CLARINET
- 2 OBOE
- 1 ENGLISH HORN
- 1 1st BASSOON
- 1 2nd BASSOON
- 1 CONTRA BASSOON
- 1 1st Eh ALTO SAXOPHONE
- 1 2nd Eb ALTO SAXOPHONE
- 1 Ph TENOR SAXOPHONE
- 1 Eh BARITONE SAXOPHONE

- 1 BBb BASS SAXOPHONE
- 3 1st Bh CORNET (Trumpet)
 3 2nd Bh CORNET (Trumpet)
 3 3rd Bh CORNET (Trumpet)
 2 1st & 3rd HORNS IN F

- 2 2nd & 4th HORNS IN F
- 1 1st TROMBONE
- 1 2nd TROMBONE
- 2 3rd & 4th TROMBONES
- 1 1st BARITONE T. C.
- 1 2nd BARITONE T. C.
- 1 1st BARITONE B. C.
- 1 2nd BARITONE B. C.
- 1 STRING BASS 4 BASSES (Tubas)
- 3 FIELD DRUMS
- 4 BASS DRUM & CYMBALS
- 1 GLOCKENSPIEL

CONDUCTOR PART \$1.00

OTHER PARTS 25c EACH.

Southern MUSIC COMPANY
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS 78206



Flying Falcons

















For

For Gawdsake Don't Take Me!

The Songs, Ballads, Verses, Monologues, etc. of the Call-Up Years, 1939-1963

Edited by Martin Page

Illustrated by Bill Tidy



Hart-Davis, MacGibbon London

Granada Publishing Limited
First published in Great Britain 1976 by Hart-Davis, MacGibbon Ltd
Frogmore, St Albans, Hertfordshire AL2 2NF and
3 Upper James Street, London W1R 4BP

This anthology © 1976 by Martin Page

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher.

ISBN 0 246 10859 2

Filmset in Photon Imprint 11 on 13 pt by Richard Clay (The Chaucer Press), Ltd, Bungay, Suffolk and printed in Great Britain by Fletcher & Son Ltd, Norwich

FOURTH AIR FORCE MARCH



ORIGINAL
WORDS and MUSIC
By

SGT. CHESTER BARNETT HAMMER FIELD, FRESNO, CALIF.

REVISED LYRICS By CPL. RICHARD BURDICK
HQS. FOURTH AIR FORCE

FOURTH AIR FORCE MARCH







Dedicated to the U.S. Air Force

THE U.S. AIR FORCE

MARCH



Lica Robertson

NOW THEY RUN FOR YOU AND ME

THERE ARE MANY WHO TALK ROUGH AND TOUGH, TO THEIR CHILDREN AND THEIR FAMILY. THEY USE THEIR FISTS AS HAND JESTURES TO GO ALONG WITH THEIR BIG MOUTH.

BRIDGE:

THEIR RANTING AND RAVING, IS THEIR CHILDREN'S ONLY BACKBONE. WHEN THEY RUN OFF ON THEIR OWN.

CHORUS:

THERE'S NO TIME FOR THEIR PITY.
WHILE THEY KEEP FORMING THEIR COMMITTEES.
GOT TO FIGHT TO KEEP THEM OFF THE STREETS.
BEFORE IT'S YOU,
BEFORE IT'S ME, THEY BEAT.

THEY DON'T RUN FOR PROTECTION AND LOVE. WHEN ALL THEY'VE KNOWN WAS REJECTION AND HATE. AND NOW THEY RUN FOR YOU AND ME. WILD, RAMPANT, MEAN, AND FREE.

BRIDGE:

HERE AND THERE AND EVERYWHERE, MAD AS DOGS CAN BE. STALKING US AS THEIR PREY.

CHORUS:

WORDS & MUSIC WRITTEN BY: LISA ROBERTSON C 1991 UNPUBLISHED ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

HAROLD BOURGOIN 12915 SE 7TH PL BELLEVUE, WA. 98005

Join 2nd f. a.C. 0-694319 A.O. (NAVIGATOR) ETHE SPOON GITTE BOME SQUADRO ARMY AIR BASE ALAMOGORDO, N.MEX. ALAMOGORDO, N.MEX.

JOHNNY BURKE A.S.C.A.P.

Music by JIMMY VAN HEUSEN A.S.C.A.P.



Dedicated to 400th BOMBARDMENT GROUP ARMY AIR FORCES

As Recorded by Bing Crosby



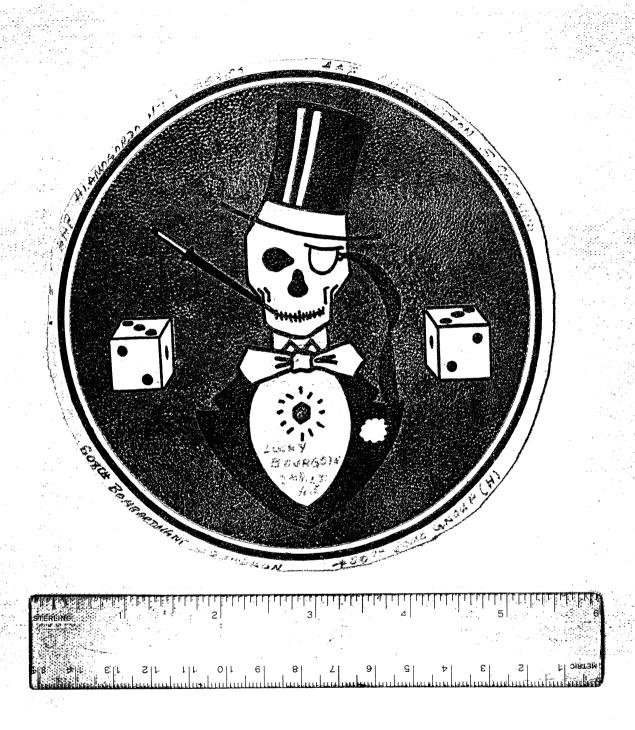






Duke The Spook 3

Warning! Any copying of the words or music of this song or any portion thereof, makes the infringer liable to criminal prosecution under the U. S. Copyright Law



Lightning in the Sky

(TONE "NIGHT PIDERS

Oh Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful gal and Madelene Carroll is too; but you'll find, if you query, a different theory amongst any bomber crew for the lovliest thing of which one could sing, (This side of the Heavenly Gates), is no blonde or brunette of the Hollywood set, but an escort of P-38s.

Yes, in days that have passed, when the tables were massed with glasses of Scotch and Chambagne, it's quite true that the sight was a thing to delight men intent upon feeling no pain.

But, no longer the same, nowadays in this game when we head North from Messina Straits, take the sparkling wine, everytime just make mine an escort of P-38s.

Byron, Shelly and Keats ran a dozen dead heats describing the view from the hills.

Of the valleys in May, when the winds gently sway an army of bright daffodils.

Take the daffodils, Byron; the wild flowers, Shelly; yours is the myrtle, friend Keats.

Just reserve me those cuties, American Beauties, an escort of P-38s.

Sure, we're braver than hell---on the ground, all is swell-in the air it's a different story.

We sweat out our track through the fighters and flak,
we're willing to split up the glory.

Well, they wouldn't reject us, so Heaven protect us
and, until all this shooting abates,
give us courage to fight 'em---and one other small item--an escort of P-38s!!

Combat Blues

(A parody on Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven")

Once upon a mission dreary, when of combat I'd grown weary I had flown three hundred hours and was sure to fly some more; suddenly there came a knocking, sounded like some Ack-Ack popping, popping like the very Devil just beneath my bomb-bay doors. "Tis some Jerry" then I muttered "Trying to improve his score, I shall use evasive tactics, even if he does get sore".

Turning then I saw before me, blacker now than 'eer before, Ack-Ack, bursting close and heavy, "Guess I'd better turn some more". Open wide I swung the bomb doors and to my surprise and horror, flashing bright and fast before me were some ninety guns, or more; and above the shrapnel's screeching, I remembered then the briefing when they told us, with much speaking, there were only three or four.

Leveling there I made the bomb run, which was not a long or dry one for the Varsity was on duty and I'd seen their work before. Then the engines coughed and clattered and the glass around me splattered and I knew they had my number...just my number, nothing more. There, at last, the bombs were toggled and, alone, away I hobbled drawing fifty-seven inches and a feathered number four.

There outside, like ducks migrating, was a drove of MEs waiting... waiting all, with itching fingers, set to even up the score. I had lost the upper turnet and alone, defenseless, worried, I became the scaredest bastard mortal woman ever bore; 'cause each bright and screaming tracer, coming mearer, ever mearer, made my spirits sink within me...just my spirits, nothing more.

Then at last, to my elation, I caught up to my formation and the MEs turned and left me, by the tens and by the score; but my wings were torn and tattered, and my nerves completely shattered and as far as I'm concerned, they can have this God-damned war. Now my sinus starts to seeping every time they mention briefing and for this they've changed my gold into a silver bar.

For I've had my fun and frolic and a case of Combat Colic; here in Cairo with the Cossacks, among the Eagles and the Stars, I have learned the art of living and my secret I am giving to the rest of those among you who might care to live somemore. For my sinus still starts seeping every time they mention briefing; no more flying...no more missions...no more combat...Nevermore!!

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a
selection

From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom Who had it three times in a hansom When she cried for more, a voice from the floor

Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There was a young lady from Twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity, he filled the
wrong cavity

And now she's nursing her filling

Tune: Bless them all

JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counterrotate

They've scattered and amitten from Burma to Britain

Don't give me a P-38

Chorus:

Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39
The engine is mounted behind
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun
But with cooland tank dry, you'll run out of

Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of an airplane I know A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to get plastered Don't give me a peter four oh

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground loving whore
She'll whine moan and wheeze and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tu
Don't give me an old thunderbolt

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll go, but not very far
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame out
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-89, Tho TIME says they'll really climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89

Don't 끍 give fly SCOTe me in weather, an F-94, it's never established

Don't give may He an F-94 but won't hold together

She's Don't air fast gi**ve** mе I don't care, she an 86-D, with rockets er dn emorq rada 400

Don't give 開 an 80-1

Don't Ħ give me dive 0-45, 80 slow اساء 1 stall 1.

ground loop built in it, and bird in it colonele

Don't give me a G-45

Don't Don't And we'll go the floor give give He me a C-54 fat-cat'n, Ç C-54, six inches from here Ç, to Maniac Gan San

The Don't MIG-15s chase back them give alive <u>ක</u> ස B-45, the 'em, they pilots soon will don't Cruses 00

Don't give me a B-45

Don't

ω

one-double-0,

The

bastari

Donit A/B is 5 give give me ready E E there, ţ Ø one-double-0 blow but you're saying a pr lyer

Don't An all t give me it's blue weather blue an F-102, coffin, F-102 that ب د never goes up when flames out en C often

Don't

give me

9

Be thing to your new-sight print,
For he may be a robe streem,
He sit is to mille y to plue,
Where the ballow Af his rin,
Your my that The he my he kill,
VELL HE WILL!

Da en Org. Fran's 303m Bb. 1958-1913.

Kailua, Hawaii 96734

Dear Professor Tuso:

Thank you for your response to my request for the words to "The Man Behind the Armor-plated Desk", and please forgive the belated reply. As it has turned out the situ ation is more complicated than I thought it would be and there are still a number of leads to follow on its origins.

Much is documented in The Thousand Mile War" by Brian Garfield. As the author relates, and as those of us who served in the 11th Army Air Force in 1943 know, "the man" was Col. Earl H. De Ford, 11th Bomber Command C.O. who had a reputation among us bomber crews for being very conservative in combat. The first time I heard the song was by some of the B-25 pilots and I understand that it was one of their number, "Red Dog" Redmond, who is the author of the original version. This is the way I learned it:

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar, You can see the old goat standing in his double Janesway door; He is sweating out the takeoffs as he's always done before, The man behind the armor-plated desk.

When the phantom fleet's reported, who inspires our attack? Who sends deck level battle wagons from his armor-plated sack? Who says "Hundreds may not sink them, boys, and some may not come back" The man behind the armor-plated desk.

When the lead ship starts to shudder and the end seems near at hand, who is flying on the sofa with his headset on "command"? Who says, "Climb up on top, boys!" with a mixed drink in his hand? The man behind the armor-plated desk.

Four times he's led us out there and four times he's led us back, But he circles o'er Rat Island while we go in to attack, Who says "I'm hard but fair, boys, and allergic to ack-ack"? The man behind the armor-plated desk.

- 1. A prefab used for flight crew quarters on Adak, double doors for brass
- Japanese fleet targets were elusive and often fictitious.
 B-25 and B-26 medium bombers which were normally flown at low level
- 4. The I.P. for missions to Kiska.

I am still trying to locate "Red Dog" Redmond to see what he knows. However, I'm pretty sure the above version is the original. It certainly pins the origins of the song to the Aleutian campaign which is as it should be. In the meantime I have heard from Richard J. Korpanty who flew B-24's from Shemya in 1945. He sent a version very close to mine but has two more verses and a chorus which all pertain to the

Aleutians and therefore seem to be authentic additions:

When the battle is over and the boys come up the chain, You can look out at the airfield but your search will be in vain. For they'll all be at the Lidobdrinking rum and raising cain, Singing"The Man Behind the Armor-Plated Desk".

Now the Aleutiam war is over and the calm is o'er the sea, There's the "Old Man" proud and happy with his brand new D.F.C. Although we may not show it, we're as proud of it as he," The man behind the armor-plated desk.

"Take 'em off, take 'em off", cried the man from the rear,
"So the runway's socked in solid, still the target may be clear.
You've been here twenty months, boys, and you've got another year",
Cried the man behind the armor-plated desk.

- 5. The Aleutians form an island chain from the Alaskan Peninsula to Attu; going west is "down the chain" and east is "up the chain".
- 6. The Lido Gardens was one of the most-freque inted bars in Anchorage. It was destroyed in the 1964 earthquake and never rebuilt.
- 7. The 11th AAF was not noted for being generous in making awards.
- 8. Aleutian weather was not only unpredicted but also unpredictable.
- 9. In the early years of the war, at least, there was no set tour of duty.

Some twenty of us vets of the 11th AAF gathered at Elmendorf AFB last August for a second reunion and toured the old bases at Cold Bay, Adak, and Shemya. If anyone has a hot idea for another one in the next year or two, let me hear about it.

Aloha.

Red Miller
Allen T. Miller

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR-PLATED DESK

I. Early in the morning
when the engines start to rear
You can see the old goat standing
by his double, "Jamesway" door.
He is sweating out the takeoff
as he's always done before
Safe-behind his armor-plated desk.

CHORUS:

Take tem off/ Take tem off/
cried the man from the rear
So the runways socked in solid,
still the target may be clear.
You've been here twenty menths, boys
and you've got another year
Cried the man behind the armor-plated desk.

- 2. When the lead ship starts to shudder and the end seems close at hand, who is lying on the sofa with his head set on "Command?" Who cries, "take em on top boys" with a mixed drink in his hand? The man behind the armor-plated desk.
- 4. Four times he's led us out there
 but he's always led us back
 And he circles e'er Rat Island
 while we go in to attack.
 "Who say I'm hard but I'm fair, beys,
 but allergic to ack-ack?"
 The man behind the armor-plated desk.
- 5. When the battle is ever and
 the boys come up the "chain"
 You can look out at the airfield
 but your search will be in vain.
 For they'll all be at the Lida
 drinking rum and raising cain,
 Singing-- The man behind the armor-plated desk.
- o. Now the Aleutian war is over and the calm is o'er the sea.

 There's the "Old Man" proud and happy with his brand new D.F.C.

 Altho. we may not show it we're as proud of it as he.

 The Man behind the armer-plated desk.

MA AF WW I, alanta Shange, alanta 1/The AF 28 Brob P. 28 Brob P. 40 The Bro J3. (D-2 Tr)

(son)

The countryside lay quite & serene, the day the 44th came on the scene, and tho' they were strangers in our land, we offered a friendly, welcoming hand to the "Eightballs"

They arrived too late to help "The Few", but they fought just as brave on the raids they flew,

Young men, some of them only boys from Texas, Ohio and Illinois, these were the "Eightballs"

With funny names like "SKI' or "CHUCK", they seemed lost at trying to change their "bucks" to "pounds" as they thought in "bucks".

But, be it Brooklynese or Southern drawl, we got used to "Hey Babe" or "Hi y'all"from the "Eightballs"

During their first cold winter here, the sound of their engines rent the air & as they took off in their great warbirds, the chaplain probably said these words, "God speed the "Eightballs"

Lined up on the runway, ready to depart, each ship with its own decorative art they struck at the Emeny, on dangerous missions, in all kinds of weather, so it was "More power to the "Eightballs"

Whether turning back, on a "Mission Abort", or limping home, with injured aboard they must have prayed as they flew in their planes, "Dear God, bring us safely back home again and protect the "Eightballs"

From high in the sky, they made their attack, but many of them never came back and those who did, would quite often crash, then the ambulance, with its siren
wailing would dash to rescue the "Eightballs"

Once in the garden, just playing around, I watched in horror as a plane hit the ground

in minutes, it was gone, all smoke & flame, nothing left but a funeral pyre for a crew of the "Eightballs"

Altho' at that time, when the World went wild, I was only a very small child memories come flooding back in array, as if it was only yesterday, of the happy times spent withe the "Eightballs"

On Summer evenings, when the "wireless" played, tunes like "Moonlight Seranade" Great Gran'dad would take me for a walk by the base, where we'd pause, while he'd smoke his pipe and talk, with the "Eightballs"

Everyday, on returning and landing their planes, they rode their bikes down the country lanes to join the "locals" in the village "pub", for a beer, a smile and a hearty "What cheer" and a toast to the "Eightballs"

At Christmas time, in '44, with everything rationed, and the future unsure they collected us "kids" by the village green, & gave us the best treat we'd ever seen, from the "Eightballs"

Rumbling along, in a"Deuce an'a half" we were well protected from wintry drafts & when we arrived, at the big airdrome, they really made us feel at home, with the "Eightballs"

Gifts were offered, as a pledge or a token, to seal friendships (some still unbroken)

Even tho' many years have passed away, I still have a friend, who I'm proud to say, was one of those "Eightballs"

Then the war was over, the foe had lost, and both sides had paid, at a horrible cost

the "Yanks" returned to their homes, whence they came, leaving us with our memories of their name, the "Eightballs"

Its been many long years now, since they have gone, the base is in ruins, with weeds overgrown

the runways lie silent, like "paths to the past" no more do they shake to the engines blast, of the "Eightballs"

All around the place you can see rabbits hopping, and the floors of their

buildings are deep in bird droppings
but still, on a wall, partly covered in grime, jauntly surviving the ravages
of time, is the sign of the "Eightballs"

Not many are left, of the original crowd, but each year some return, to stand with heads bowed

and as they offer their silent tribute, I join them, and together we proudly salute, "THE EIGHTBALLS"

and GOD BLESS THE "EIGHTBALLS".....

Note: Ernie was born & raised near Shipdham now lives in London....

ERNIE G.W.YOUNGS 30 ARTHUR ROAD HOLLOWAY, N7 LONDON.

Joe Warth.

Come On and Join the Air Corps

Come on and join the Air Corps
It's a grand bunch so they say,
We never do no work at all,
Just fly around all day!
While others work and study hard
And so grow old and blind
We take to the air, without a care,
And You will never mind.

Chorus

You'll never mind You'll never mind

Come on and join the Air Corps And you will never mind.

_ CAN JUB. (AN AIR CORPY FLHER)

II

Oh, come on and get promoted
As high as you desire.
You're ridin' on the Gravy train
If you're a G I flyer.
When you get to be a colonel
Or a general, you'll find
Your wings fall off
Your ship blows up,
But you will never mind.

Chorus

You meet an M E 109
He shoots you down in flames
Don't waste yer time a - bitchin' pal
an' callin' people names
Just point your nose
Down to the Ground
--and pretty soon you'll find
There ain't no hell an' all is well
And you will never mind

III

You take her up and spin her
And with an awful tear,
Your wings fall off, your ship folds up,
But you will never care;
For in about two minutes, boys
Another pair you'll find
You'll dance with Pete'n the angels sweet
And you will never mind.

IV

You're flying o'er the ocean,
You hear your engine spit,
You watch your prop come to a stop
That Goddarn engine's quit.
Now you can't swim, the ship won't float
The shore is far behind,
But, oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish

380 CALCALCA CARCALAN CARCALAN

V

We're just a bunch of heathers,
And we don't give a rap,
About the groundlings point of view,
And all that sort of crap;
We want about 10,000 ships,
Of every other kind,
And then, of course, our own Air Force
And you will never mind.

VI

Paragraph VI X rated -- see Al.

* * * * * * * * * * *

THE BUY

Beer, beer for old Pappy Wayne,
You bring the whisky, and I'll bring champagne
Send the "N"crews out for gin,
Don't let a sober flyer in.
We never stagger, we never fall,
We sober up on wood alcohol,
While our drunken "S" crews are staggering,
Back to the bar for more.

* * * * * * * * * * *

T'was a cold winter's evening
The guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar.
When a gentlemen Dapper,
Stepped out of the (crapper) phone booth
And These are the words that he said:

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know.
About the ways of Air Force men.
And how they come and go.
Now age has taken her beauty.
And sin has left it's sad scar,
So remember your mothers and sisters,
Boys
And let her sleep under the bar."

I've Got Sixpence

I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence, I've got sixpence to last me all my life. With tu'pence to spend, and tu'pence to lend And tu'pence to send home to my wife -- poor wife!

No cares have I to grieve me

No pretty little girls to deceive me

Happy as a king, believe me!

As we go rolling, rolling home. (dead drunk)

RELLING HOME, RELLING HEME, BY THE LIGHT OF WESTLVERY MOON

Happy is the day when the air man gets his pay

As we go rolling, rolling home. (dead drunk)

* * * * * * * * * * *

Old King Cole

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry oldsoul was he. He called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he called for his pilots three.

Chorus

"Beer, beer, beer," said the pilots Merry men are we. There's none so fair as can compare With the Fightin' ATC.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he. He called for his pipe. And he called for his bowl. And he called for his pilots three.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

I Don't Have to Walk With the Infantry

I don't have to walk with the Infantry Ride with the Cavalry, shoot with Artillery

I don't have to fly over Germany I'm in the ATC!

I'm in the ATC! I'm in the ATC!

Repeat entire chorus

T'was over The hard

Oh, That B-24 --- (Strawberry Roan Tune)

T'was over Verona one bright summer's day
The bombardier hollered, "The bombs are away"
He hollered too sudden, he hollered too soon
For under the Aircraft came a gawd awful boom

Chorus

Oh, that B-24 -- hear those 4 engines roar At 55 inches she won't even cruise The pilots that fly them are sure bound to lose Oh, that B-24 - - Oh, that B-24:

II

Way down in Ruhr Valley where black mushrooms grow Way down in Flak Valley where B Two Fours go You're briefed in the morning No fighters, no flak -- But the boys that go down there Will never come back!

Chorus

Oh, that B-24, Oh, that 4 engined (W --Oom - da -dee - ya dee day)

It descends in its turns and it dives in its banks

The best place to fly it is down on the ramp
On, that B-24 -- Oh, that B-24.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Down In Ruhr Valley (Birmingham Jail Tune)

Down in Runr Valley
Flying so low
Some chairborns "bahstaad"
Said I must go
Flak loves big bombers
Fighters do too!
P-51 Boys, how I love you!

Write a big letter
Send it to me
Send it in care of
Stalag Luft Three

OK

KoyC

8 Qta

A 1. 15

A B-17's a fine Aircroft (Tune - I Have No Use For the Women)

A TRUE LE MAY B-17 ADVENTURE

389th ALL THE WAY!

A B-17's a fine aircroft A stratosphere bathtub no less! It never drops bombs on the target ---But ten miles around, what a mess!

Mr. Douglas builds mighty fine aircraft Constructed of rivets and tin. It poops right along at 150 The ship with the head wind built in.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

We Took A Tour

We took a tour, tour, cripes we took a tour In the Ruhr, In the Ruhr We took a tour, tour, cripes we took a tour In the Valley of the Ruhr

Chorus

My eyes are dim, I cannot see. I have not brought mine E 6 B with me. I have not brought mine E 6 B (with me).

II

We feathered one, one, cripes we feathered one In the Ruhr, in the Ruhr We feathered one, one, cripes we feathered one In the Valley of the Ruhr.

Chorus

Repeat, we feathered two, three and four (bail out everybody)

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Last Time I Saw Paris

The last time I saw Paris From 20,000 feet The flak was poppin' round my head And underneath my feet!

* * * * * * * * * *

Tune - Blues In the Night

From Bremen to Bordeaux From Berlin to Oslo Wherever those heavies go I've seen me some big towns I've seen me some big flak But there is one thing I know --

An M E's a two place A worrysome thing That'll leave you to sing The Blues in the night.

OURTEST 31M STEWER

To Tune "McNamara's Band"

((3)

Oh, me name is Col.

I'm the leader of the group.

Come gather round me boys

And I'll give you all the poop.

I'll tell you 'bout the fighters I'll tell you 'bout the flak. The last one to take off But the first one to get back.

Early aborts -- avoid the rush! Early aborts -- avoid the rush!

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Off We Go To Ole Wewak

Off we go to Ole Wewak 10 to 1 you don't get back, Singin' hard ships you "Bahstaads," You do'no what hard ships are!

Six bucks a day plus your reglar pay, With the Nips ten thousand miles away, Singin', hardships you "Bahstaads" You do'no what hardships are!

The C.O. said "we'll bomb Calais" With hi explosive bombs today Singin', hardships you "Bahstaads" You do'no what hardships are!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

A Flyer Went Down to Sydney to Stroll

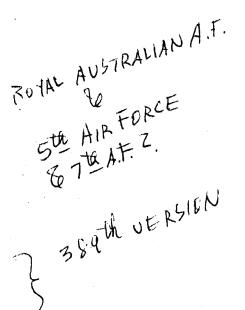
A flyer went down to Sydney to stroll, For he just got back from a raid on Rabaul.

An M.P. Sergeant said, "Pardon me please,"
There's blood on your tunic, and mud on your knees."
Aye Yeye Yeye! Aye Yeye Yeye!
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

Oh, Sergeant! Oh, Sergeant! Oh don't be so droll. For I just got back from a raid on Rabaul.

Where the Ack Ack is heavy, and comforts are few, And good men are dying for "Bahstaads" like you. Aye Yeye Yeye! Aye Yeye Yeye! Oh, good men are dying for "Bahstaads" like you.





PARE CO

I Wanted Wings

I wanted wings, till I got the gol-darn things Now, I don't want them anymore!

II

Oh, they sent me here to die In a big, old PBY And I'll never see my mother anymore. COUATEST OF THE NAVT

III

Oh, I'd rather hug a woman Then get shot up in a Grumman For distinguished flying crosses Do not compensate for losses.

CHORUS

Oh, I wanted wings 'till I got the gol-darn things JIM TOPP Now, I don't want them anymore!

* * * * * * * * * * *

We Bombed Cologne (Tune - I Walk Alone)

I bomb Cologne I've got my Micky and Gee Box to guide us And our flak suits beside us I bomb Cologne

* * * * * * * * * *

Into the Air, Jr. Commandoes

Into the Air, Jr. Commandoes Into the air, with a frown. Into the air, Jr. Commandoes Keep your nose up in the brown, up in the brown.

And when you hear our motor singing And the Rubber band unwinds You can bet the Jr. commandoes Are way behind the firing line -





X RATED XX RATED X RATED XX RATED XX RATED

Mother, Tear Down Your Service Flag

Mother, tear down your service flag Your son's in the ATC.

He's SOL, but what the Hell! He's better off then me.

He may be pale, but That's from tail

So what the Hell if He lands in jail.

Mother, tear down your service flag Your son's in the ATC.

* * * * * * * * * *

There's a Heavy A Leavin' Calais

There's a heavy a leavin' Calais
Bound for ole Blimey shores.
Heavily laden with stout hearted airmen,
PT scaired an' prone on the floor.

There's many a Heinkel a pumpin' his lead, An many a Messerschmitt too!
They shot off our balligks,
Screwed up our hydraulics,
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!
The needle, an' airspeed an' ball.
Bless the instructors who taught us to fly
They sent us to combat to do or to die.
So we're sayin' goodbye to them all,
As back to our fart sacks we crawl.
There'll be no violence, for dead bomber pilots,
So cheer up my lads, bless them all!

* * * * * * * * * * *



BLESS EM ALL 389th VERSION

125

AHI TARPAULIN JACKET*

Whyte-Melville

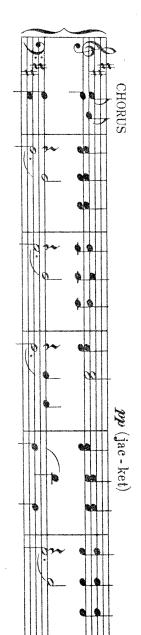
Not too fast

Charles Coote

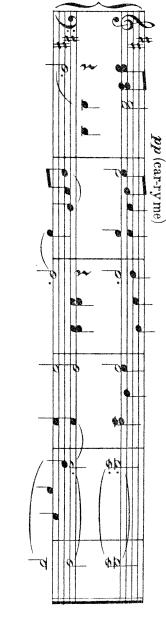












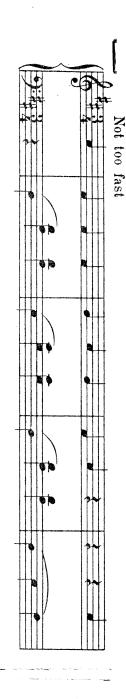
Chorus Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket, jacket. And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low, To his friends who around him were sighing; And as on his death-bed he lay, he lay, These last dying words he did say:-A tall stalwart lancer lay dying, With steps solemn, mournful, and slow. And six stalwart lancers shall carry me, carry me

Chorus Wrap me up, &c. Straight for the arms of my true love; And there would I lay me and die. Far, far away would I fly, I'd fly, O had I the wings of a little dove,

Chorus Wrap me up, &c. And get you a penknife and scratch there: "Here lies a poor buffer below." Then get you two little white tombstones, Put them one at my head and my toe, my toe,

Chorus Wrap me up, &c. And get you six jolly good fellows, To drink to this buffer below. And get you six brandies and sodas, And set them all out in a row, a row,

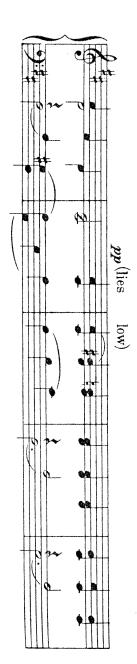
And then in the calm of the twilight











^{*}By kind permission of Messrs Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, who publish an edition of this song for solo voice with piano accompaniment.



A tall stalwart lancer lay dying,
And as on his death-bed he lay, he lay,
To his friends who around him were sighing,
These last dying words he did say:Chorus Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket, jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low,
And six stalwart lancers shall carry me, carry me
With steps solemn, mournful, and slow.

O had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly, I'd fly,
Straight for the arms of my true love;
And there would I lay me and die.
Chorus Wrap me up, &c.

Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe, my toe.
And get you a penknife and scratch there:
"Here lies a poor buffer below."
Chorus Wrap me up, &c.

And get you six brandies and sodas,
And set them all out in a row, a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.

Chorus Wrap me up, &c.

And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds are whispering low, so low,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.

Chorus Wrap me up, &c.

NEWS, DUES & VIEWS

We thank Rabbi/Major Klein for the following invocation, delivered at the Dedication Ceremony at Colorado Springs.

Almighty God, who binds humanity in bonds of love, we gather to express our love for those with whom we shared combat. We experience and express our love for our surviving comrades in arms here this week. We praise you for this good time. We also express a love mingled with sorrow for those killed in combat. We bear a responsibility to live each of our lives as if we are living for others. As we live, we think of the lives they might endures to this day, giving us a share in their immorality. We also think of those who, earlier brush with danger. Help us to praise you and your care in eternity for these, our their lives.

The Air Force Academy gave me the opportunity to step inside a synagogue, for the first time of my life. I found the whole visit very moving Thanks again to 15thAFA and to the Air Academy.

Your Editor is in a foul mood from having passed downwind of a TV set during the speech of a presidential hopeful who has adopted the stance that the USSR has merely reacted to provocation from beastly old America.

We introduce as evidence and as a calming sedative the following, attributed to General Douglas MacArthur and reprinted in AMERICAN CAESAR BY Manchester.

They will tell of the peace eternal
And we would wish them well,
They will scorn the path of war's red wrath
And brand it the road to hell,
They will set aside the warrior pride
And their love for the soldier sons,
But at last they will turn again
To horse and foot, and guns.

They will tell of peace eternal,

The Assyrian dreamers did,
But the Tigris and Euphrates ran

Through ruined lands
And amid the hopeless chaos
Loud they wept and called their chosen ones

To save their lives at the bitter last,
With horse and foot, and guns.

They will tell of the peace eternal
And may that peace succeed.
But what of a foe that lurks to spring?
And what of a nation's need?
The letters blaze on history's page,
And ever the writing runs,
God, and honor, and native land,
And horse and foot, and guns.

Gene and Marjory Canciglia recently were caught in a traffic snarl amid the snowdrifts of Santa Rosa and spent 27 hours in their van by the roadside. When they finally reached Albuquerque, we all had a lunch and exchanged reminiscences. A good time was had by all!

We have received from Jim Peters a copy of THUNDERING PEACEMAKER by Frederick A. Johnsen and published by Bonber Books, Box 98231, Tacoma WA 98499. This lovely volume details in words and pictures the career of the huge B-36. Jim has marked for us the pictures which were taken in the 348th Squadron. The book notes that the 99th SRW (Strategic Reconnaisance Wing) was stationed from Jan. 1, 1953 to Sept. 4, 1956 at Fairchild AFB, Wash.

Thee B-36 was indeed a Peacemaker. It never flew in battle, and it preserved the peace in some very touchy times.

aeo

Do any of you 99ers know where one might obtain a sun-compass? Your Editor plans to swing a few marine compasses down Sonora Way when the rush is over.



QUOTES XXX



Lest We Forget

EL ALAMEIN AND THE DESERT WAR

by Alan Moorehead Even when it (Lili Marlene) burst out of obscurity, by accident, in 1941 it was nearly buried again. Goebbels hated it so much that he ordered one of the two master matrices to be destroyed; the other, fortunately, was in London. The authorities in Britain weren't very keen on the song either. It was, after all, German. And the woman in the song seemed to be - well, some sort of trollop, wasn't she? So they said, anyway, maybe for propag anda reasons. But at least they didn't ban it, unlike an American war music committee, which believed it would harm soldier mop. 148 rale.

Once Ahmed got an idea into his head, nothing but high explosive would budge it. A chap I knew was driving a 3-tonner down from Sarafan with a mixed load, and as a lot of the stuff was signal gear and fragile, he'd spread a couple of dozen blankets on the floor to cushion it. Coming through one village, he got held up by a couple of camels, and he must have been more than usually thick at that moment, for two or three minutes

elapsed before he twigged what was happening.

He jammed on his anchors and shot round the back of the truck, but it was much too late. The canvas canopy had been slit and all the portable stuff heaved out into waiting hands; by this time it had been well hidden in the mud ruins around him. Twenty blank faces stared politely at him as he swore a blue streak at them and then he suddenly spotted amongst them an Ahmed who had left us four months before. He hauled him out front, but of course Ahmed knew nothing. He swore at Ahmed until he was blue in the face, bumped him up and down, cursed him, reviled him, even appealed to his better nature, but all Ahmed did was to gaze back with a look of polite interest which never varied. Then in a spasm of eloquence this chap pulled down the tailboard and revealed the vast emptiness of the lorry - absolutely nothing except 20 army blankets spread out on the floor.

The effect was miraculous. A look of instant comprehension lit up Ahmed's eyes as though he had been switched on, and with a leap of delight and a broad smile he vanished into a nearby hovel.

He was back in 20 seconds flat. With his sister.

(Tune: "Barnacle Bill, the Sailor")

"The Air Corps is the life for me," said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor, "I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an Aviator. "I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy "I'll make the people moan and cry," said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

CHOENS:

"Pretty soon you'll lose that grin," said the fair young maiden.

"Pretty soon you'll lose that grin," said the fair young maiden.

"I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff," said Bill, the Aviator. "I'll fly ship till I've had enough," said Bill, the wiator.

"I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel*roll and • spin, "I know a prop, I know a knock, and I know an elevator."

"You're out of gas and must go down," wailed the fair young maiden,

"You're out of gas and must go down," wailed the fair young maiden.

"I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in," roared Bill, the Aviator. "I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin," roared Bill, the Aviator.

He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick,

And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

"Here's some flowers for his grave," sobbed the fair young Maiden,

"Here's some flowers for his grave," sobbed the fair young Maiden.

MOTHER, TAKE DOWN YOUR STRVICE FLAG

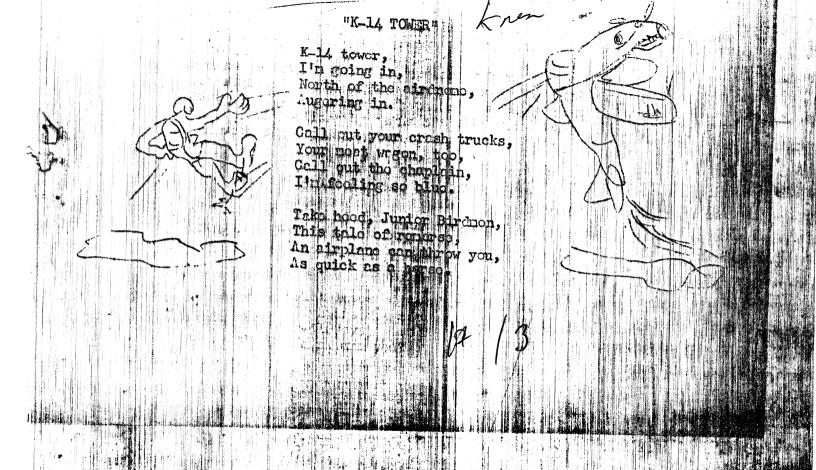
Mother, take down your service flag
Your sen's in the S.O.S.
He's S. O. L., but what the hell.
He never suffered less.
He may be thin, but that's from gin,
Or else I miss my guess;
So, Mother, take down your service flag

Or else I miss my guess;
So, Mother, take down your service flag;
Your son's in the S. O. S.

Mother, put out your golden ster;
Your son's going up in a son.
The Wings are week the shirts are week the shirts are week.

The winks are weak, the ship's a freak;
She's get a rickety prop.
The notor's junk, the pilot's drunk;
He's sure to take a flop;
So, Mother, put out your golden ster;
Your son's going up in the sop.

(Seprinted from the Dredslian Song Book)



Fren

Melony FLAK SHOW (Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way They'll bring the panic, that makes you say My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home So if you want to stay and fight, Stay and fight alone!

I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't rev

(Words by Clara Carroll)

(Tune - "On Wisconsin")

Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, roll them to the line

Turn them over, check the noter, have them start on time.

Don't delay there, taxi away there, watch and fellow thru.

Let's 30, boys, the ships are waiting, lift them to the blue.

Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, roll them to the line,
Jazz the Navy, pass the doughboys, some above that kind.
Ships are huming, wires are structure;, lift them to the blue.
Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, show what you can do.

All together we will weather days of rain or shine,

Then away, men, pave the way, men, far above the line.

Army Air Corps, Army Air Corps, hold your standards true.

Goilings high, or low and stormy, keep them coming thru.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die. Old soldiers never die; they just fade away.

Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy. Old sailors never buy; they just sail away.

Old pilots never fly, never fly, never fly, Old pilots never fly; they just draw their new

AND 田田 CADET (36)

2 Y asked her the Cord she as there clare, Coed. shy, a a 02010 }-ó0 |-◆3 the e T C C C (T) Cadet they could bashful aidn't know that were courting and and Cadet this was **|** her ě de-Н

Total Co

Cause But FOL I'll never let you kiss I'll never let you do Like you did You'd better really mean it, CRB you'd better if you do, B the not co it I'm telling 0 other night, you it right, wanne ب د+ 00 H again

LINOHLIM >NAMOW

Like (6 TO N like --a kite without 0.0 without a boat ship ø without without **NOTES** Ø tai 1 စ္ a sail rudder

But in the (O) mean a woman man without Like ۇ⊷. ۋسۇ a weren, there's a shipwreck on one a thous said x thing worse a man URMOM Sand Ë the

Moman

1000 BOC Cross ror. (A) (A) you can it will the N'emora bar TOL never Foll, MOON knows bedause X100r silver what 11 8 dollar Û good man round she s

SA:

turns him down

While 0 200 boney ant ġ, silvar you to U GILO. Listen 8098 unierstand dollar tauon won wo.l Sec. from Ö isten man. hand S C) hand

A PARTY (66) L.TS HAVE

			RAY SHIT HOT	
Farties make the world go round:	World go round, world go round	Parties make the world go round	So lets have a party.	- Target Manager Consumer Manager Consumer Con

RAY	BOO HAY
anto	
om	
S	,
Dar	
We're goung to tear down the par in our club Boo	It's gonna be a foot wide But it'll be a mile long

wear long dresses	
Our barmaids will wea	日によりいしょしいく ゆく もんらい

B80 RAY

bar

our

Ę.

no bartenders have BAHNAIDS

gonna

he re

There'll be

300 RAY	BOO 4
dresses	home
rear long	barmaids
Our barmaids will wear long dresses Made of CELLOPHANE	You can't take our barmaids home

RAY	B30	HAY	
They'll take YOU home	You can't sleep with our barmaids	They won't let you sleep	

HAI HAI	a glass BOO Ray	998 978
daars not har a now fair	Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass iniskey free	Only one to a customer Served in buckets

	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	
	. 5	
	beer	
£.	the	mimg
come:	all	swir
cust	row	ဗ္ဗ
4 S	th Ve	긔
Only one to a customer Served in buckets	haire gonna throw all the beer in the river	Then we'll all go swimming
Ser S	(i)	Ther

88 RAY

38	L. S.
floor	
first	
the	
No girls allowed above the first floor	With their clothes on

800 HAY

dancing floor

on the LOVING

loving the 6

There'll be no no dancing

And

floor

Bless 'em all, Bless'em all
The long and the hort and the tall
Bless all the instructors'
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet should stall

You're due for one hell of a fall

So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all The long and the short and the tall Bless all the sergeants

The sour puss ones Bloss all the corporals and their depay sons Cause we're saying good-by to them all

No lillys or violets for dead fighter pilots

The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here, Bless 'em all

5ex £15

Quartermaster Corps

My eyes are dim, I cannot see, I have not brought my specs with me. I have not brought my specs with me.

It's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey, That makes you feel so frisky In the Corps, in the Corps. It's whiskey, whiskey That makes you feel so frisky, In the Quartermaster Corps.

It's gin, gin, gin,
That makes you want to sin
In the Corps, in the Corps.
It's gin, gin, gin
That makes you want to sin,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

It's rum, rum, rum, That makes you feel so glum In the Corps, in the Corps. It's rum, rum, rum That makes you feel so glum. #2

ODE TO THE OPERATIONS OFFICER

You ought to be dead you sold bastard,
You ought to damned well shot
You ought to be tied to the door of a shit house,
And left there to damned well rot.

I've sat in this dam cockpit for hrs. and hrs.
I've stuck it as long as I could
I've stuck it and stuck it, so now I say fuck it,
My assholes not made of wood.

SOUTH OF THE NAVAL

South of the maval down testicle way.

That's where the battles won, when my big the comes into play.

The doctors have warned me, that I mustar that

South of the naval, down testicle way.

Now she smiled as she kissed my sanana, rever disaming that I Was farting.

And I smiled as she kissed my banana but my banana neverteen

And I smiled as she kissed my banana, for my banana never iame

South of the naval down testicle way that white I got the When on the rug I had my lay No more that I wonder no I stray, South of the naval, down testicle way.

I've Got Six-Pence

I've got six-pence--jolly, jolly six-pence, I've got six-pence to last me all my life. I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend, And tuppence to send home to my wife.

No cares have I to grieve me, No pretty little girls to deceive me, I'm happy as a lark, believe me, As we go rolling, rolling home.

CHORUS: Rolling home, rolling home,
By the light of the silvery moon;
Happy is the day, when the Name gets its pay,
As we go rolling rolling home.

air Corper

Hazy Mazy*

(Tune: "Bicycle Built for Two")

Hazy Mazy, what are you trying to do?
I'm half crazy, trying to follow through.
You can't do good precision, you won't make a decision,
But you'd look sweet, upon the seat of a parachute Thirty-two.

Hazy Mazy, your pattern is all astray,
You know darn well I taught you another way.
You shove the stick in my tummy and then you think it's funny;
I can't forget the crack in the neck you gave me the other day.

Hazy Mazy, all your maneuvers stink!
Why the devil didn't you larn to think?
You spin just like a top, I think you'll never stop.
I think it best you take a rest on a bicycle built for two.

"Down in the Velley" was the basis for the extremely popular "Down the Ruhr Valley" of World War II, and evolved into the Korean version of "K-14 Tower". Both are short and sweet, say little, but appear to have been conceeted for fighter pilots signing off following the rendering of "Good Night, Ladies". With the same thought in mind, this unofficial publication signs off and wishes you pleasant melodies.

"DOWN THE RUHR WALLEY"

Down the Ruhr Valley,
Valley so low,
Some chair-borne bestard,
Said we must go.

Flak leves big bombers,
Fighters do, too,
P-51 boys,

Where are you?

Write me a letter, Send it to me, Send it in care of, Stalag Luft Three.



Cocaine Bill

Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue, Strolling down the avenue two by two, Oh Babe, won't you have a little (sniff) on me, A little (sniff) on me.

Said Bill to Sue, "'Twon't do no harm,
"If we both have a little shot in the arm."

Said Sue to Bill, "I can't refuse, "'Cause there's no more kick in dea old booze."

So they walked down 5th and turned up Main, Lookin' for a place where they sell cocaine.

And they came to a drugstore full of smoke, Where they saw a little sign, said, "No More Coke."

Now in a graveyard on the hill, Lies the body of Cocaine Bill.

And in a little grave by his side, Liesthe body of his would-be bride.

Now all you cokies is gwine to be dead, If you don't stop-a(sniff)in' that stuff in your head.

#_

Bell Bottom Trousers

Mars Version

(Tune: "Bell Bottom Trousers")

Once there was a flyer in the ATC, Along came an admiral and sent him out to sea. Now they are not soldiers, neither are they tars; The poor pilots wonder what the hell they are.

Bell bottom trousers, coats of forest green; The goddamdest outfit the world has ever seen. Wings on their pockets, feathers in their hats; Once they were the ATC, now they are the MATS.

Once we had our airways, over land and sea,
If we missed a landing strip, we perched them in a tree.
We had to fight the generals to keep our planes and stuff,
Now we've got the generals tamed, the admirals they get
tough.

Once we used a landing strip, but now we use the deck, When they merged the services, we got it in the neck. We had our Army troubles, and things were all SNAFU, Christ, you ought to see us now—we've got the Navy's too.

Once we flew our cargoes, or else we flew some VIPS, Now they send us out in planes, and bring us back in ships. We used to use relief cups, but now we use the head, We aren't allowed to leave the field, we go ashore instead. #2

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air."

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Final Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her gaddy used to de

#15 500

Oh it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Corps, in the Corps
Oh it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Force

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me

Whiskey - That makes you feel so friskey
Gin - That makes you want to sin
Vodka - That makes you feel you oughta
Sautern - That makes your belly burn
Vermouth - That makes you feel uncouth
Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'
Wine - That makes you feel so fine
Rum - That makes you feel so dumb
Rye - That makes you feel so sly
Brandy- That makes you feel so dandy
Likker - That makes you ever sicker
Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy

15

RECCY TO BERLIN

It's a long, hard road on a reccy to Berlin, And the flak was bursting high, And the P-47's and the P-51's, They were guarding us high in the sky.

We were half way between Lake Dummer and Hamburg
When all hell broke loose in the blue,
"Cause the Jerry's had spotted us from five o'clock under
And they came up to see what they could do.

Now the first pass was made on the 462d Colonel Showers was in the lead.

Oh, he mopped and he mopped and he mopped, 'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So the Colonel he called to his brave Navigator, Said, "Give me a heading home", But the navigator with his hand on the ripcord Said, "Hey, boy, you're going home alone."

So the Colonel he called to his brave bombardier, Said, "Give me a heading home,"
But the Bombardier had already parted,
There was silence on the ship's interphone.

So at twenty-two thousand he chewed on his candy,
And he mopped, mopped, mopped, mopped,
Oh, he mopped and mopped and he mopped and he mopped,
Cause he thought he would never get home.

So, with four engines feathered he glided into safety. At the runway of his home base, And it's with great pride that he tells this story with a mop-satin' grin on his face....mop, mop!

SOL TOW Brigg

TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS MELODY (Time: This Ole House)

This ole team gonna need revision
This ole team gonna need a crew
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks
Have you seen our pink and blue?
This ole team has frosty tailpipes
This ole team has lost its charm
And the Captain said the other day
My boys, you've bought the farm!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer, Ain't gonna need this team no more, Ain't got time to learn the diamond Ain't got time to learn the score Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst Or a plane to do the roll And we're looking for the P I O Who got us in this hole!

This ole team can't fly in weather
This ole team can't fly in rain
This ole team is out of pints of blue
We're called ole yellow stain.
This ole team is getting lone some
This ole team has gone astray
And we're just five angel puddy cats
Awaitin' judgement day!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer Ain't gonna need this team no more Ain't got time to be a tiger Ain't got time to give a roar Ain't got planes that hold together Or that G-Suit und rwear But we've got our 'retty flying suits So we don't really care!

566 TPW Dry

MELONY; TA-RA-RA-BOOM-TE-AY)

If you fly an Eighty-nine
You must be deaf, dumb and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime,
What's your scheduled blow-up time?

CHORUS

Did you go BOOM today? Did you go BOOM today? Two more blew up yesterday Allison ain't here to stay!

If you fly a ninety-four You will never holler more, For you lot we do not pine It's better than an Eighty-nine! CHORUS

If you fly an Eighty-six You will really get your kicks Bouncing those sub-sonic boys Playing with their radar toys! CHORUS

If you fly a 1-2-4 You will find it quite a bore, It flies like an old barn door And it makes your fanny sors.

CHORUS

Did you go OUCH today? Did you go OUCH today? Fourteen hours yesterday What a way to earn your pay!

506 TPW Day



JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter rotate. They'll loop roll and spin, but they'll soon auger in, Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS

Just give me Operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind It will tumble and roll and dig a deep hole, Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow, Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk)

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me an F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out, Don't give me an F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84 their pilots aren't here any more They bombed in the crata, but they all pulled out late, Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as for top cover Don't give me an F-86:

Don't give me an F-89, though "Time" says they really will climb, are They're all in the states, all boxed up in crates, all b

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score, It may fly in weather but won't hold together, Don't give me an F-94!

Just give me an old '51, with praise for the work it has done, It's tried and it's true, and will take care of you, Just give me an old '51!

FINAL CHORUS: Just give me my old fifty one
For defending democracy's cause
For I am too young to die,
I just want to go home!

THE RIVER RAN RED

(Time: The Good Ship Titanic,

Number One was having fun. Number Two got quite a few Number Four got some more as he said Oh, the river ran red with he blood of the dead As we came around and tried to get some more.

The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking had them shot right from their mitts
As we came around and tried to get some more.

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud But they all carried guns for the foe. There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound As we came around and tried to get some more.

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got Number three, don't you see
Yes, They shot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more.

(Repeat first verse)

STRAFING IN A MCUNTAIN PASS

Strafing in a mountain pass Couldn't make that turn Twelve tons of Thunderjet Watch that ---- burn

We've fought the MIGs at Kumuri, we fought at Sinajee They nailed us down at Kyomipo, and we lost quite a few.

We flew these birds from old K-2, six thousand feet they say Don't ask a 49'er boys, the ---- are all dead.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (1)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air Glory, Giory, Halleluja, how did I get there?

CHORUS

Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja Throw a nickel on the grass Save a fighter pilot's life. Oh Halleluja, Oh Halleluja Throw a nickel on the grass And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near. I met the flying board, and they gave me the works Glory, Glory Halleluja, what a bunch of jerks!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right,
And when I made my last turn, my God, I racked it tight
And then the ship did shudder, the engine coughed and wheesed.
Mayday, Mayday, Colonel ______, Spin instructions please:

Now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer, With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near. Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse!

Our Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen
Unison Songs

Words by

James Patrick Mc Govern

Music by

Howard R. Thatcher

COPYRIGHT 1949 By JAMES PATRICK MS GOVERN AND HOWARD R. THATCHER







No. 105 12-PLAIN

[Special Special Speci

Lisa Robertson

I'M FIGHTING JUST FOR YOU

I'M SURROUNDED BY DEATH ON EVERY SIDE. FIGHTING IN DARKNESS. KNOWING AHEAD. THAT DEATH AWAITS FOR ME, I PROCEED ANYWAY.

I'M FIGHTING JUST FOR YOU.
I'M FIGHTING JUST FOR YOU.

THERE IS NO
TURNING BACK FOR ME.
NO OTHER WAY.
THERE'S NOTHING MORE,
FRIGHTNING FOR ME.
GOD HELP ME.

I'LL KEEP FIGHTING JUST FOR YOU.

IF I MAKE IT BACK,
NOT COMPLETELY WHOLE,
WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF ME?
IF I DIE,
WILL YOU TAKE GOOD CARE
OF MY FAMILY?

NOW I'M FIGHTING FOR YOUR SAFETY. NOW I'M FIGHTING FOR YOUR SAFETY.

WILL YOU TAKE GOOD CARE OF MY FAMILY, PLEASE?

WORDS & MUSIC BY LISA ROBERTSON C 1991 ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNPUBLISHED

7-18-85 Dear m. Hetz Whoright you might like to have a copy of the original lead sheet of the music with Ten, p mullins dedication at the title. Copty Soppo at march air fase Cal, had ask me to Compose a song for the general who was going to retine Sincerely avon Libliek Capt, Layman took Charge of the music when Capt, Sappor went over seas

THE AIR FORCE

DEDICATED TO LT. GON. JAMES P. MULLINS U.S.A.F.)



PRESS RELEASE

north africa, July 23, 1943---And when this war's over
And yours don't come home,
Just silently pray
And remember this poem.

He died for his country, The land he held dear, And he's now blazing skyways For that Great Overseer.

A hot, dry sirocco swept through Smitty's tent as he completed his verse. Dust covered his battered typewriter. He was tired. Tomorrow he had to fly again. He didn't know where he was going, but H hour was 4:30 A.M. So he went to bed. He hoped to see his poem printed in "Stars and Stripes," the American soldier's own newspaper.

When the Flying Fortress group came back from their mission the next day, Smitty wasn't with them. The airplane he was flying in as waist gunner was hit by cannon fire from an ME 109. First, No. 4 engine caught fire and then the plane exploded. The airplane broke in four parts and drifted down. Five parachutes cracked open as others of the group watched the blazing bits spin down to earth.

Perhaps Smitty was among those five. He may be a prisoner of war. His tentmates found his poem and asked that it be sent in to "Stars and STripes." Smitty would have liked that.

So here is the poem written by Staff Sergeant Arthur J. Smith, 2402 North Kilbourn Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:

The United States Air Corps Hard fighting men Standing their ground Upholding their end.

Guarding our convoys Patrolling each shore Bombing the Axis To even the score.

Fighting by proverb
A phrase known for truth
"An eye for an eye"
"A tooth for a tooth."

Fighting together
Through thick and through thin
They'll never give up
They've sworn to win.

So here's to the Air Corps Those hard fighting men They'll conquer the sky ways And fly home again.

And when this war's over And yours don't come home Just silently pray And remember this poem.

He died for his country
The land he held dear
And he's now blazing sky ways
For the Great Overseer.

Written by: Vernon E. Fairbanks, Captain, Air Corps, S-2, 99th Bomb Group (From the records of Gen. Upthegrove)

CAMP SONGS

UNITED STATES ARMY AND NAVY COLLECTED BY KENNETH S. CLARK, REPRESENTING THE.

WAR DEPARTMENT

Commission on Training Camp Activities

Printed by The Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C., For the Men in the Service.

"OVER THERE."

Over there, over there.
Send the word send the word over there.
That the Yanks are coming, That the Yanks are coming,
The drums rum-tumming everywhere.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word send the word to beware.
We'll be over, we're coming over.
And we won't come back
Till it's over over there.

"SEND ME A CURL"

There's a corner in my heart
That I'm keeping all apart
For the little girl I left behind.
I can see her waiting there
With the flowers in her hair.
And the roses in her cheeks entiwined.
So when you're thinking of me over
yonder.
When you wonder what I want to wear,
Send a pretty little curl
From the sweetest little girl
In my home town.

In my home town.

*KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING."

Keep the home fires burning.
While your hearts are yearning.
Though your ieds are far away.
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining.
Through the dark cloud shining.
Turn the dark cloud inside out.
Till the boys come home.

"THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL." There's a long, long trail a-winding into the land of my dreams. Where the nightingales are singing and a white moon beams. There's a long, long night of waiting Until my dreams all come true. Till the day when I'll be going Down that long, long trail with you.

There's a long, long trail a winding Into No-Man's Land in France.

Where the shrappel shells and bursting, But we must advance.
There'll be lots of drills and hiking Before our dreams all come true, But we're going to show the Kanser How the Yankee boys come through.

"GOING BACK H-O-M-E."

Going back, going back,
Going back h-o-me.
Going back going back,
From the lands across the sea.
Going back, going back,
When we've made the whole would free,
we'll clear the track till we get back,
Going back not be track till we get back.

"HOT TIME."
Here we are, and we're off for Berlin we'll turn Bill and his army upside down.

And when the Allies make the Kaiser shed his crown.

There'll be a hot time in the eld town that night. Oh, baby! (Repeat.)

"UNCLE SAMMY."

Tune: "The old Gray Mare."
Uncle Sammy, he needs the infantry;
He needs the cavalry, he needs artillery.
And then by gosh, we'll all go to Germany.
God help Kaiser Bill!
God help Kaiser Bill!
God help Kaiser Bill!
Uncle Sammy, he gets the infantry.
He gets the cavalry, he gets artiflery.
And now, by gosh, we'll all go to Germany. many.

X -- . 1

"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES." Pack up your troubles in your old kit And smile, smile, smile. And smile, smile, smile.

While you've a lucifer to light your fag,

Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worth while, so

Pack up your troubles in your old kit

has

bag And smile, smile, smile.

"KAISER BILL."

Tune: "On the Beach at Waiklki." Kaiser Bill, oh, we are coming, With our army over sea. Tune: And you forgot our motto, Which is, "Do not tread on me." It's a Job we never started, Butswe'll finish Germany; And we'll hang you, Kaiser William, On the highest linden tree.

"LET'S GO." Tune: "Dixie."

In khaki suit and army visor, All aboard to can the Kaiser, Look away! Look away! Look away, Germany! Germany!
In Kaiserland he reigns alone;
We'll push the Kaiser off his throne.
Look away! Look away! Look away,
Germany!

We're off to can the Kaiser, Hooray! Hooray! In Kalserland we'l take our stand Until we can the Kalser. Let's go, let's go, let's go and can the Kaiser.

Let's go, let's go, let's go and can the Kaiser.

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE!"

Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here? Slip a pill to Kaiser Bill And make him shed a tear. And when we see the enemy, We'll shoot hem in the rear. Oh, joy, oh, boy,
Where do we go from here?

"THE BELLS OF HELL."

The bells of hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling For you but not for me. In Heaven the angels sing-a-ling-aling:
That's where I'm going to be.
Oh, death, where is thy sting-a-ling-aling?
Oh, grave thy victory?
No ting-a-ling-a-ling,
No sting-a-ling-a-ling,
But sing-a-ling-a-ling for me. ling:

"GOOD-BYE. BILL."

"Good-bye, BILL."

Tune: "Good-bye, Girls, Pm Through."
Good-bye, Bill, you're through,
You'd better start to fret.
We'll tie a can to you
Without the least regret.
Our army's mobilizing, it sure looks
terrorizing.
We will keep this aim in view:
We'll get you, we'll get you;
Good-bye, Bill, you're through.

"WHEN THE GREAT, RED DAWN 15 SHINING."

When the great, red dawn is shining, When the waiting hours are past. When the tears of night are ended, And I see the day at last, I shall come down the road of sunshine To a heart that is fond and true; When the great, red dawn is shining. Back to home, back to love and yet.



3,45 MAXINE'S MOTHER It AD THESE SONGS -Don't KNOW IF THEY ARE OF ANY VALUE

OR USE

HOPETO

for years collected song parodies that made the rounds in WWI The following seems appropriate for inclusion in any $15 ext{th} \ extstyle A$ compendium. It was sung to the tune of "Red River Valley" I'd still be back home in the sack. But if I had my say-so about it For to get us some trains and some track As we mentioned back in Briefing No. 7 (Winter 1972), we have To the Po River Valley we're going

And I'm flying Four in Flight Blue. Do not hasten to bid me adieu To the Po River Valley we're going Come and sit by my side at the briefing

And the rest augered in out at sea. Now I lost my wingman 'round the airfield And he said it was clear as can be Saw the Met man to check on the weather

I'm beginning to doubt what they say. S-2 said there's no flak on the way S-2 said there's no flak where we're going There's a dark overcast o'er the target

Was the flak that they threw up at me. But the one there that held my attention And many strange sights we will see To the Po River Valley we're going Went by towing seven L-3's. And a C-46 with one feathered And a Mustang went by like a breeze A Spit just went by like a whirlwind

BRIEFING/Spring 1981, page 2

(During WWII, the tune "As Time Goes By," from the Humphrey Bogers movie, "Casablanca," was adapted to special lyrics by those in the 15th AF version with allusion to the fact that the AF. AF in England seemed to be getting all the headlines? From Harry J. Jenkins, 824th BSq, 484th BG at Cerignola.) 15th AF Version of Bogart Movie Song

You must remember this, that flak doesn't always miss Somebody's got to die. "As Flak Goes By"

And when the fighters come, you pray you're not the one

To tumble from the sky.

The fundamental things apply as flak goes by.

The sky's full of tracers; I've got to kill my rate. One tenth and two tenths; a knocking' at the gate, You wish you had a quart of rye as flak goes by.

It's still the same old story, the 8th gets all the glory Open the bomb bays, salvo-don't wait; Target's rushing by. The 15th has to die.

The odds are always too damned high, as flak goes by.

20

LE

Stand to Your Glasses Steady

We stand 'neath resounding rafters,
The walls all around are bare,
They echo back our laughter,

Beems that the dead are all there

Stand to your glasses steady,

CHORUS:

This world is a world of lies.
Here's a health to the dead already,
Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us, Betrayed by the ones we hald dear, The good have all gone before us, And only the dull are still here.

We loop in the purple twilight,
We spin in the silver dawn,
With a trail of smoke behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Camel,
With wings of wood and steel,
For mortal stakes we gamble,
With cards that yere stacked for the deal.

26

Happy New Year...l Jan.1990...

Dear C.W.

I saw your ad. in TROA Mag. Dec.1989 issue. That was agreat song, but did not seem to catch on very much. About "43, I was some place as a Private, or maybe an Aviation Cadet, and it was sung quite a bit as a marching song. That was when us flyer types were part of the U.S. Army. (USAAF).

This is not all of the words. I don't know the rest of them...Also, I never have tried to transfer a tune from my mind to a piec of paper. What I mean is, I don't know how to write music.

I believe the words I have are close to right. The music may not be exact at the end of *** the phrase that says "visibility". The rest of it is correct, or close to that... But as I say, I don't know how to wrote music... I made a copy of this as a spare... Give me a short note that you got this OK.

My Best To You

I HOPE GETZ GETS THIS, William F. McCrystal 47 Westbrook Rd. So. Hadley, Ma. 01075

BILLY

Co-Pilot's Lament "The Cowboy's Lament")

I never talk back, for I'll have regrets and I must remember what the Captain forgets. I'm the co-pilot, La I sit on the right, It's up to me to be quick and bright.

Make out the mail forms and do the reporting, And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring. Pull up the gear and stand by to feather, I make out the flight plan and study the weather,

Tell where we are on the darkest night, And do all the book work without any light. Put on the I take the readings and adjust the power, heaters when we're in a shower,

And once in while when his landings are rusty I come through with "Good, ain't it gusty?" I always laugh at his corny jokes, I call for my Captain and buy him Cokes,

As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge. All in all, I'm a general stooge

He'll soften a bit and give me a landing. But maybe some day with great understanding,

As we mentioned back in Briefing No. 7 (Winter 1972), we hav The following seems appropriate for inclusion in any 15th A for years collected song parodies that made the rounds in WWI compendium. It was sung to the tune of "Red River Valley".

For to get us some trains and some track Fo the Po River Valley we're going I'd still be back home in the sack. But if I had my say-so about it

Come and sit by my side at the briefing Do not hasten to bid me adleu To the Po River Valley we're going And I'm flying Four in Flight Blue.

Now I lost my wingman 'round the airfield Saw the Met man to check on the weather And the rest augered in out at sea. And he said it was clear as can be

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going S-2 said there's no flak on the way There's a dark overcast o'er the target I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

And a Mustang went by like a breeze A Spit just went by like a whirlwind And a C-46 with one feathered Went by towing seven L-3's.

But the one there that held my attention Was the flak that they threw up at me. And many strange sights we will see To the Po River Valley we're going BRIEFING/Spring 1981, page 2

One tenth and two tenths; a-knocking' at the gate, he sky's full of tracers; I've got to kill my rate. Open the bomb bays, salvo-don't wait;

It's still the same old story, the 8th gets all the glory Target's rushing by. The 15th has to die.



15th AF Version of Bogart Movie Song

(During WWII, the tune "As Time Goes By," from the Humphrey Bogart Do you remember the 15th AF version with allusion to the fact that the 8th AF in England seemed to be getting all the headlines? From Harry J. Jenkins, 824th BSq, 484th BG at Cerignola.) movie, "Casablanca," was adapted to special lyrics by those in the 15th AF.

"As Flak Goes By"

You must remember this, that flak doesn't always miss The fundamental things apply as flak goes by. Somebody's got to die.

And when the fighters come, you pray you're not the one You wish you had a quart of rye as flak goes by. To tumble from the sky.

The odds are always too damned high, as flak goes by.

Beside the Guinea Waterfall,

One bright and sunny day

Beside his shattered Kihyhawk

A young pursuiter lay,

His parachute hung from a near bytree

He was not yet quite dead.

Now listen to the very last words, this young pursuiter said

I'm going to a better land

I'm going to a better land

Where everything is bright,

Where everything is bright,

Theres never anything to do

But sit around and sing

And all the crews are women

On death where is thy sting. Control of the Contro ASI > 1 ENE

CALL OUT THE RESERVES (51)

In peacetime the regulars are happy
In peacetime they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
They'll call out the Caddana

They'll call out the Gaddamn reserves

CHORUS

Call out, call out

Call out the Goddamn reserves, reserves Call out, call out Oh, call out the Goddamn reserves

Here's to the regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the Goddamn Reservists
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

They call up every young man
They call up every old jock
The reservists are sent to Korat
The regulars stay in Bangkok.

Here's to the regular Air Force With medals and badges galore

If it weren't for the Goddamn Reservists

Their ass would be dragging the floor.

INTO THE AIR 69ERS (61)

фор 69ers, into the air upside and And when we see those bastard Commies And when we make them shit a pound, the air 69ers, set your sights go down, we'll all go down. Into the air Into the

you can bet those 69ers, are all going down. Foof, Poof, Poof the air 69ers, On to your back "soisante-neuf" 69ers blast, ass | when you see those " the flak begins to b can bet the Opers blast those MIGs, And watch their ass go en in Will bite Into the We '11 And And You

ロア

FIGHTER PILOTS (73) Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell On that place is full of queers, navigators,

But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states They are off on foreign shores, making mothers

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan Iney are all across the bay, getting shot

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray They are all in USO's wearing ribbond,

, there are no fighter pilots in the fray

They don't party, they won't sing, 355th does everything Oh look at the 388th in the club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club When abomber jockey walks into our club He don't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his did OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

Although flak showers may come your way,
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"Iy fuel is SINGO, I8m going home
So if you want to stay and fight you may
I'll live added throttle, I'h on my way
I'll live to come back some other day.
So keep on straffing that position
and knock it out for me
sha knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see.

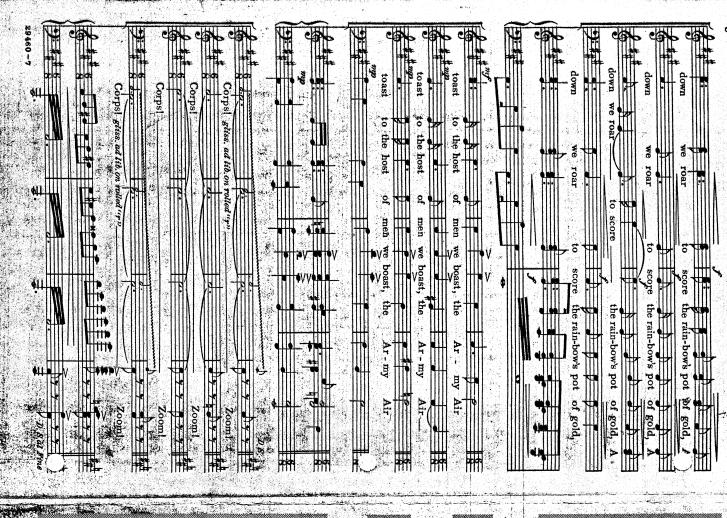
43C

School Cets Own Song PETER PIEER Tex.—The new AF France Current School here some in official and the season and former plants of the season and former plants of the season and former plants of the season and season and money.

The season season and season and money.

The season and season and season and money.

The season are three seasons the sine the season and dedicated to the season and dedicated to the season and dedicated to the season and season are forces to the season and season are forces to the season are season as the season if fighter pilot fig. Gots has lasy number, the Sky," spiloteasion.





1

Words and Music

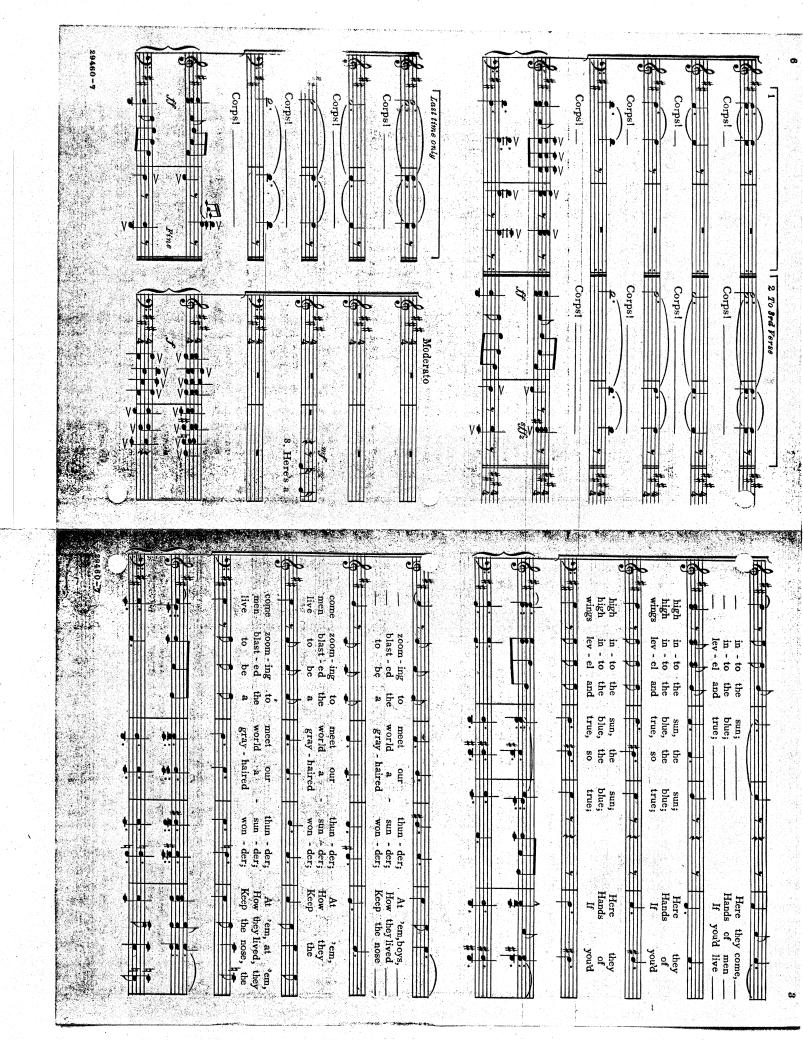
ROBERT CRAWFORD

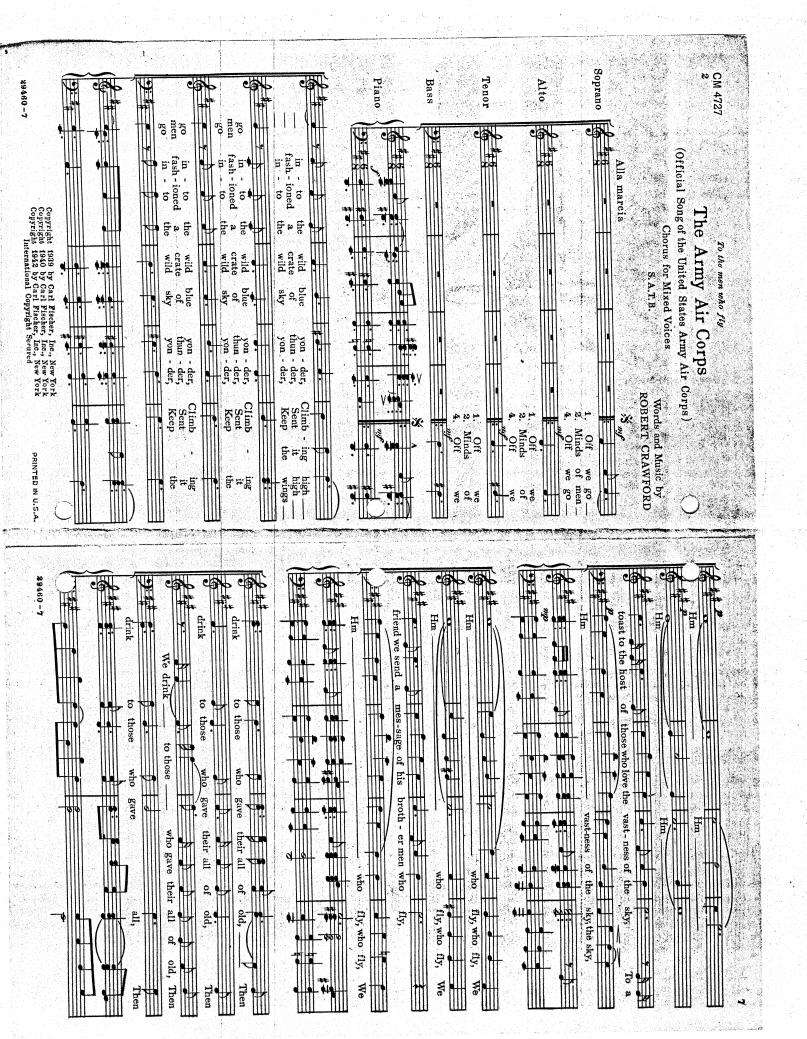
BUY
BUY
WAR
BOANS
STAMPS

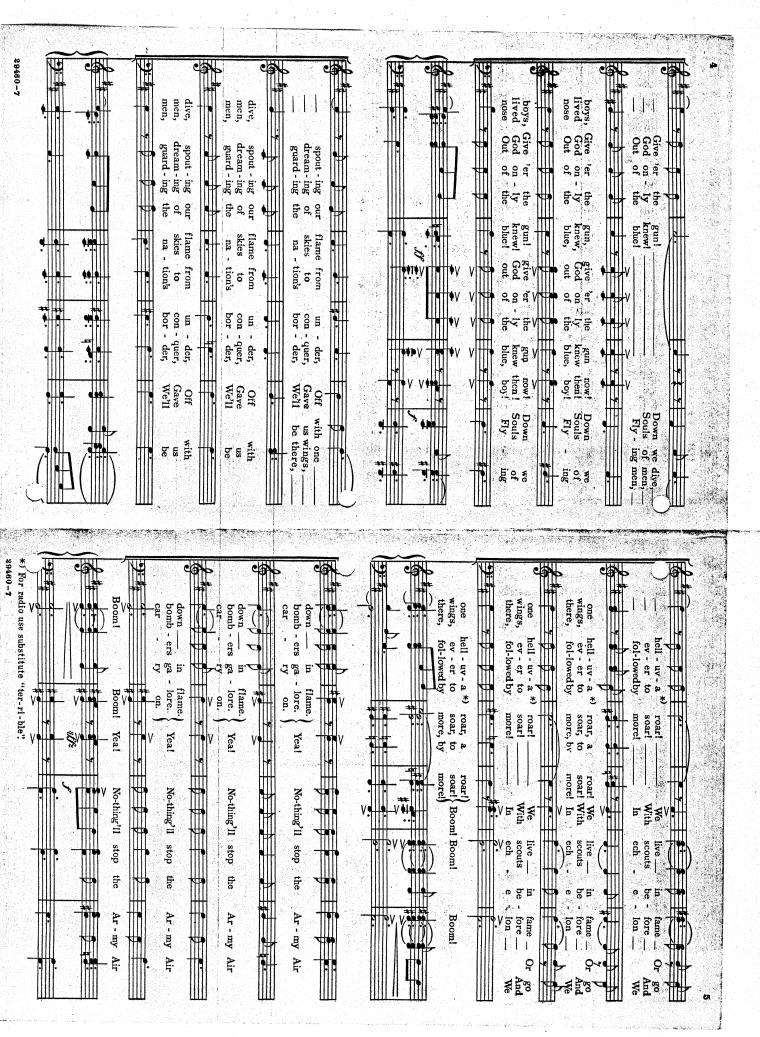
Choral Arrangements

Price 10 each

CARL HIS CHER
COOPER SO TO NEW YORK
NAVOR - 10/ Anglina - Cherge







D

COMPUCTOR

THREE CHEERS FOR AMERICA

MARVIN LIBLICK
TOUWESTMOUNT UR. #30)
LA.CAL. 90069

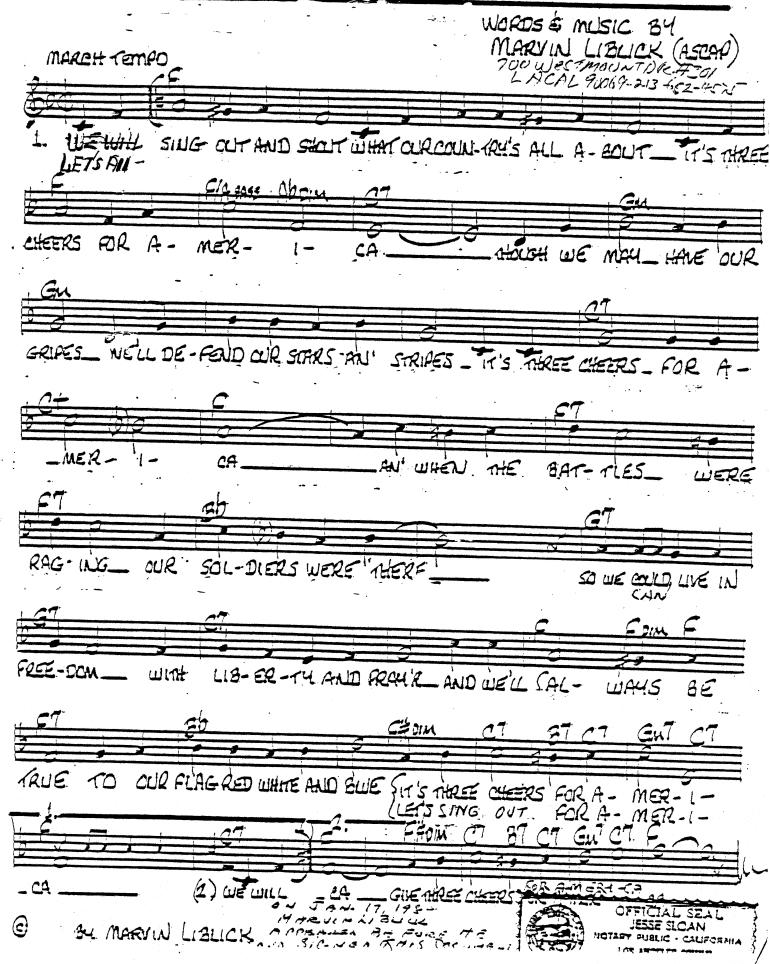
ALL. B. BUTTHINI
MARCH TEMPO



A

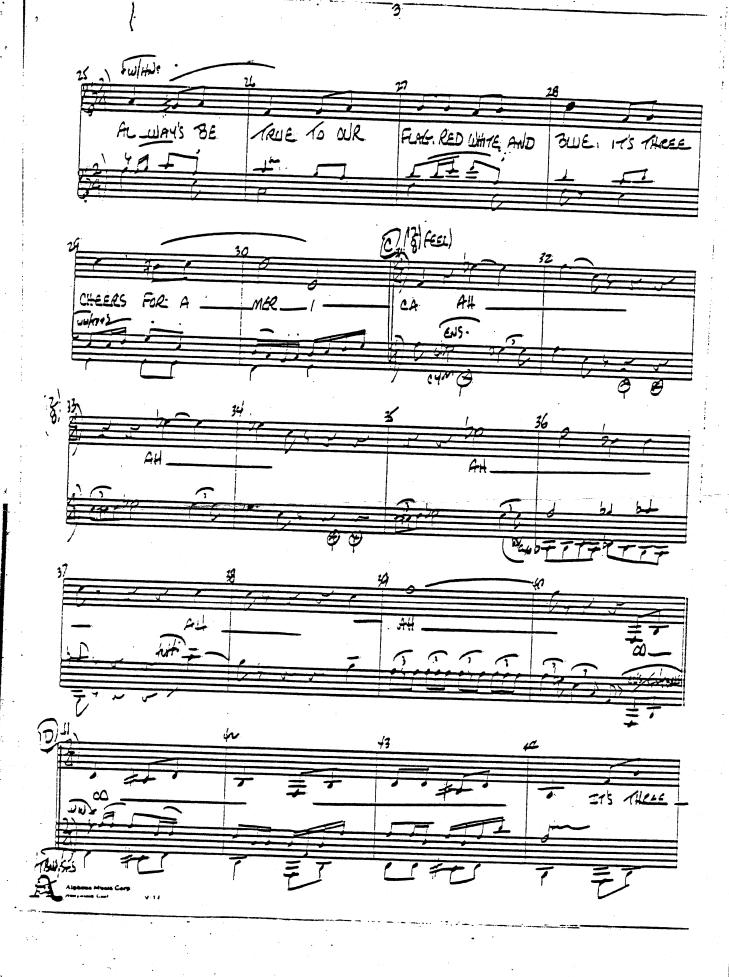
roptrickt by ML

THREE CHEERS FOR AMERICA

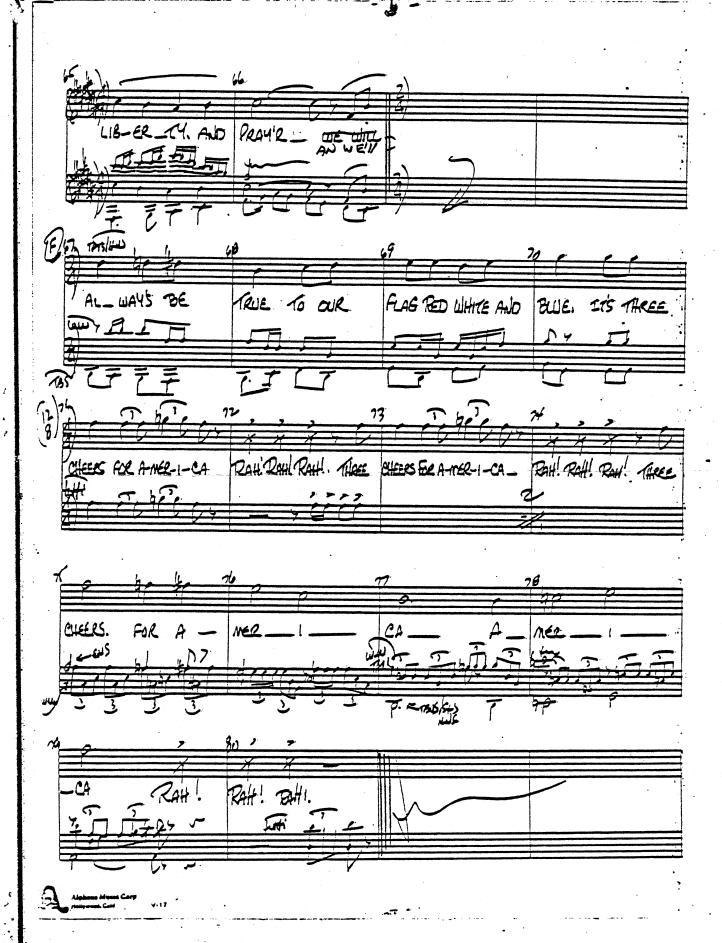












DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE 5230 AIR FORCE BAND (SAC) 1-7/4-6-55-4165 MARCH AIR FORCE BASE, CALIFORNIA 92518



Marvin Liblick 705 Westmount Dr. #208 Los Angeles, CA, 90069

21 Dec 79

Dear Mr. Liblick

Your original composition, "Three Cheers for America", appears to be an exciting and stimulating march which appropriately honors our

I've added your march to our music library and will surely program it on those occasions when patriotism is the kevnote.

Thank you for providing our band a copy of your music, and we join you in giving "Three Cheers for America".

KNUDSEN, Lt Col, USAF

Commander

LOCI-l Bands

405 HILGARD AVENUE / LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90024 / (213) 825-4761. ex. 51

January 7, 1980 -

Mr. Marvin Liblick 705 N. Westmount Drive Los Angeles, California 90069

Dear Mr. Liblick:

Thank you for your composition "Three Cheers for America." During this Winter Quarter at UCLA, if we can find the time, I shall have one of our student arrangers make a band arrangement. In addition, if this transpires, I shall try to have it recorded for you, however, I must reemphasize that this will only be accomplished if we can find the time during our educational and academic school quarter.

Thank you for your interest in the UCLA Band.

Best regards,

(e1)/y James

Director, Marching and Varsity Bands

ind for 1989

LAN PROPERTY OF PERMANNESS (ST. OF)

pls



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY WEST POINT, NEW YORK 10996 USMA BAND

MABS-B

5 May 1980

MEGun

Mr. Marvin Liblick
705 Westmount Drive #208
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Dear Mr. Liblick:

Once again we thank you for the arrangement of "Three Cheers for America". Since the vocal part is so vital, we are unable to make a tape because the Cadet Glee Club is booked and the end of the academic year upon us. Perhaps I can arrange a taping in the future.

11/2/1/1/

Sincerely,

RONALD O. McCOWN

LTC, AGC

Commanding



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY SCHOOL OF MUSIC NAVAL AMPHIBIOUS BASE LITTLE CREEK NORFOLK, VA 23521

10 MAY 1980

Mr. Marvin Liblick 700 Westmount Drive #301 Los Angeles, California 90069

Dear Mr. Liblick:

This is in response to your recent letter forwarding a copy of your composition "THREE CHEERS FOR AMERICA".

A copy has been retained in our collection of notable songs by public spirited composers, maintained by our Music Library. If, in the future, it becomes possible for us to record your composition, you may be assured of receiving a copy.

The Navy appreciates your thoughtfulness in forearding copies of "THREE CHEERS FOR AMERICA" and wishes to commend you for the spirit of patriotism expressed in your song.

Sincerely,

D. S. KUNKEL

CWO4, U. S. Navy

Director, Fleet Support

Department

By direction of the Commanding Officer

1. 804 - 440 - 6777 23511



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY UNITED STATES ATLANTIC FLEET HEADQUARTERS OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF NORFOLE, VIRGINIA 23511

1600/FF1-2/N0072 Ser 3802 3 JUN 1980

Mr. Marvin Liblick (ASCAP) 700 Westmount Drive Los Angeles, CA 90069

Dear Mr. Liblick:

Thank you for your letter of May 28, 1980 with tape and music of THREE CHEERS FOR AMERICA.

I will be happy to file your music in our Ceremonial Band library for possible future use. The schedule of the Atlantic Fleet Band is quite heavy and it may be some time before we have the opportunity to consider making an arrangement of your composition. If we do, I will be sure to provide you a copy and a tape if possible.

Your interest in the Atlantic Fleet Band is appreciated.

NW.Z

Sincerel

P. H. FIELD

Lieutenant Commander, U. S. Navy

Fleet Bandmaster



JAMES ALTHOFF 781ST BOMB SQUADRON ASSOC

2 Mt. Vernon Lane, Atherton, CA 94025 (415) 325-8356

Bill

Betty grable? It was a good one but & lost track of it - & suppose you have all the enclosed

note of thanks

Collos

TROOP CARRIER COMMAND

(Tune: The Marine Hymn)

From the fields of Sacramenta
To the sheres of Sicily
We fly our country's transports
Over land and ever sea
From Casa up to Cairo
From Bizerte on to Rome
We haul everything but the darm latrines
But still we can't go hame.

A thousend hours each hes now Two trips through each invasion and still us can't go bone.

AS YIAI GUES FY (Ture; is Tiv Gues by)

You must recomber this The flak can't divers his Somebody has to dia The data are always too down high as flak gues by.

And then the flighter down and the part of tumble from the sky The edds are always tee damn high as flakingers by.

Gue-tons and two-teng keep and the flight flow the same of the flight of the flight of the flight flig

From to Asti
l'agent Patma, "herever the four
winds blow, There might be some milk
runs - There's plenty of rough ones,
And thereas one thing I know
The next time I go there I'll end up with gray hair Flak's a werrisome thing that leads you to sing - The Flak Happy Blues.

I WANTED WINGS

But still we can't go name.

We rethe bastards of the Air Corps
No oneknows we're over seas
For every sortic thatwe fly
Credit goes to A.T. C.
Two years in this NATCUSA
A thousand hours each has flown
Two trips through each invasion
And still we can't go home.

AS FLAN GOES BY

AS FLAN GOES BY

Chorus
Twanted wings till I got the gosh darn things
Now I don't want them anymore.
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me here to dio I get a belly full of war.
You can save those Zeroes for the g-d-herees
But this flying x's will not compensate for lesses.
Chorus -

FOURS - FOURS - b-23-3

When the Army first called us to go off to war They said not word one bout the B-24 So being young boys we rushed out to enlist To get in the Air Corps we so did insist. Chorus -Fours + fours B-241s

We went off to war in a B-24.

For years we were training we know not what for We all ended up in a B-24.

They said it would fly and we said it would not Till up in the air like a big bird we shot.

Chorus -

In training we drank til we fell on the floor. Then found someone's bottle and called out for more. Then one day they told us our training was over And we loaded ourselves on a B-24.

Chorus.

On the way over we had drinks gelore At each place in stayed we got a 104
In Tunis we walked on the reef tops by night and woke in the Casbar by dany's carly light.

Chorus

Now old Ed Keeley gets up nd tells us There's no need to worry why make aich a fuss The fighters won't hit you - you'll not get shot The gunners are tired and the barrells are hot.

The fighters they soomed, the fighters they dived we laoked at the target, we know word arrived. The bomb hays were open, the bombs were away andhow we got back I don't know to this day.

Chorus

We turned on the power, we turned on the switch But something is missing its cold as a witch The heaters they work by the books we are told We don't doubt the books but we're so g-d- cold.

Chorus

Oh Nother dear Nother its sad to relate You poor boy has met a most horrible fate
He flew through the flak oh so brave and so bold
He flew through the flak but he died of the cold.

Tune - On the Road to Landalay

On the read to Bucharest.
Where the Luft Waffe hasits nest
And the flak ones up like thunder
From the Werth, South, East and West.

on the road to Bucharust Where the Focke Wolf's at its best and the flak comes up like thunder From the North, South, East and "est.

IT HAPPENED TO ME

Be afraid of Flak Duck when the sky turns black It could happen to you Tuck it in or you may stumble Son cone lags bohind and down he tumbles Keep your flak suits tight Til the spur's in sight It could happen to you All I did was remove my helmet so I could see And it happened to mo.

IN 7. PRISON CAMP

cross the adriatic Through spacious skies of blue Ther come 1,000 bombers With airmon tried and true We herded for the Balkans and straight to Bucharest But when we hit flak alley he gunners did the rest. Chorus . But we all landed safely With parachutes galore And now we're in a prison camp Aswesting out the war.

A train pulled into Bucharest One warm and sunny day is we passed through the city You murders, you gangsters you bombed our city fair You just knocked out our mershalling yard Which is beyond repair.

horus =

Now you may think this ends our tail we though the war was over But the bombers they still flew we heard the bombs awhistling and we dove beneath our beds As we lay there a trembling and praying very hard That they would miss our city and hit the marshalling yend.

Chorus

Oh --He's never seen a foxhole Or mud up to his knees So, take down your service flag nother, Your son's in the ATC.

He's never seen a Zero Or a Folke Wolf 190 So, take down your service flag, 1 other Your sontsin the ATC.

He wear the wings of a pilot and he's flown o'erthe sea So, take down your service flag, Nother Your son's in the ATC.

(Continued) - **:

Last week he was only a shavetail Fow he's on his Capitancy So, take down your service flag, Nother your son's in the ATC.

One day his 1-5 malfunctioned and he got the DFC So, take down your service flag, nother Here I lie neath the wrockage liarander all over my chart

LIII MARLE.

Outside the barracks by the corner light Good for forrying whiskey Till always stand and wait for you at night But for embat it's no G- de good. I'd wait for you the vincle night throug h For you tilt Marlen, for you Lili Marlan.

Bugler tonight don't play the cell to ares I want another evening with her charge Then we must say goodbye and part 1811 always keep you in my heart With me Iili Farlen, with me Lili Farlen.

Give me a rose to show how much you care Tie to the stem a lock of golden hair Surcly tomorrow you'll feel blue But then will come a love that's new For you Lili Marlen, for you Lili Marlen.

when we are marching in the mud and cold and when my pack seems more than I can hold By love for you renews my might I warm again, my pack is light It's you lili Marlen, it's you Lili Harlen. Singing zoot suits and parachutes

FURLOUGH IN PARADISE

From all cares gricf and strife can down from the blue in the skies To a calm easy life Twas my FURLCUCH IN P.R.DISE

Time stands still, peace serone Gives me visions of old so oes and rice Will she say she ill be mine CH MY FURIOUSH IN PAR DISE

Sha said To ti amo capisciarico I Love you so The wire through the old blive troe hatepared to me - she's yours can't Tour see . C. C. . I wast have - polease don't grieve ac a date with the stars in the skies Tor I'll fly back to you and forever Mail nale it true -ATT FIRETOUGH IN PARTIES.

The Harauder's a very fine hirpin Constructed of rivits and tin A top speed of over 200 a ship with a head wind built in.

Chorus Oh why did I join the hir Corps

> The ritchell's a very fine airplan Constructed of paper and wood.

1 E-24's a fine aircraft is stratosphere both tub no less It will blow up over the target The whole g- dp thing is a mess.

Chorus -

A Bé261s a fine circraft Constructed of rivits andtin : top speed of 300 miles a tail aind already built in.

Chorus

BELL BOTTO TROUSERS

and shirts of khaki too Heill fly the maig onesm. Like his deddy used to do.

Singing the goer, flaps and trim tabs and toggle switches too Heill fly the 2-41s Like his daddy used to do.

Singing the flak-suits and helmets and cartons of schaf too Heill fly the "Big Ones" Like his doddy used to do.

Now the moral of this story s plane as you can see If you have a son Sond him off to ATC

99#BEHS NEWSLETTER VOL. 7 NO. 5

Because of this, crew members were unable to cut the clothing and get at wounds of Sgt Austin, who was bleeding badly.

APPENDIX D

Russian officers and enlisted men told Sources that after this war, they are going to "knock hell out of Japan."

In Belgrade, Tito is not very popular with the civilians (Yugoslavs) Bulgarian soldiers contacted, are now very pro-Allied.



Lightings In the Sky

Ch, Heddy Lamarr is a beautiful gal
And Madeline Carol is too.
But you'll find, if you query, a different Theory
Amongst any bomber crew.
For the loveliest thing of which one could sing
(This side of the Heavenly Gates)
Is no blondes or brunettes of the Hollywood set;
But an escort of P-38's

Yes, in days that have passed, when the tables were massed with glasses of scotch or Champagne. It's quite true that the sight was a thing of delight Us, intent upon feeling no pain. But, no longer the same, nowadays in this game, when we head north from Messinas Straits Take the sparkling wines everytime, just make mine An escort of P-38's

Bryon, Shelley and Keats ran a dozen dead heats
Describing the view from the hills
Of the valleys in May when the winds gently sway.
An army of bright daffodils.
Take the daffodils, Bryon; the wild flowers, Shelly;
Yours is the myrtle friend, Keats.
Just reserve me those cuties, American Beauties,
An escort of P-38's

Sure we're braver than hell; on the ground all is swell In the air it's a different story. We sweat out our track thru fighters and flak We're willing to split up the glory. Well they wouldn't reject us so heaven protect us. And until all this shooting abates. Give us courage to fight 'em and one other small item—An escort of P-38's

courtesy of Jesse N. Hobbs



ANCIENT RUINS AND ARCHAEOLOGY, Decamp
. . . in the winter of 1922-1923 . . . a ship reported that Easter
Island itself had sunk beneath the sea. But time proved that Easter Island
was all right; it was the ship's navigator that was wrong. p. 239

From July 24, 1943 issue "Stars and Stripes" (N. African Edition)

CAPTURED B-17 GUNNERS FORM CHEERING SECTION FOR YANKS

By Sgt Jack Foisie Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

Advanced Allied Headquarters--The Yanks advancing on the Sicilian town of Ragusa didn't know it, but they had friends inside the town cheering them on.

The coming of the Yanks meant liberation for two American Flying Fortress gunners who had parachuted to safety from a dying queen of the sky only to be taken prisoner.

Upon their rescue, the two men, TSgt David O. Fleming, of Jackson, Mich.; and 1st Sgt. Allen B. Huckabee, of Temple, Tex., were able to reveal the story of one of the greatest air fights of all times--the battle of a single Flying Fortress against a swarm of at least 35 kill-thirsty Messerschmitt 109s and Macchi 202s. The story begins July 5.

The "D---", that's the name of the B-17, was 10 minutes from Comiso, its target, when the first enemy fighters came around but they were just a nuisance until flak knocked out the number four engine. That cut down speed but the formation cut its speed to match and sheltered the D--- as it climbed after the bomb run. Then the number one engine went out and the Fortress was hardly making more than stalling speed. There was nothing else then for the formation to do but abandon the D---.

READY FOR THE KILL

Immediately the Axis fighters swarmed in for the kill. "It sounded like rice on a tin roof," said Fleming, "when the bullets began to hit us." The radio went out, then the oxygen, then the men.

Fleming was talking in a low, tense voice as he described the picture of doom. The 43-year-old Huckabee, believed to be the oldest Air Corps enlisted man in combat service, mumbled an occasional addition.

The first man to go was the tail gunner. wounded, he crawled back into the waist and helped load another gun until he died. The ball turret gunner was next, crumpling from a 20mm explosive shell. The number two gunner was killed almost instantly by the raking cross-fire of two fighters. But the Fortress continued to fly and fly, though there were no holes big enough in the wings and fuselage to crawl through. The pilot was struggling to save the plane. The co-pilot was slumped over against the pilot.

Fleming went forward to help him. He found the co-pilot dead. One more was to die--the belly turret gunner. One shell struck his gun, curling the barrel up like a withered flower; another bullet struck him in the stomach.

ABANDON SHIP

Fleming bit his lip; he seemed to be re-living that nightmare. "Things were getting black" he said. "We were fast losing altitude. The pilot gave the order to abandon ship. We struggled into our chutes--there was a rip in mine from shrapnel, but I had no time to fear that it might not open."

The engineer was the first to jump. He went through the shot-out window. About then a shell exploded the ammunition box and lead began to pop all over the place. an Army photographer went next. The bombardier and the navigator jumped. The pilot thought he was the last to clear the ship, but the bomb bay door through which Fleming and Huckabee intended to jump slammed shut just as they stood on the edge. The ship lurched and flung them to the floor. The two recovered and fell out the other bomb bay opening.

As they floated down, they watched the D---. "It didn't want to die," said Fleming. "The grand old ship didn't stop. It seemed to pilot itself, first going into a spin, then coming out of it, then going into another spin, finally catching fire."

The following is to be recited to the tune of THE COPILOT'S LAMENT.

Dear George,



In one of my recent rummaging around some ancient memorabilia I encountered the enclosed bit of pseudo-scientific fluff that I composed during one of my more lucid moments during WW II. If you wish to publish it in one of your newsletters, it might serve to tickle the memories of some of the guys, and also it has a content a bit different from the usual reminiscence. I attempted to adhere to the standard medical protocol of that day, hence there is abundant use of terms appropriate to the situation at hand.

We continue to learn about new diseases, syndromes, and conditions in both the lay and medical press, for example Herpes, and The disease I originally described was never published and so did not reach the consciousness of the scientific community. If it had, maybe I would have received the Nobel prize. Anyway, here it is, and you have my permission to toss it in the circular file if you like.

ditorially yours,

3815 Joppa St. Louis Park, Minn. 55416

Ted apermaster Ex-flight surgeon 347th Squadron.



CO-PILOT'S DISEASE

A New Clinical Entity

Definition: Co-pilot's disease is an acute infectious, endemic, occupational, specific disorder characterized by irritability, fluent episodes of profanity, and a considerable number of psychic manifestations, mental aberrations, emotional disturbances and personality complexes. It is seen in co-pilots who think they should be pilots.

Inasmuch as this malady has not been described previously in the History: medical literature, no reports on the history are as yet available. It may be said that with the birth of the four engine bomber, a new branch of the human race has of necessity been produced. These people are referred to as co-pilots, and therefore are peculiarly susceptible to that horrible malignancy described in this paper.

Etiology and

No definite cause has yet been found. $^{\perp}t$ has been well established that it is highly infectious and when once it attacks a susceptible co-pilot Pathogenesis: it will quickly invade selectively the similar member of other crews. Many precipitating and aggravating factors are well known. One theory explains that the onset of the disease occurs when a tiny Gremlin implants the thought that it is about time that the individual in question should be a pilot. This infinitesmal spark is full minatingly brought to a raging, consuming, conflagration by various exigencies of the kocal situation, such as lack of other co-pilots, or certain commanding officers who may feel that this subordinate shall remain a co-pilot, come hellor high water.

Diagnosis:

This disease occurs only in co-pilots; after an incubation period of 3 to 4 weeks (Phase I), prodromal symptoms can be elicited by the astute observer. These consist of slight irritability, and many pathognomonic expressions of desire for A-20, P-38, or P-39. As Phase II is approached, many of the precipitating factors play an important role in the subsequent course of the disease. These consist of auxiliary influences such as waiters in the mess hall getting the wrong order; frying the eggs wrong side up; paying ten bucks a menthex week at the officers' mess; or being required to wear a blouse at the officers's club. At this point, the man is described by his fellows as having the red ass. (R.A.). y the time Phase III is reached the case has become critical. This patient can frequently be observed to repeat to himself: "superchargers off!" or "tailwheel unlocked!" or "booster pumps on !" or also repeat numbers which apparently of some meaning to him but of no significance to others, such as "1850 and 27 inches!". Another favorite is "right hand bottle". He may exhibit delusions of persecution and paranoid tendencies ("the C.O. is pissed off at me !") The course of the disease is featured by chronicity with acute exacerbations set off by some new irritant such as the latest "poop from the "roup".

Prognosis: The outlook here is generally favorable, but is profoundly influenced by the management.

Preatment: Obviously, a simple form of therapy would be to transform the patient into a pilot, which would confer an immediate and complete immunity. However, this proceedure, although desirable, is frequently not feasible, for it at once creaters the vacancy which must be filled by some neophyte co-pilot, another potential victim. ymptomatic care should be employed, with special attention taken to bring to bear all known morale building factors. hese include the elimination of irritating mechanisms, with emphasis on the overcoming of personality conflicts with his associates.

XXXX

Refrain (from Bill Getz WILD BLUE YONDER)

I'm a copilot, I sit on the right

I'm quick and courageous, I'm wonderfully bright

My job is remembering what the Captain forgets

I never talk back, so I have no regrets.

I'm just a copilot and a long way from home.



ALBUQUERQUE TRIBUNE, Friday, November 21, 1986

VILLAGE ERECTS MONUMENT TO B17 CREW No By line

Lomianki, Poland--Villagers who witnessed the crash of an American B17 bomber shot down by German artillery during World War II have fulfilled what they felt was an obligation and erected a monument to honor the crew. The 9-feet-tall stone memorial, believed to be the first in Poland for American Soldiers, was erected after a five-year campaign.

The B17, nicknamed "'Til We Meet Again," was shot down Sep 18, 1944, with 10 US airmen aboard. Two of them survived. The plane was one of 107 American aircraft dropping supplies that day for Polish partisans fighting the Nazis in the Warsaw uprising. About 220,000 Poles were killed during the unsuccessful 63-day attempt to liberate Warsaw before the arrival of the Russians.

WE GET LETTERS

I'm sending this for two reasons. First is to announce another, endless, it seems, FINAL SWEEP notification. It's for Ralph "Pete" Clark who made his last sweep on 22 Dec. 88. Enclosed is a check for \$100 for the scholarship fund in memory of Pete Clark.

In addition to the above, I would like to get in my 2 cents on the fonda (non-capital) letter intentional) news in the Sweep. I don't care what Brown, Red, Green or Black has to say, I appreciate the anti-fonda info in the Sweep. Maybe, for some of us, it's not a great war. But it's the only war we got! True, we may find others who need exposing. When appropriate, please do! However, I feel the emphasis you've kept on the subject has helped to bring pressure on the bitch (again capital deleted intentionally) and many of her retailers.

Keep up the Great Work...

Sincerely, Turk Turley Mariposa, CA

Looking for any information on Maj. Edward M. Hudgens of the 22 Special Ops Sq, Nakhon Phanon, who was shot down over northeast Laos 21 March 1970. The mission was a successful search and rescue of Wolfe 06 Alpha by Jolly Green 76. Smoke 27, and possibly Sardy 05, observed the downing of his A1J Sandy 06. The family requests anyone with any knowledge of Major Hudgens, or his downing, please contact Doug Hudgens, 2808 Forest Point #816, Arlington, TX 76006, (817) 633-1266.

This is to inform you that my wife, Aneeta Marquis Phillips, died of cancer on November 21, 1988. She had many Air Force friends who would like to know. We went to Bitburg with the F-105 in 1961. Served a tour at Seymour-Johnson and then Korat in 1966. Stayed with the Thud at McConnell until retiring in 1972. Then advised the A.F. Reserve Wing at Carswell during their conversion from C-124's into the F-105's.

Thanks for passing the word.

Sincerely, Robert E. Phillips, Lt. Col. USAF (Ret)

Dear Patti,

Time to renew in one of the most prestigious organizations in the country. Make it for two years instead of three as the RRVA can use the extra money. (Editor's note... many thanks.)

The other check is for the scholarship fund, in memory of Captain Lance P. Sijan, MOH, 480 TFS, Da Nang.

Thanks for the great Mig Sweeps.

√6 John B. Flagg

I'm writing primarily because of the great RRVFPA brochure you sent, explaining what we are all about. I was so impressed with it that I made a few copies for select friends. And one of them was so impressed with the information about our group and its purpose and results that he donated to the scholarship fund.

Like so many people, he didn't realize, that we were any more than just another military group who liked to have some drunken reunions periodically. Now he knows...

Frank Moyer Albuquerque, NM

You are cordially invited to join other members of the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association in Honolulu, Hawaii for the

River Rats Return R&R November 11, 1989

A 7-Day Inter-island Hawaiian Cruise Party Vacation

For additional information call or write

BATTLEFIELD TOURS

A Division of Douglas & Company P.O. Box 9097 Salt Lake City, Utah 84109 Telephone (801) 484-7144 Dear Sir.

Please accept the enclosed check for the scholarship fund in the name of Colonel Donald W. Kilgus, USAF (Ret).

Don was a man's man, a fighting man, a patriot, a husband, a son, father, uncle and beloved brother.

His memory lives on strong in our hearts, may this small token help to keep his memory alive in others as well.

Sincerely, James R. Kilgus and Family Dublin, Ohio

Dear Friend,

We would like once again to donate (the enclosed check in the amount of \$2,000) to your organization in support of the sons and daughters of the POW-MIA's via the River Rat Scholarship Fund.

We again want to show them that we remember their father's sacrifice and that we care — everyday.

Thank you for making these scholarships available to them.

Sincerely, Jack and Wilma Laeufer Columbus Grove, Ohio

Patti,

I was rummaging through my desk and found the enclosed "short-short" story my mother wrote in the late '60's after I finished my first tour. The story is true and was inspired by my takeoff and burner climb to 30,000 ft. at dusk one evening from Tinker AFB, Oklahoma. (I was headed for Las Vegas in an F-105).

She has given blanket permission to reprint the story as long as she has attribution. She's now 85 years old and in relatively good health.

Cheers, Stan Penney

(Editor's note: We understand that Mrs. Penney remains very active in Oklahoma and during the summers in Colorado. See story "Wings" on page 4 of this issue.)

A WARRIOR'S PRAYER

Dear Lord. Those of us who faced enemy fire over and over again and made it back enjoy life totally. Many times we came near being with you in your bosom and you allowed us to reunite with our families and friends. We are grateful we were spared.

let us remember the POW's who returned. Cicero stated there is no man more intense in defending freedom than one who was a free man, had that freedom taken away, and then regained his freedom. Our ex-POW's are indeed fighters for freedom.

And, finally, Lord, take good care of those who did not come back. We pray they did not die without call, but, perhaps the Vietnam War was America's final war. Give us continuing peace... with liberty and justice for all. Amen.

Tony Weissgarber

WINGS

By Grace Jackson Penney

Always, he wanted to fly. His little boy room was full of toy airplanes, models, and magazines about flying. No plane flew over without his rapt attention. After he finished high school it was a tug-of-war to keep him in college two years. Ever polite, he'd listen to my arguments that he should stay in college, then he'd say, "Yes, Mother, I know you're right. But I want to fly!"

Just before his eighteenth birthday we gave him permission to enlist, and off he went to the City. He was elated when when he came home that afternoon. He'd been accepted by the Air Force. He left that very night for basic training, months of arduous work. On leaves at home, he looked older. His voice was deeper and there was a quiet assurance in his manner that told me my son was now a man.

But I never saw him actually fly. Whenever his plane came into the big air base he'd call and we'd drive over to pick him up. He was stationed in Germany for four years and when we visited him there we saw the great brute of a plane he flew, but never saw him in it. Somehow it was all unreal, a part of a play or a movie. I knew he flew that plane, but it was a mind-knowledge only.

Even when he told me that now they were glad to have planes that would have a chance to make it back if they had to attack their assigned target, I had only a dim idea of the real significance of what he said: on alert, he had faced for months the knowledge that if they swarmed like hornets into the sky and winged eastward there would be no return for them; only the hope of a possible crash landing in neutral territory, if they were lucky enough not to be shot down. A grim prospect, but flying was his life.

A dozen solo flights across the grey Atlantic, guzzling fuel in mid-air from hovering tankers; a clutch of trophies and awards his wife kept dusted and he never referred to, then he was back to the States to finish his college course. How proud we were to see him in dress uniform, receiving his degree with honors.

But still I'd never seen him fly. Somehow, none of this flying was very real to me. I flew, everybody flew, often. It was like boarding the train in the old days, and seemed no more exciting. The pilot was a gold-braided official, taken for granted.

Then came Vietnam, and overnight his entire wing flew out of the Kansas plain west into the east. I readily accepted his letter saying they were on a training flight to Guam. But when he came home two months later, he'd flown 40 missions over North Vietnam—all of a sudden the war was not on the other side of the world. It was here in Oklahoma, in the tired face of a young pilot who'd seen the flying telephone-poles of the SAM missiles coming at him and managed to dodge them—who'd faced death every day, and had seen

his comrades shot down into the alien jungle or flaming into a muddy rice paddy.

He was home just a short while, then orders came to return to the war. The family came together at my house for Thanksgiving Day, and the pictures made then show the strain all of us felt. But it was when I took him to the base to join his squadron that I first saw him mount into his plane.

He was so tiny, beside the great throbbing monster with its' long javelin nose, camouflaged in mottled green and brown. He looked like a creature from another world, in helmet and G-suit, his slender body in his flight gear puny against the mighty force that throbbed in the deep-throated roar of the jet engine.

Standing alone in the bright sunlight, I had a horrible feeling that this was a nightmare; that this could not be my son, now so tiny again as though I saw him through the wrong end of a telescope. This could not be my little lad climbing the ladder into that giant plane, being strapped into the seat, taxiing slowly down the strip, his helmet barely showing above the rim of the cockpit.

The plane swung around and stopped; the jet roared and the dreadful sound rose and reverberated against the buildings until the very sky shook with its' thunder. The canopy closed over his tiny helmet, and the banshee jet screeched down the runway and flung itself into the sky — faster and faster and



The Hi Desert Rats completed another successful fundraiser. The 4th Annual Hi Desert Golf Tournament was held at the Apple Valley and Spring Valley Lake Country Clubs. Cosponsored by American Air Lines and Apple Valley Transfer and Storage, the grand prize (two round trip airline tickets to Hawaii and a condominium for one week) was won by Carl Goude, a local merchant and supporter of the RRVA on the Hi Desert. The Hi Desert Rats won back the trophy from the Nellis Rats. (Sandbagger Bob Ashcraft couldn't play as his daughter was getting married.) Any other Rat packs are encouraged to compete for the trophy next year. A barbecue buffet closed out the two day tournament, and \$11,000 has been forwarded to the scholarship fund.

faster, the exhaust flaming like the tail of a comet and the plane getting smaller by the instant until in only a moment it was gone — gone into the cloudless sky — gone into the West — gone into the shattering terror of missiles and anti-aircraft fire, and bombs falling and guns blazing. And gone too was my child.

Now I was aware, aware as never before how fragile and vulnerable is the flesh of men and how indomitable his spirit. It came to me then that whatever happened to him, my son would fly and fly into the Allness of God. At last I understood, though dimly, the poem on the wall in his room: "I have slipped the surly bonds of earth... and done a hundred things you've not dreamed of..."

I realized at last why my son had to fly. His spirit had wings.



SCHOLARSHIP DONATIONS

Lt. Col. David F. Gary \$2,000.00
Jack and Wilma Lauefer 2,000.00 William L. Shankel M.D. 2,000.00
William L. Shankel, M.D 1,000.00 James R. Kilgus and Formits
James R. Kilgus and Family
(in memory of Brother, Don Kilgus) 250.00
Hester Kilgus (in memory
of her loving son Day
of her loving son, Don)
of Ted Randon)
of Ted Baader)
Dr. Michael Murphy
- and runey (in memory)
of Pete Clark)
Gordon Michelli in momoni
of Pete Clark)
of our absent companions)
ou i uckei iviaision iin momomi
of Col. John L. Robertson, MIA) 100.00
Chap. (Col.) Cillis Martin 100 00
70 00
1 au M. Dicker
(United Technologies)
JUIL D. FINGS I'M MOMORY
of Capt. Lance F. Sijan)50.00
Dumis W. Fillichard (Hadiand)
Le. Coi. Aibeil C. Vollmer /in
memory of Pete Clark
waj. Geraid S. Miller, USAF (Ret) 25 00
Also to Kat Memorial 25 00
John Costseres
Jack Kull (in memory of
Bull Simons & The Son Tay Raiders) 25.00
Mr. and Mrs. Rusell Foster 15 00
(In memory of Harold Kilgus)
Loraine Jacobs, Linda Lee Oke
and Kay Oversby
and Kay Oversby
Lt. Col. George Andre (in memory
of Bill Frederick
1Lt Richard Marshall, IV
A.E. Staley Mfg. Co., Tim Nash20.00
Dale Huffman
Dale Huffman
of I t Col Frank Mana Mark To
of Lt. Col. Frank Moyer, USAF (Ret) 5.00
UNITED WAY
National Capital Area
National Capital Area190.38
Sacramento, CA

GRAND TOTAL\$6,861.95

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Saber jet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
Play poker every night
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling Oh death where is thy sting The bells of hell may ring, ting-a-ling For you but not for me

Oh, ting-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass Better days are coming by and by.

#15

Revised Edition

* LEGION AIRS *

SONGS OF THE ARMED FORCES

Compiled
by
FRANK E. PEAT

Edited
by
LEE OREAN SMITH

RETURN TO
U. S. MARINE BAND
LIBRARY

\$3.95

© Copyright 1932 (Renewal 1960) LEO FEIST, Inc., New York, N. Y.
© Copyright 1949 LEO FEIST, Inc.

Leo Feist inc.

Authorized for sale only in the United States and Canada

144 page.

FOREWORD

The soldiers and sailors of every war create and sing certain songs in which they find spiritual unity. Sometimes these songs are somber and sentimental; sometimes they are gay and rollicking with the humor that is typical of our national mood.

We at home learn to sing the same songs, for our tasks are identical with those of the men overseas. We sing these same songs, because we want to be united to them and to feel that we, too, are a part of the great spiritual forces which sustain them.

This group of favorite songs of our soldiers and sailors was compiled to provide schools, civic organizations, music clubs, singing groups, army camps and training stations with the most complete collection of "Legion Airs".

This compilation has been called "an important contribution to the preservation of priceless, melodic memories." But it is more than that. These songs, sung year after year by an invincible and determined nation, have produced a national morale unequalled anywhere in the world.

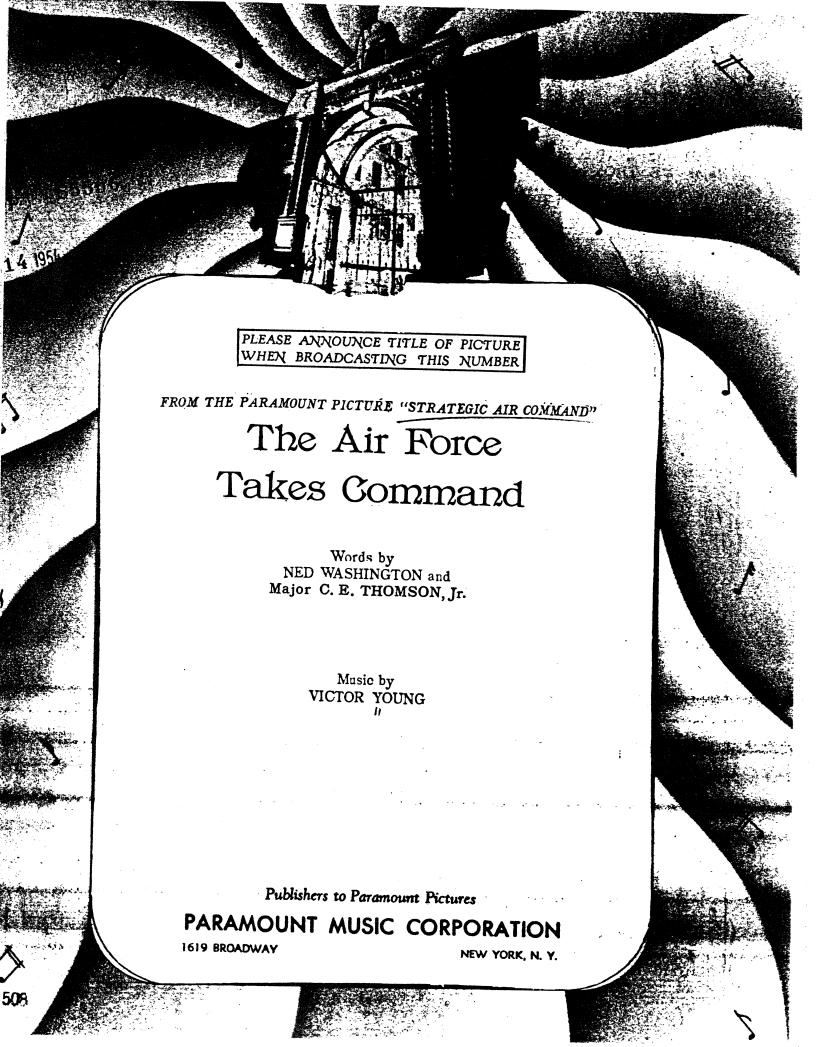
Hunk Stant

Contents

All We Do Is Sign The Pay-Roll	
All You Little Rookies, We Wish The Same To You (Soup Song)	
America (My Country 'Tis Of Thee)	
America The Beautiful	
Anchors Aweigh	•••••
Army Bean, The	•••••
Battle Hymn Of The Republic	
Battle Song Of Liberty, The	
Bells Of Hell Go Ting-A-Ling-A-Ling, The (For You But Not For Me)	
Beside A Belgian Water-Tank	
Bombed!	
Caissons Go Rolling Along, The	
Coast Artillery Marching Song (Roarious!)	
Coast Artillery Song	
Comin' In On A Wing And A Prayer	
Connecticut (Department Of Connecticut)	
Countersigns, The	
Darktown Strutters' Ball, The	
Don't Bite The Hand That's Feeding You	
Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree	
Eyes Of The Fleet	
For You But Not For Me (The Bells Of Hell Go Ting-A-Ling-A-Ling)	
Gang That Sang "Heart Of My Heart," The	
Give Me A Kiss By The Numbers (In Cadence "One-Two-Three")	**********
God Save The King	
Good-Bye Broadway, Hello France!	
Good Morning, Mr. Zip-Zip-Zip!	
Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here! (What the H——— Do We Care)	
Hail The Home Of Freedom (Our Director)	
Have A Little Regiment Of Your Own	
Hinky, Dinky, Parley Voo (Mademoiselle From Armentieres)	
Home, Boys, Home!	
Homeward Bound	
How Do You Get That Way? (Look At The Ears On Him)	
I Ain't Got Weary Yet!	
I Don't Know Where I'm Going But I'm On My Way	
I Want To Go Home	
I Wonder Where My Buddies Are To-night?	
In Cadence "One-Two-Three" (Give Me A Kiss By The Numbers)	
It's A Long, Long Way To The U. S. A. And The Girl I Left Behind	
Ja-Da (Ja-Da, Ja-Da, Jing, Jing, Jing!)	
Jersey Legionaire, The (Department Of New Jersey)	
K-K-K-Katy	
Kelly Field Aviator's Song (Look At The Ears On Him)	
Last Long Mile, The (Plattsburg Marching Song)	
Legion Buddies (Department Of Pennsylvania)	
Legionaires (Department Of Texas)	
li'lliva lang	

Look At The Ears On Him (How Do You Get That Way?)	10
Mademoiselle From Armentieres (Hinky, Dinky, Parley Voo)	13
Marching Along Together	
Marine's Hymn, The	12
Mechs Of The Air Corps	
My Country 'Tis Of Thee (America)	9
My Own America	2
Nancy Lee	
National Emblem	12
Navy Wings	······ 1 /
New Hampshire Marches On (Department Of New Hampshire)	4
Old Soldiers Never Die	50
Our Country	116
Our Country	9
Over There	
Plattsburg Marching Song (The Leable Add)	11
Plattsburg Marching Song (The Last Long Mile)	70
Powder River (Department Of Wyoming)	6!
Recruit, The	133
Roarious! (Coast Artillery Marching Song)	117
Round Her Neck She Wears A Yeller Ribbon	14
Sailing	123
Sims's Flotilla	131
Song Ot Florida, A (Department Of Florida)	52
Song Of The Illinois Legionaire (Department Of Illinois)	54
Song Of The Navy, The	100
Song Of The Officers' Torpedo Class	128
song Of the Seabees, the	24
Sons Of Ohio (Department Of Ohio)	58
Soup Song (All You Little Rookies, We Wish The Same To You)	114
Stand, Stand Up America!	45
orar-spangled Banner, The	96
io the Legion!	48
Torpedo Jim	126
Turkey in the Straw	130
Jucie Sam	91
Jiknown Soldier, The (Poem)	144
rve Do Squads Left	140
we wish the same to four (Soup Song)	114
We're Going Over	40
were On to see the Wizard	34
when Pershing's Men Go Marching Into Picardy	42
vinen inis blinkin. War is Over	142
when fou wore A lulip	1.4
vitere Do vve Go From Mere/	30
There they were	139
Yould You Kather Be A Colonel With An Eagle On Your Shoulder	
Or A Private With A Chicken On Your Knee?	94
our boy is On the Coal Pile Now	110
ou're In The Army Now	134

The reprinting of any of the copyrighted songs in this book, their public performance for profit, or their mechanical reproduction by any means, may be done only with the permission of the respective copyright owners.



FROM THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE "STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND"

The Air Force Takes Command





U.S. AIR FORCE MARCH

Ep 205261

MAY 26 1965

Dedicated to

THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

By RONNIE BURNS

75¢

SWECO MUSIC CORP.

M/63,

- 4

U.S. AIR FORCE MARCH

Dedicated To
THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

By RONNIE BURNS





U.S. Air Force March - 3





SONGS OF VICTORY

(Number Twelve)

CONTENTS

,						F	PAGE
THE GIRL ACROSS THE SEA					•		3
BECAUSE YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, N	MR.	JON	ES				6
THERE ALWAYS WILL BE A STAR S	PAN	GLI	ED	BAN	INE:	R	8
THAT'S ALL I WANT OUTTA THIS W.	AR						10
MARCH ON, AMERICA	•		•				12
A WAVE, A WAC AND A SPAR .				•			14
HURRY UP FROM DOWN UNDER .		•					16
IT'S THE GRANDEST FLAG							
SMILE YOUR SOLDIER BOY GOODBY							
SAIL ON, SILVER WINGS		•	•				22
LET'S GET IT OVER (Over There) .	•						24
LITTLE SOLDIER OF THE RED, WHITE	ANI) BI	JUE				26
THAT'S OLD GLORY					•		28
UNITED NATIONS, ALL							
RIDING THE CREST OF THE WAVE							32
I'M PROUD TO CALL OLD GLORY MI							34
WE'LL FIGHT TILL THE JOB IS DONE							
ON THE WINGS OF AN EAGLE .							38
THEY'LL PAY FOR PEARL HARBOR							
GREATER LOVE	•	•	•	•	•	•	42
MARCH ON, UNITED NATIONS .							
THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE IS IN MY							46
THAT'S OUR JOB (And We'll Do It).							
ON THE MARCH TO VICTORY							
THE FIGHTER PILOT							
WE'VE GOT THIS WAR TO WIN .							
STICK BY YOUR UNCLE SAMMY .							56

Edited and Arranged by Reginald Van Nuys

Copyright 1945 by WESTMORE MUSIC CORPORATION, Los Angeles International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved

Smithers Sing with the AIRBORNE ALLANERIUS

MWG

RETURN TO U.S. MARINE BAND LIBRARY

INDEX

TITLE	PAGE NR
A Cold Stormy Night A Tavern In The Town Abdul Abulbul Amir Airborne Solider Airborne Song, The Airborne We Fly The Blue All American Soldier, The Aloha Does Not Mean Goodby Alouette	10,11 & 12 11,22 & 23 17,18 & 19 11,18 & 19
Back Home Again In Indiana Band Played On, The Beer Barrel Polka Behind Those Swing Doors	101

Foggy, Foggy Dew, The	Easter Parade	Daisy Bell (Bicycle Built For Two) Dark Town Strutters Bell Deep In The Heart Of Texas Dinah Don't Fence Me In Down By The Old Mill, Stream	Comptown Races	Bell Bottom Junp Boots Bail Bottom Trousers Bird In A Gilded Cage, The Birmingham Jail Black La All Black La All Black La Irly, The Black La Irly, The Black La Irly, The Black La Irly, The
50&51 97	107	101 101 100 37 126	48 123 41,42843 84	00000000000000000000000000000000000000

If I Had My Way	Hark The Herald Angels Sing	4. Cohen Medley	Frankie and Johnny
123 125 125 98 12	105 121 157 157 127&138 127 112 160 160 132	55 46847 57 40 135	58.7

			٠.	100		11 173					
Nobody Knows The Trouble II ve Seen 122	脚 Gal Sal	My Buddy 103	My Hive Heaven	Mother 78	ht in Dreamisno	Man On The Flying Trapeze	mara's Band	David Old Swe	 tter Edged In Black	Let Me Call You Sweetheart 123	

Report of the second second

52	1	9	1	6	0	0	0		p.	Sendai	ന	် ရှိ		Road	P	he	13	On The
153-155	8	8	8	8	0	0	ŝ	E C	Soldiers	S	ς,	 	5	7	ញ (Onward Christian	5 9	S S
40	8	8	9	0	8	0	8		Old Army Team	-3	Ę		þ	ු.	Ø	Brave		g
59	8	Ü	0	9	0	ð	Ď.	0.	on	Afternoon	Ď,	4		Sunday	ğ	S.	>	n On
፠	0	8	0	8	8	ij	ğ	The Bar		Closing	ğ.	C		Was	¥ =1	0 Leary	Fe Fe	Õ
162&163	.0	8	8	0	8	0	8	0	8	۳	Trail	T	Ħ	20	S	Chisholm	(D	2
82	8	8	8	8	0	0	0	0	0	9	8	1	er	River		Man	Φ 	2
145	0	8	8	8	8,	8	0	w	Die		₹e	Ne	w,	e c	di	Soldiers Never	Ω.	ဌ
· &	-	8	8	.0	8	0	8	8	8	8	ct.	Bucket	Ĕ		6	0aken	م	ဌ
15	ŧ	8	1	8	8	B	جم	Farm		>	a	П	5	ma	b	MacDonald Had	۵	S ₁
119	0	8	8	8	2	8	8	8	8	8	0	9.	E	ရ	άď	King Cole	Ď,	ដ
139		0	ı	8	0	8	0	8	1	Ø.	The	•	0	Mare	4	Gray	þ.	2
20	0	8	0	0	0	8		0	The	<u> </u>	D.	Mine		Of	ģ	Gang		01d
81	. 8	8	8	8	8	8	ŧ	ê	0	9	0	8	8	ã	Ħ	Susanna	Ŋ	유
611	8	8	Đ	8	0	9	8	8		Doll	ئط	fu	1	Beautiful	표		K	2
477	1	8	9	8	8	8		ne	Darling Clementine	me	10	ດ	900	بنا)ar		Ŋ,	유
8	8	ģ	OÃ	Ø,	Ś	Control Song	4	Ď,	C C	G3		25	mm	Command	Ë	Official	Ęï	Of.
TH	8	8		Ø	8		Past	.~. ►€1	Ages		Help in	לי	E.		Our TuO	2	God	0
144	8	8	ı	ı	8	8	8	F	Faithful	습.	(C)		You		ALL	ö	Come	Q
•															٠,			
113	8	8	8	0	8	8	8	8	8 -	ı		E	Ю	The Hour -	H	더		Now
15	8	8	8	0	8	8	0.	9	Our Lord -	δ	7	6		We	퇐	Thank		MOW

The second seconds of the second seco	**	
Salvation Army Song 94 Same Old Shillelagh, The 70 School Days 120 Shanty In Old Shanty Town 91 Sheik Of Araby, The 145 Sheill Be Comin' Round The Mountain 110	Ragged But Right	Pack Up Your Troubles In Your Old Kit Bag = 161 Peg O' My Heart = 102 Per Sian Kitten, The = 125 Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow = 126 Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet = 120 QM Song (Beer, Beer, Beer) = 120

i V	7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7	11 9 7 8 8 2 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3					HILL CONTROL TO STATE OF THE PARTY	You Tady	reet set a grant of the set of th	Har		Shine Or Short' 1 Sidewall Silverhi Silverhi Sioux Ci Sioux Ci Sioux Ci Sioux Ci Sioux Ci Siveet I Sweet I Sweet A Sweet A Sweet A Sweet A Sweet A Sweet A Sweet A Sweet A
	#	15 130&131 24&35	117 127 147 147 152 148 152 163 163 163 163 163 163 163 164 173 185 185 185 185 185 185 185 185 185 185	81237 a 25 & 25 & 27 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7	81237 a 25 & 25 & 27 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5 7	11.53 11	Home To 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	Mine 101 161 161 162 162 163 163 164 165 165 165 165 165 165 165 165 165 165	Mine 101 117 117 117 1147 1147 1147 1147 114	Mine 101 117 117 117 117 117 117 117 117 117	Fread	On Harvest Moon

888 852 277 117 862 868 862 1652 1652 1652 1652 1652 1652 1652 16	Low Sweet Chariot	oue dust You	Sixteen o	Rosie O'Grady	Teart Of Sigma Chi	Jenevieve:	Betsy From Like	deline	Loop Song, The			pangled Banner, The		(Sappere) Is My Home Town		Mary some some some some some some some some	he While		Time Gal	ity sue	laired Daddy Of Mine		KS OI NEW LOTK
89 27 8 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	8	8	8	8	8	. 8	8	9	8	8	8	8	0	TIME	. 6		8	. 8	8	ŧ	8		8
89 27 8 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25	8	6	8	8	8	1	8	8	.0	- 8 - 0	. 8		. 8	0		1	1	. 8	9	8	1	8	8
8823388257527788655	8	0	1	. 8	•	8	8	8	ı	ı	. 8	0		0	, ,	. 0	8		. 8		8	8	. 8
	69	F	93	73	ÇO	92	163&1	N	Y	129,	65	1481	7	S,	152	147	ښ	27	117	88	8	161	7

			41.5		,				
Wabash Cannonball Waitin' For The Robert E Lee Waltzing Matilda We'll Build A Bungalow We Three Kings Of Orient Are What You Going To Do When The Rent Come Around	Vive L' Amour 2	U.S. Airforce, The	y Sweet Aloha	Little We Meet	e Cheers For	The Army Mr.	e 's H	Tea For Two	
86 69 65&66 115 140 85	138	37		18 B	9368	757	341	,82 114	i
90					77				

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1	You Are My Sunshine 1 You Tell Me Your Dreams 2 Young British Soldier, The	When Irish Eyes Are Smiling 1 When Johnny Comes Marching Home 1 When The Bloom Is On The Sage 1 When You Wore & Tulip 1 White Christmas 1 Who Put The Cveralls In Mrs Murphy's Chowder- Wispering 1 With Someone Like You 1 Wreck Of The Old 197" 1
	22 1	H H HH
	133 4 29,30&;	20 108 142 142 137 137 137 137 137 143 143 143 143 143 143 143 143 143 143
	Š	
	\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\	

丁-33

IN COUNTRY

SONGS OF AMERICANS IN THE VIETNAM WAR

Notes by Lydia Fish

This album is part of an ongoing undertaking by the Vietnam Veterans Oral History and Folklore Project to collect, preserve, and make more widely known the folksongs of the Vietnam War. We hope that it will encourage the men and women who served in Southeast Asia in the military or as civilians to remember and to share with the Project songs from their own experience: songs which they sang or collected in the form of manuscripts, books, records, or tapes. If you do not have facilities for playing your open reel tapes, the Project will be happy to make studio-quality cassette copies for you. Your original tapes will, of course, be returned to you.

VIETNAM VETERANS ORAL HISTORY AND FOLKLORE PROJECT Lydia Fish, Director Department of Anthropology Buffalo State College 1300 Elmwood Avenue Buffalo NY 14222 Home: (716) 883 1843 Office: (716) 878 6110

FAX: (716) 878 4009 BITNET: FISHLM@SNYBUFVA Fan blades/helicopter blades rotating slowly above a troubled dreamer, Jim Morrison's voice singing "The End"...

Young soldiers, on their way to Vietnam in the summer of Woodstock, marching on board their plane at Ft. Dix singing "Fixing To Die"...

Correspondent Michael Herr catching helicopter rides out to the firebases, "cassette rock and roll in one ear and door-gun fire in the other," or crouched under fire in a rice paddy while Jimi Hendrix' music blares from the recorder held by the soldier next to him...

Grunts linking arms in a beery E.M. club and screaming out the lyrics to the Animals' "We Gotta Get Out of This Place"...

The rock and roll war...

To most of us, the Vietnam War has a rock and roll soundtrack. Almost every novel, memoir or oral history of the war by a veteran mentions the music that the author listened to in country. All the songs of the sixties were part of life in the combat zone; troops listened to music in the bush and in the bunkers (Perry 1968). Sony radios, Akai stereos and Teac tape decks were easily available, American music was performed live by the ubiquitous Filipino rock bands, AFVN Radio broadcast round the clock, and new troops arrived weekly with the latest records from the states. GI-operated underground radio stations, playing mostly hard acid rock, were part of the in-country counterculture of the war. Even the enemy contributed to the sound of American music on the airwaves; Radio Hanoi played rock and soul music, while a series of soft-voiced, Oxford-accented women announcers known collectively to the troops as Hanoi Hannah competed with AFVN disk jockey Chris Noel for the hearts and minds of the American soldiers. The troops had their own top forty, of songs about going home, like "Five Hundred Miles," or "Leaving on a Jet Plane," or of darker or more cynical album cuts which reflected their experiences: "Run Through the Jungle," "Bad Moon," "Paint it Black," or "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down." References to popular music are an integral part of the language of the war: "Puff the Magic Dragon" or "Spooky" meant a cargo plane outfitted with machine guns, "rock and roll" fire from an M-16 on full automatic. But there were other songs in Vietnam, too--the songs made by the American men and women, civilians and military, who served there, for themselves.

Some of these were part of the traditional occupational folklore of the military. The pilots who flew off the carriers and out of Thailand sang songs that were sung by the men who flew in the two World Wars and the Korean War: "Give Me Operations,"

"Save A Fighter Pilot's Ass," "There Are No Fighter Pilots Down in Hell." Captain Kris Kristofferson rewrote one of the most popular of all Korean War songs, "Itazuke Tower" in Germany and his helicopter pilot buddies carried it to Vietnam where it was sung as "Phan Rang Tower" and reworked again by Phantom Jock Dick Jonas as "Ubon Tower." They learned RAF songs like "Stand to Your Glasses" and British Army songs like "I Don't Want to Join the Army" from the Australians who served in Vietnam.

Other songs grew directly out of the Vietnam experience: songs about flying at night along the Ho Chi Minh Trail, defoliating triple-canopy jungle, engaging in firefights with an unseen enemy, or counting the days left in a 365-day tour. In the spring of 1970 the men of the second battalion of the 502nd brigade of the 101st Airborne Division created one of the most powerful songs of the war, "The Boonie Rat Song," and appointed a keeper of the company song (Del Vecchio 1983:i, 100-101; Rosenberg 1988). In some cases both the words and music were original, usually new lyrics were set to folk, country or popular tunes. Barry Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets" alone spawned dozens of parodies.

These songs served as a strategy for survival, as a means of unit bonding and definition, as entertainment, and as a way of All of the traditional themes of military expressing emotion. folksong can be found in these songs: praise of the great leader, celebration of heroic deeds, laments for the death of comrades, disparagement of other units, and complaints about incompetent officers and vainglorious rear-echelon personnel. Like soldiers from time immemorial they sand of epic drinking bouts and encounters with exotic young women. Songs provided a means for the expression of protest, fear and frustration, of grief and of longing for home. Some of the songs show empathy with the enemy; Chip Dockery, who served with the 13th Tactical Fighter Squadron at Udorn, wrote a superb series of songs from the point of the North Vietnamese truck drivers on the Ho Chi Minh trail. Others display a kind of black humor mixed with violence, in which, in the words of Les Cleveland, the thing most abhorred is embraced with a kind of lunatic enthusiasm: "Strafe the Town and Kill the People," "As We Came Around and Tried To Get Some More," and "Napalm Sticks to Kids" (1988).

Civilians serving with civilian agencies such as AID (Agency for International Development), CORDS (Civil Operations and Revolutionary Development Support), the State Department, and the CIA had their own songs. Jim Bullington, who was working for AID in Quang Tri in 1968, wrote "Yes, We Are Winning" while he was in hiding in Hue during the Tet Offensive of that year (Bullington 1985). In Dong Tam Emily Strange, (Red Cross), with her friend Barbara Hagar (USO), wrote "Incoming," complaining about having to go the bunkers every night, and sang it for enthusiastic grunts on the firebases (Strange 1988). Employees of OCO (Office

of Civil Operations) and JUSPAO (Joint United States Public Affairs Office) contributed "Where Have All the Field Reps Gone" and "God Smite Thee, Barry Zorthian." They griped about the unpunctuality of Air America flights ("Damn Air America, You're Always Late") and the futility of pacification efforts ("We Have Pacified This Land One Hundred Times"). The Cosmos Tabernacle Choir was composed of CIA personnel who used to meet in the Cosmos Bar near the American Embassy. Their songs tended to be both cynical and humorous: "Counting Geckos on the Wall," "Deck the Halls with Victor Charlie" and "I Feel Like a Coup is Coming On." The group even had a Cosmos Command patch made, showing crossed Bau Muoi Ba bottles over an explosion, which can still be seen on the walls of bars in McLean and Langley (Allen 1988).

All the streams of American musical tradition meet in the songs of the Vietnam War. The influence of the folksong revival was strong, especially in the early or advisor period of the war. Many of the soldiers, especially the young officers who had been exposed to the revival in college, were already experienced musicians when they arrived in Vietnam. A few brought instruments with them, others ordered them from the United States (Lem Genovese remembers buying a mail-order autoharp from Sears Roebuck) or purchased Japanese quitars from the PX or on the local economy. Many of them sang together in Kingston-Trio-style trios or quartets: the Merrymen, the Blue Stars, the Intruders, the Four Blades. Country music groups were also formed in Vietnam and many songs are based on country favorites: "I Fly the Line," "Short Fat Sky," and "Ghost Advisors." One of the great song writers of the war, Dick Jonas, wrote almost entirely in this tradition. Later in the war, many of the young soldiers had played in rock bands before being drafted and this, too, is reflected in the music. Some of the songs of the anti-war movement at home were also sung in Vietnam; one night at Khe Sanh Michael Herr saw a group of grunts sitting in a circle with a quitar singing "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" (1977:148).

Joseph Treaster, a member of <u>The New York Times</u> Saigon bureau, wrote in 1966:

Almost every club has a resident musician, usually a guitar player, whom the men crowd around, singing songs about their lives in a strange country and the war they are fighting. The songs are laced with cynicism and political innuendoes and they echo the frustrations of the "dirty little war" which has become a dirty big one. Above all, the songs reflect the wartime Yank's ability to laugh at himself in a difficult situation. The songs grow fast as first one man, then another, throws in a line while the guitar player searches for chords. The tunes are usually old favorites (1966:104).

Photographs in the National Archives and paintings in the Army and Marine art collections show soldiers playing guitars in bars, in bunkers or while sitting in the sun at base camp. One Navy photograph shows a group called the Westwinds playing for wounded Marines aboard the assault landing ship Iwo Jima. Three members of the Merrymen met and first played together on a troopship bound for Vietnam. Joseph Tuso gives a vivid description of formal parties at an Air Force Officers' Club in Thailand; solitary singers or groups provided entertainment during the meal and broadsides were sometimes distributed so everyone could join in (1971:1-2). In my own collection I have tapes of performances at farewell parties and concerts, in officers' clubs and bars, hootches and bunkers.

The same technology which made it possible for the troops to listen to rock music "from the Delta to the DMZ" provided ideal conditions for the transmission of folklore. The widespread availability of inexpensive portable tape recorders meant that concerts, music nights at the mess, or informal bar performances could be recorded, copied and passed along to friends. Toby Hughes writes:

Just before leaving Southeast Asia and as a favor to some friends I recorded (three songs) on tape, leaving them with instructions not to let the tape be copied, as I planned to include the songs in a book. One has to understand fighter pilots and their love of fighter pilot songs to know that I was neither surprised nor upset to find that copies of the tape were all over Southeast Asia within thirty days. One copy actually beat me back to the States and I was subjected to the strange sensation of hearing my own voice, recorded half-way around the world, singing the songs over the speakers in the casual bar just after arriving at my stateside assignment (1989).

Some especially popular groups made tapes for their fans and several singers had records cut. We know that these songs were occasionally played on AFVN Radio and they were probably also played on the "bullshit net" which the troops operated illegally on field radios. The extremely high rate of troop mobility meant that these songs spread rapidly.

Some of this music even had official sponsorship. In the early 1960s the USIS (United States Information Service) sponsored tours of Vietnam by American folk groups, although these mostly played for Vietnamese villagers rather than American troops. Especially talented performers and groups were often picked to represent their units at commanders' conferences or to entertain visiting dignitaries. In 1965 Hershel Gober formed a band called the Black Patches and was sent on tour to sing for the troops, including a "command performance" for General

Westmoreland. Later in the war Bill Ellis, who wrote songs about the First Cavalry Division, was taken out of combat and sent around to sing for men on the remote firebases, where USO performers couldn't go. He also cut a record, a copy of which was given to each member of the division on his return to the United States. A few of these performers were filmed or recorded for radio or television release over the Armed Forces Network or in the United States.

The most important collection of the folksongs of the Vietnam War was made by U.S. Air Force Major General Edward Lansdale. The collection is in two parts, the first made during the period 1965-1967, while Lansdale was serving as head of the Senior Liaison Office of the U.S. Mission in Saigon. The songs were recorded at Lansdale's house by singer, composer and musician friends, both American and Vietnamese: Saigon government officials, soldiers serving as advisors to the Vietnamese, and civilians employed by USAID, the Foreign Service, CORDS, and the CIA.

In 1976 Lansdale put together a tape of 51 of these songs, with a narration explaining the circumstances of their composition and performance, and sent copies tapes to Lyndon Johnson and members of his cabinet and to several officials in Saigon, including Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge and General Westmoreland, in an effort "to impart a greater understanding of the political and psychological nature of the war to those making decisions." This is perhaps the only example known to military history of folklore being used as a device for the transmission of intelligence. He deposited a copy of this first collection, "In the Midst of War," in the Music Division of the Library of Congress in 1975.

Lansdale returned to the United States in 1968, but friends and comrades continued to send him recordings from Vietnam and Thailand, and to drop by his house in Virginia to sing new songs they had written or collected. In 1977 he deposited a superb second collection of 160 songs, "Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War," in the Music Division of the Library of Congress. Both these collections were edited and provided with excellent notes by Lansdale. It is to him, as well as to collectors like Colonel C. W. Getz, Colonel Joseph Tuso and Colonel James Durham, all of the U.S. Air Force, that we owe most of our knowledge of the folksong of the Vietnam War.

These songs can give the historian a unique perspective on the war. "The Battle of Long Khanh," sung by the men of the 6th Royal Australian Regiment, "The Battle for the Ia Drang Valley," written by James Multon of the First Cavalry, or "The Ballad of Ap Bac," which was sung in the clubs at Soc Trang and Tan Son Nhut and which Captain Richard Ziegler included in his detailed notes on the battle, include information which is never found in

the official after-action reports. As Neil Sheehan has argued, ballads of battles composed by the men who fight them often suffer from factual inaccuracies because of the confusion of war, but the inaccuracies do not detract from the truth (Sheehan 1988:305-307). The songs made by American men and women who served in Vietnam vary as widely in theme as in circumstances of performance, from anti-war to intensely patriotic, from laments for dead friends to ribald descriptions of encounters with pretty girls on Tu Do Street. What they have in common is that they helped those who sang them and those who listened to survive. For this reason they are an integral part of the history of the Vietnam War.

EPILOGUE

Less than sixteen years after the last helicopter lifted off the roof of the American Embassy in Saigon, American troops were again in combat. Again, they took their music with them--they carried Walkman recorders and radios and asked friends to send Interestingly enough, it was the recordings of sixties music which they especially prized--somehow Jimi Hendrix "sounded right for a war." And, again, they made their own music. Television news showed us soldiers singing rap songs in praise of their units, humorous songs in Spanish about Saddam Hussein, reggae, gospel songs, and blues. One impromptu desert concert featured a young tenor singing "Danny Boy" -- a song that has been sung by soldiers far away from their homes for a hundred years. Greq Wilson, a superb singer who flew as a forward air controller in the secret war in Laos, took his Vietnam War songs to Saudi Arabia where he flew an A-10 in Operation Desert Storm. midst of high-tech weapons and satellite communications, an ancient military tradition has been handed on and renewed.

NOTES

The songs mentioned in the text are from my own collection or from the Lansdale tapes in the Library of Congress. For information about radio in Vietnam I am indebted to Roger Steffens, Adrian Cronauer, Larry Suid and Alexis Muellner. Dick Jonas, Lem Genovese, Emily Strange, Joseph Tuso, Bull Durham, Hershel Gober, Mike Staggs, Saul Broudy, Toby Hughes, Chip Dockery, Bill Ellis and General Tom Bowen told me about making and performing songs in Vietnam. Bill Getz, Les Cleveland, and Frank Smith have been unfailingly helpful, in supplying material from their own Vietnam collections and comparative texts from other wars. John Clark Pratt, Mark Berent, Ray McCleery, Chad Swedberg, Jim Gunter, Al Salzman, Craig Morrison, Dick Koeteeuw, Don Schmenk, Bill Geloneck and Tuck Boys found superb in-country tapes for me. Cynthia Johnston and Steve Brown, producers of Song of Vietnam, graciously made copies of their own interview

tapes for me and introduced me to singers and to members of Lansdale's Saigon SLO team. Baird Straughan, of Radio Smithsonian, also gave me copies of his interviews with singers. Chuck Rosenberg tracked down songs and references and patiently translated military terms. Cecil Currey, Lansdale's biographer, has been extraordinarily generous in giving me access to the material he has amassed. Marylou Gjernes, Army Art Curator of the US Army Center of Military History found three wonderful paintings of soldiers making music in Vietnam and made my visit to the Army Art Collection delightful. Les Waffen and David James have shared their vast knowledge of the popular music of the Vietnam War. Elena Danielson, associate Archivist at the Hoover Institution Archives at Stanford University, treated me like visiting royalty and guided me through the intricacies of the Lansdale manuscript and tape collections there. Pat Lansdale gave me the tapes which were still in her husband's possession at the time of his death and has been a gracious hostess on my trips to Washington. Joseph Baker, George Allen, Bernard Yoh, General Sam Wilson, Lucien Conein, Dolf Droge, James Bullington, and Dr. Joseph Johnston shared their memories of Lansdale in Saigon and Washington, parties at his villa at 194 Cong Ly, and singing at the Cosmos Bar. Joseph Baker also gave me his tapes of Lansdale's Saigon parties and of the two edited collections, which have been invaluable, and he and Lucien Conein very kindly read the manuscript of this article. The Ravens welcomed me to their reunion and let me hear these songs as a living tradition. To all of these people, and to Michael Licht, who first brought the Lansdale tapes to my attention, I am deeply grateful.

THE SINGERS AND THE SONGS

SAUL BROUDY (guitar and harmonica)

Saul Broudy served as a laundry and bath platoon leader, 96th Quartermaster Battalion, 1st Logistical Command, at Phan Rang, 1966-1967, but learned many of his songs from members of the 148th Assault Helicopter Company ("Blue Stars") stationed just down the road.

CHIP DOCKERY (guitar)

Chip Dockery did two tours with the 13th Tactical Fighter Squadron, ("Panther Pack"), 432nd Tactical Fighter Wing, at Udorn Royal Thai Air Force Base between 1968 and 1971 and returned in 1972 during Linebacker II with the 308th Tactical Fighter Squadron, 31st Tactical Fighter Wing. He flew almost 400 missions into all target areas in the war theater with the majority being against interdiction targets in Barrel Roll and Steel Tiger (northern and southern Laos).

JAMES PATTERSON ("BULL") DURHAM (quitar)

Bull Durham, a veteran of the Korean War, served with the 362nd Tactical Electronic Warfare Squadron at Pleiku, 1969-1970, and, in his own words, "flew 175 missions in a magnificent Gooney Bird (EC-47)--1942 vintage--older than my co-pilot." He toured Army camps in the central highlands with a GI country band, singing and collecting songs, and assembled the largest manuscript collection of songs of the war.

BILL ELLIS (quitar)

Bill Ellis, who was drafted out of a rock band in San Francisco in 1968, became known as the "singing rifleman" of the First Cavalry Division. In March, 1969, he was pulled from field duty as a rifleman with A Company, 1st Battalion, Fifth Cavalry, and reassigned to Special Services. He toured the Cav area of operations, performing for grunts on the fire support bases.

TOBY HUGHES (guitar)

Toby Hughes, the balladeer of the in-country air war, was a F4-C Aircraft Commander with the 557th Tactical Fighter Squadron, stationed at Cam Ranh Bay, in 1968. Most of his 204 missions involved armed reconnaissance, close air support of troops and interdiction of trucks on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. He flew in support of Khe Sanh during the Tet Offensive of 1968.

DICK JONAS (quitar)

Dick Jonas, the best-known song writer of the air war, flew 125 missions with the 433rd Tactical Fighter Squadron ("Satan's Angels"), 8th Tactical Fighter Wing ("Wolf Pack"), Ubon Rachitani Royal Thai Air Force Base, 1967-1968. He participated in Rolling Thunder (the code name for U.S. air operations over North Vietnam at that time), took part in Steel Tiger missions, and flew in support of Khe Sahn.

CHUCK ROSENBERG (guitar and dobro)

Chuck Rosenberg served with as an A-Team Communications Supervisor in Company C, Sixth Special Forces Group (Airborne), at Fort Bragg from 1965 to 1968.

TOM PRICE (guitar and back up vocals)

ROBIN THOMAS (electric bass)

LISA ELLIS, SHERRY HUGHES, KATHY JONAS (back up vocals)

1. GREEN T-SHIRT BLUES (Saul Broudy)

A wry comment by Saul Broudy about life in the rear in an army that expected a man to dye his underwear green. Saul wrote the lyrics in Vietnam to a tune loosely based on Roy Acuff's "Freight Train Blues." After he returned to the United States he forgot the lyrics, which were provided years later by his army buddy 1st Lt. Lary Bloom, presently editor of Northeast Magazine.

I got the green t-shirt blues,
'Way down at the bottom of my com-com-combat boots.
And if ever I get out of this place,
Goin' back to join the human race,
Lord, Lord, Lord, I've got the green t-shirt blues.

Well, I got my shoes all polished up,
And my hair all combed down,
My belt buckle all shiny,
And I goin' into town.
Well, when I got there, the policeman said,
It was full of Viet Cong.
Well, then I got out my old guitar,
And I began to sing this song.

I got the green t-shirt blues,
'Way down at the bottom of my com-com-combat boots.
And if ever I get out of this place,
Goin' back to join the human race,
Lord, Lord, Lord, I've got the green t-shirt blues.

2. GRUNT (Bill Ellis)

This detailed description of the "little things that mean a lot" in the daily life of the combat infantryman--mail from home, a drink of cool water, sharing what you have with your buddies--was written by Bill Ellis.

Sure is hot, I raise my hand, To wipe the sweat that's dripping in my eyes. Sure does burn.

Humped a click,
My shoulders ache,
Wish we'd get the word to break for chow.
It's almost time.

What I'd give for an ice cold beer, An ice-cold coke, Or just a piece of ice, To cool the water. It's getting hotter.

CHORUS: Little things mean a lot,
When they're things you haven't got.
Being a grunt you learn to live,
Without the little things,
That really mean a lot.
Share between you what you have,
Learn to live with what you've got.

Every day,
Is like the last,
Nothing ever changes, just the time.
It moves too slow.

All I own,
Is on my back,
Rifle in my hand, I'm always ready.
For things to happen.

Hope we get some mail tonight, With the C's and water, On the logbird, It's been a while. Can't find a smile.

CHORUS

3. SIX CLICKS (Chuck Rosenberg)

"Six Clicks" was written in 1966 by Captain Hershel Gober, MACV, who was at that time serving as a sub-sector adviser in Rach Gia in IV Corps. It was recorded the same year in Saigon by General Edward Lansdale (USAF) and can be found, along with many other songs by Gober, in the superb taped collections of Vietnam War songs which were given by the general to the Library of Congress.

Six clicks is a mighty short walk, When you march behind a band. But six clicks can seem like a hundred miles, When you're walking in Charlie's land. With a pack upon your back, A rifle in your hand. Every step you take, Death is holding your hand. This is Charlie's land.

Up before the crack of dawn, Out in the brush. Every clump of trees, Can hide an ambush.

You must not relax, Don't lay your rifle down. Remember, buddy, you're trespassing, On Charlie's ground.

There's mud, mosquitoes and snakes, Mines and punji stakes. Some of our boys found out too late, Just who owns this real estate. This is Charlie's land.

Six clicks is a mighty short walk, When you march behind a band. But six clicks can seem like a hundred miles, When you're walking in Charlie's land.

(4.) SAIGON WARRIOR (Saul Broudy)

There are many military folksongs about rear echelon personnel. This one is descended from a British Army World War I song entitled "The Lousy Lance-Corporal." It was sung by British and American soldiers in World War II, turned up in Air Force tradition in Korea as "Here's to Old Kunsan," and circulated widely in Southeast Asia among Army and Air Force personnel. Saul Broudy included in his MA thesis a version from the Blue Stars of the 48th Assault Helicopter Company, "Ol' Phan Rang." A similar text, "Here's to Old Udorn" was published in The "Raven," and Bull Durham included two other Air Force variants, "Sydney Leave" and "Saigon City" in his Songs of SEA. The Music Division of the Library of Congress has a manuscript version entitled "The Medic," which was submitted for copyright in 1968.

The version on this record probably comes from Australian army tradition. It was sung by an Australian woman named Maggie as part of a song competition which provided the entertainment at a commanders' conference held at the Nha Trang headquarters of the 17th Aviation Group, in April, 1967. A tape of the concert was given to Saul Broudy by helicopter pilot and singer Gene Easley, who was later

killed in action. A very similar text was recorded by Colonel David Watt at a party given by members of MACV Team #1 at Chu Lai in 1971. He comments that "it was a unique group in that it had Australians and Marines assigned to it."

Saigon, oh, Saigon's a wonderful place, But the organization's a goddamn disgrace. There are captains and majors and light colonels too, With their hands in their pockets and nothing to do.

CHORUS: Singing dinky dau, dinky dau, doo, With their hands in their pockets and nothing to do.

Oh, they sit at their desks and they scream and they shout, And they talk of the war they know nothing about. Against the VC they're not doing too well, But if paper were cordite we'd be blown to hell.

CHORUS

Oh, a Saigon commando's an unusual sight, He wears his fatigues though he's not in the fight. A knife and a pistol his daily motif, But you'll find him for lunch at the Cercle Sportif.

CHORUS

Well, if you go to Saigon to visit this crew, They'll be all upset 'cause your brass isn't new. If you ask for more weapons they'll think you're in fun, They know that advisors should not need a gun.

CHORUS

Most Saigon commandos now wear a bronze star, They got it for writing reports on the war. They've never been shot at or seen a VC, But they know they deserve it, they work for MACV.

CHORUS

When this war is over and you all go home, You'll meet Saigon warriors wherever you roam. You'll know them by sight and they're not in your class, They don't have diarrhea, just a big chairborne ass.

CHORUS

5. FIRST CAV (Bill Ellis)

"First Cav," written by Bill Ellis in a bunker at LZ Eleanor, rapidly became the "unofficial fight song" of the First Cavalry Division. The division's Public Information Office had a record made of this and other songs by Ellis and distributed 30,000 of them to the troops.

CHORUS: First Team, First Cav,
Black and yellow patch.
It's the greatest fighting team there is,
No other one can match.
First Team, First Cav,
Always number one.
No matter what the job may be,
The Cav will get it done.

In 1961 that's when the Cav began to be, Fighting in the south they put an end to slavery. Soon they fought the Indians to make history all the way, Later joined the First and remained until this day.

CHORUS

They lost their use of horses back in 1943, Training for a war which was 'way across the sea. Landing first in Manila and then first in Japan, The Cav proved itself to be the greatest in the land.

CHORUS

Next was Korea where they'd land in Pohang Dong, There they fought the Reds whose aggression was so strong. The Reds kept a'comin' with their human waves of hell, Soon the Cav pushed them back to the 48th parallel.

CHORUS

Now the Cav's in Nam fighting every single day, On the ground, in the air, airmobile all the way. Where the action is, that's where the cavalry will be, Kickin' tail and bringin' hell on top the enemy.

CHORUS

6. HO CHI MINH TRAIL (Toby Hughes)

The Ho Chi Minh Trail was a major supply route about three hundred miles long, just inside and parallel to the eastern Laotian border. It started near Vinh in North Vietnam, entered Laos through mountain passes such Mu Gia or Ban

Karai, and ended near Kontum in South Vietnam. In the daytime it was a series of sleepy rural roads and small trails, at night it was, in the words of one pilot who flew there, the Los Angeles Freeway without lights. As Toby Hughes describes in this song, the trail was heavily defended with anti-aircraft guns, automatic weapons (ZPU) and, in the latter days of the war, shoulder fired heat-seeking missiles. The pilots who flew there at night ran the additional risk of flying into unseen mountains or succumbing to vertigo.

Come along, boys, and I'll tell you a tale, Of the pilots who fly on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Of Covey and Moonbeam and Nimrod you've heard, Of Hobo and Spad and of old Yellow Bird.

The trucks load in Hanoi and Haiphong by day, In singles and convoys they start on their way. South by southwest in an unending stream, Reaching the border at day's fading gleam.

They stop at Mu Gia or at Ban Karai. And wait for the last of the daylight to die. Under cover of night through the pass they set sail, Out on the roads of the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

As they roll on through darkness, not stopping to rest, Miles away are the pilots whose skills they will test. Who'll soon face the darkness, the karst, and the guns, In the grim cat and mouse game that no one's yet won.

When you fly on the Trail through the dark and the haze It's a thing you'll remember the rest of your days. A nightmare of vertigo, mountains, and flak, And the cold wind of Death breathing soft at your back.

But the trucks must be stopped, and it's all up to you, So you fly here each night to this grim rendezvous. Where your whole world's confined to the light of the flare, And you fight for your life just to stay in the air.

For there's many a man who there met his fate, On the dark roads of Hell, where the grim reaper waits. Where a man must learn quickly the tricks of his trade, Or die in the dark for mistakes that he's made.

And there's many a lad in the flush of his youth, Who's still yet to meet with his moment of truth. With wings on his chest and the world by the tail, He'll grow up fast on the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

- 7. THE PANTHER PACK IS PROWLING (Chip Dockery)
- 8. LING PO DROVE THE TRUCK AWAY (Chip Dockery)
- 9. KING OF THE TRAIL (Chip Dockery)

These songs are part of a series which Chip Dockery wrote about the North Vietnamese truck drivers on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. He imagines the driver, Ling Po, leaving his home in Quang Khe, about forty miles north of the DMZ, saying goodbye to his girl friend, who wants to go with him, and driving south through the Mu Gia Pass into Laos and on to South Vietnam. Parking in caves during the day and driving by night, he manages to evade the fighter attacks, B-52 strikes and reconnaissance planes, listens over his captured survival radio to American search and rescue efforts, and perhaps even finds another girl.

The Panther Pack is prowling, Ling Po has to drive. And I'm afraid he won't make it, Back to Quang Khe alive.

I'm afraid he won't make it, And it grieves my heart so. Won't you let me go with him? "No," said Uncle Ho.

I'd tie back my hair, The People's uniform I'd put on. And I'd pass as his gunner, As we rode along.

I'd pass as his gunner, No one would ever know. Won't you let me go with him? "No," said Uncle Ho.

Ling Po drove the truck away, Thoughts of Mao. Ling Po drove the truck away, Thoughts of Mao.

Well, I helped him patch the tires, Thoughts of Mao. Well, I helped him patch the tires, Thoughts of Mao.

Mu Gia pass is high and wide, Thoughts of Mao. Bombs and rockets on the other side, Thoughts of Mao.

First six-by, number three, Destination: DMZ. Hand on the wheel and foot on the gas, About three miles out of Mu Gia pass.

Chorus: I keep a little extra rice,
And with a little bit of luck,
Get a girl from a road crew,
To ride in my truck.
I'm a man of means by no means,
King of the Trail.

I know every by-pass around Ban Laboy, Watching them waste bombs fills me with joy. Every gunner in every town, That hoses off a few clips when Specter's around.

I sing "Truck parks for sale or rent, Cave spaces, fifty cents. Survival radio's on two-four-three, So you can listen to the back seater, Hanging in the tree."

Well, I'm a Ho Chi truck driver, Number One, Hauling my load and having my fun. Old worn out tires and tubes, From rolling over too many CBU's.

Well, I've been driving Night Owl, All over these parts.
Putting up with Arc Lights, And damned Recce carts.
But thank God for them,
They've saved my load,
Without the extra light,
I'd have run off the road.

Chorus

7 10.

TCHEPONE (Toby Hughes)

"Tchepone", written by Toby Hughes in 1968, rapidly became the most popular song of the air war; it was sung in every fighter pilots' bar in Southeast Asia, taped copies circulated widely, and it was recorded by many Air Force singers. Chip Dockery remembers singing it with his back-seater while on a mission over the town itself. Tchepone was a Laotian village strategically located at a major highway junction on the Ho Chi Minh Trail which was taken over by the North Vietnamese as a barracks, storage and staging area for troops and supplies being infiltrated into South Vietnam. The town and its environs were extremely well defended and several pilots were lost there.

I was hangin' 'round Ops, just spendin' my time, Off of the schedule, not earnin' a dime. A colonel comes up and he says, "I suppose You fly a fighter, from the cut of your clothes."

He figures me right; I'm a good one, I say, "Do you happen to have me a target today?" Says yes he does, a real easy one.
"No sweat, my boy, it's an old-time milk run."

I gets all excited and asks where it's at; He gives me a wink and a tip of his hat. "It's three-fifty miles to the northwest of home, A small peaceful hamlet that's known as Tchepone." (Ah, you'll sure love Tchepone.)

I go get my g-suit and strap on my gun, Helmet and gloves, out the door on the run. Fire up my Phantom and take to the air. Two's tucked in tight and we haven't a care.

In forty-five minutes we're over the town, From twenty-eight thousand we're screamin' on down. Arm up the switches and dial in the mils, Rack up the wings and roll in for the kill.

We feel a bit sorry for folks down below, Of destruction that's coming they surely don't know. The thought passes quickly; we know a war's on, As on down we scream toward peaceful Tchepone. (Unsuspecting, peaceful Tchepone.)

Release altitude, and the pipper's not right; I'll press just a little and lay 'em in tight. Pickle those beauties at two-point-five grand, Startin' my pull when it all hits the fan.

A black puff in front and then two off the right, Then six or eight more and I suck it up tight. There's small arms and tracers and heavy ack-ack, It's scattered-to-broken with all kinds of flak. I jink hard to left and head out for the blue.
My wingman says, "Lead! They're shooting at you!"
"No bull!" I cry as I point it toward home,
Still comes the fire from the town of Tchepone.
(Dirty, deadly Tchepone.)

I make it back home with six holes in my bird. With the colonel who sent me I'd sure like a word. But he's nowhere around, though I look near and far; He's gone back to Saigon, to help run the war.

I've been 'round this country for many a day.
I've seen the things that they're throwin' my way.
I know that there's places I don't like to go,
Down in the Delta and in Tally-Ho.

But I'll bet all my flight pay the jock ain't been born Who can keep all his cool when he's over Tchepone. (Oh, don't go to Tchepone.)

11) SITTING IN THE CAB OF MY TRUCK (Chip Dockery)

Another song by Chip Dockery about the North Vietnamese truck drivers on the Ho Chi Minh Trail. Sometimes, especially late in the war, the drivers were chained to the steering wheel of their trucks, thus linking the fate of the vehicle and the driver.

Hiding in the morning sun, I'll be driving in the evening calm. Watching the Phantoms roll in, And I watch them pull away again,

Well, I'm just sitting in the cab of my truck, Thinking this life ain't such a game. Sitting in the cab of my truck, Filing my chains.

I left my home in Dong Hoi, Headed for the DMZ. Well, I had something to live for, A Peoples' Hero I was gonna be.

Now I'm just sitting in the cab of my truck, Looking through the windshield at flare-lighted rain. Sitting in the cab of my truck, Yanking my chains. Here I sit having a nicotine fit, But, God, I'm too scared to get a cigarette lit. 'Cause that might just blow my only hope, Of not showing up on a starlight scope.

Well, sitting here with britches so tight, 'Cause I think that Specter's due back tonight. Bleeding from my ears and my nose, From a sky-spot that finally came close.

Now I'm just sitting in the cab of my truck, Watching the bombs fall through the rain. Sitting in the cab of my truck, Pulling my chain.

12. BA MUOI BA (Chuck Rosenberg)

This account of a Montagnard striker's encounter with Vietnam's most popular beer was written by Barry Sadler, better known as the composer of "Ballad of the Green Berets."

CHORUS: Ba Muoi Ba, Ba Muoi Ba, Ba Muoi Ba, wah-oh.
Ba Muoi Ba, Ba Muoi Ba, Ba Muoi Ba, wah-oh.

Oh, won't you help me, Sergeant, Get me out of Pleiku Jail. I don't know how I got here, I was drunk from the Ho Chi Trail.

CHORUS

I didn't mean to be fighting, And bringing you all of this shame. But I got in a fight with a cyclo girl, Down in old Nha Trang.

CHORUS

Now this Danang Jail has rats and fleas, The snakes crawl on the floor. Take me back to camp, Sarge, And I won't get drunk no more.

CHORUS

There's VC all around us, It's looking bad, I think. We can't do our thing, Sarge, So let's have a little drink.

CHORUS

13. PULL THE BOOM FROM THE GAS HOLE (Dick Jonas)

The speaker in this song by Dick Jonas is a fighter pilot who is refueling ("on the boom") from a flying tanker in preparation for flying back to North Vietnam to take part in a search and rescue mission for a friend, Wolf Pack Two, whose plane has been shot down. With the help of "Sandy" (A1-E aircraft used to suppress enemy groundfire during a rescue operation) and the "Jolly Green Giant," rescue helicopter the downed pilot is rescued and flown to Nakhon Phanom ("NKP") in Thailand, where he spends the evening with a tall beer and a pretty girl.

CHORUS: Pull that boom from the gashole, tanker, let me go, Clear me out of the anchor track before the sun sinks low.

I got a buddy on the ground up north in Route Pack Four,

Pull that pipe from the gashole, boomer, let me go.

We rolled in on a bridge up north about daylight, And the guns on the ground were looking for a fight. Pullin' out we got hosed pretty good with ZPU, And they shot off the starboard wing of Wolf Pack Two.

CHORUS

Well, ol' Wolf Pack Two was on the beeper when he hit the ground,

I told him don't go nowhere, just hang around.
I got a Jolly Green Giant coming in a little while,
So hang loose, old buddy, we'll bring you home in style.

CHORUS

Well, ol' Sandy came in first with nape and fifty cal, And that super Jolly Green looked good as a big-eyed gal. Wolf Pack Two spent the night down south at NKP, With a tall Singhi and a poo-yeng on his knee.

CHORUS

(14.) JOLLY GREEN (Bull Durham)

This song about the "Jolly Green Giant" or Sikorsky HH-3E/HH-53E, a large reconnaissance helicopter used to pick up downed American flyers, circulated widely among Air Force singers in Vietnam and Thailand throughout the war.

CHORUS: Jolly Green, Jolly Green,
It's all painted brown and green.
Well, the prettiest sight that I've ever seen,
Is Jolly Green, my Jolly Green.

Got shot down late last night, Flack and the missiles were hitting just right. Got on the horn and with all my might, Called "Jolly Green, my Jolly Green."

CHORUS

I sit alone, here in this tree, 'Fraid of Charlie as I can be. Wish to the Lord that I could see, That Jolly Green, my Jolly Green.

Sounds of rotors now I've heard, Here comes that great big whirly bird. PJ's cable now I've seen, On Jolly Green, my Jolly Green.

CHORUS

15. COBRA SEVEN (Toby Hughes)

Forward air controllers were the airborne directors of strikes against ground targets; they spotted targets and then helped attacking aircraft locate them. Flying low and slow in their tiny planes, the FACs were the eyes and ears of the fighter pilots. This song by Toby Hughes tells the story of a FAC with the call sign Cobra Seven who, while flying his daily patrol in Three Corps, sees a Huey (UH-1 helicopter) shot down. He gives his life standing off the Viet Cong with white phosphorus rockets and M-16 fire while another helicopter rescues the crew of the downed chopper.

Fill your mugs and glasses And I'll sing to you a song Of a FAC called COBRA Seven, And his fight against the Cong. We flew Three Corps together, We worked it night and day, From the dusty strip at Cu Chi To the main street of Song Be.

He was flying late one evening 'Round the mountain near Tay Ninh, When he heard the chopper's Mayday, "We're hit and goin' in."

At the base of Tay Ninh Mountain He saw the Huey fall; Started for the crash site And made a Mayday call.

He heard the voice on Guard, then, A survivor on the ground, "There's three of us alive here And bad guys all around."

He looked down at the clearing, Saw VC all about. Help was on the way, now, But time was running out.

He armed his willy peter, He still had two full racks, Hosed two off at the VC And stopped them in their tracks.

Then he saw the Cong regrouping, And once more moving in. He fired his last two rockets And turned them back again.

A Huey out of Tay Ninh Then arrived upon the scene. To cover for the rescue He grabbed his M-16.

He was firing out the window, Flying low across the trees With bullets swarming 'round him Like a hive of deadly bees.

The friendlies watched in wonder At this pilot, bold and brave, One man holding back twenty While the Huey made the save.

As they climbed aboard the chopper Saw the VC find the range, And they cried for Cobra Seven As he went down in flames.

In the dusty heat of Three Corps When the Army's long day ends, They speak in silent voices Of the FAC who saved their friends.

From Lai Khe up to Bu Dop, From Cu Chi to Phuoc Long, They remember COBRA Seven And his fight against the Cong.

(16.) GREEN BERET AND FRIENDLY FAC (Chuck Rosenberg)

A recording of this song was made in Nha Trang on March 9, 1966 by members of the 1st Air Commando Squadron. According to Lt. Col. "Bucky" Burress, USA Special Forces (Ret.), who remembers singing it in the Mike Force bar at Nha Trang in 1968, it was written by Capt. John Myer, 21st Tactical Air Support Squadron. Burress included a text of this song in his book Mike Force. This dialogue between the Army Special Forces trooper on the ground and the Air Force FAC and fighter pilots in the air is closely related to a group of songs about an air traffic controller and a pilot which was sung in Korea as "Itazuke Tower" and in Vietnam as "Phan Rang Tower," "A Shau Tower" and, in a variant by Dick Jonas, "Ubon Tower." It is, of course, also part of a long tradition of songs about inter-service rivalry.

Friendly FAC, oh, friendly FAC, this is Green Beret, We see you flying high above, out of danger's way. If you can spare a moment to help your fellow man, I wish you'd try to find me, and tell me where I am.

Green Beret, oh, Green Beret, this is your friendly FAC, You see me flying overhead while you're still in the sack. Still, I'll try to find you, and set you people straight, But hurry, 'cause it's steak night, and I don't want to be late.

Friendly FAC, oh, friendly FAC, this is Green Beret, We appreciate your helping, and you'll send us on our way. But I really wish you'd think about our danger on the ground,

Tromping through the jungle, while you just "fac" around.

Green Beret, oh, Green Beret, this is your friendly FAC, If you no longer need me, I'm going to head on back. I'll settle for a souvenir--whatever you can bag, An AK forty-seven, or a bloodstained VC flag.

Oh friendly FAC, oh, friendly FAC, we've just come under fire!

And if you cannot help us, we'll join the angels' choir.

It's automatic weapons, we're really getting hit, So hurry with the fighters, 'cause we are in deep shit!

Green Beret, you were cut out--I read you "numbah ten," The C Team's telling dirty jokes, so please transmit again.

If you've got Charlie cornered, please don't let him get away.

Friendly FAC, oh, friendly FAC, please get your finger out.

We've tangled with a regiment, of that there is no doubt.

If you can get us out of Charlie's fierce and dreadful grip,

We'll give you FACs a grateful square in our comic strip.

Green Beret, oh, Green Beret, this is your friendly FAC. Let me take some photos, in case you don't get back. Turn this way a little. Hold it. That's the style! You're on <u>Candid Camera</u>, so let me see you smile.

Green Beret! Hey, Green Beret! They're shooting at this FAC!

I hear the bullets whistling by, I hear the rifles' crack.

I'm missing my siesta, and I need a taste of rum, If you no longer need me, I think I'll head for home!

Oh, thank God; our fighters now are circling overhead! Charlie's going to wish that he had stayed at home in bed. He's going to meet his maker in the Land that is to be, We're going to blow his body up, and set his spirit free.

Friendly FAC and fighters, I hope you see our smoke, That first strike came too close to us; it really was no joke!

Green Beret, we're holding high--the FAC, he got it wrong,

He thought that you were marking the position of the Cong!

Fighters, this is friendly FAC, please hold it high and dry.

We can get this straightened out, if we all really try. It really doesn't matter if I mark the friend or foe, 'Cause you can't hit a cow's rear end, no matter where you go.

Fighters, you're cleared in again, just do the best you can.

The situation's all fouled up, beyond the help of man.

Just bomb the general area, and when the smoke clears out,

Well, we'll just count the bodies, and let God sort 'em

out!

Now most of us are safe at home; we beat the dreaded Cong, We simply let it all hang out to help the war along. The friendly FAC and fighters will always save the day, Killing off the Charlies, to the last damned Green Beret.

17. FIREFIGHT (Bill Ellis)

"One time I was at LZ Jake and I had a really touching thing happen. The guys tell me they relate to my songs because it really puts the war into words. Well, some of these guys were broken up by 'Firefight' because they were in one the day before and lost some buddies." Bill Ellis, 1969

CHORUS: Firefight, firefight,

Just had another firefight.

Lead was flyin', men were dyin',

War is hell and full of fright,

Just had another firefight.

You never know when it's gonna happen, You might hear an AK snappin'. You hit the dirt and start a'prayin', And hope that someone hears what you're sayin'.

CHORUS

You flip your iron to rock and roll, Squeeze the trigger to let her go. She gets so hot you can't hold on, But by that time, Charlie's gone.

CHORUS

18. WILL THERE BE A TOMORROW? (Dick Jonas)

This song by Dick Jonas was extremely popular with pilots during the war. Its haunting sadness is reminiscent of many of the songs of World War I.

Can you say will the sun rise tomorrow?
Will there be any time left to borrow?
Will the poet make a rhyme, will there be any time?
Can you say will there be a tomorrow?

Seems to me I have been here forever, Will this war ever end? Maybe never. Will the dawn still arrive, will I still be alive, Or will I sleep alone here forever?

There's someone who I'm sure loves me only, She's the one on my mind when I'm lonely. Does she know, can she see, is she still true to me? Does she know what it's like to be lonely?

From the sea comes the sun, dawn is breaking, Soon the fight for my life I'll be making. If I die over here, will they know, will they care? Will there be joy, or hearts that are breaking?

Can you say will the sun rise tomorrow?
Will there be any time left to borrow?
Will the poet make a rhyme, will there be any time?
Can you say will there be a tomorrow?

19. I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE (Chip Dockery)

Chip Dockery wrote this "brag song" for a pilot friend's going home party. It lists the places he has been, the people (mostly forward air controllers) and agencies with which he has worked, and the missions he has flown. Lansdale included another version of this song, by Dick Jonas, in Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War.

Well, I left the States about a year ago,
And now I'm finally back.
I've been in Southeast Asia,
Flying with the shit-hot Panther Pack.
I've got a tale to tell you like I've never told before,
So, baby, just sit back, let me tell you how I almost won
the war....

My 1372

CHORUS: I've been everywhere, man,

I've been everywhere.

I've bombed the mountains bare, man, I've breathed the dust-filled air. Of flak I've had my share, man,

I've been everywhere.

Like Barrel Roll, Steel Tiger, Talley Ho, Tiger Hound, Barry's Bridge, Rat Fink, Nape Pass, Cricket West, Brown's Lake, Butterfly, Dong Hoi, Route South, Duck's Head, Dog's Head, Road Runner, Fish's Mouth, Black Route, Red Route, Green Route, Quang Khe, And way down south (where I wasn't supposed to be).

Well, I've worked with everybody, man, All over this war-torn land. Guided by the radar's hand, To dump bombs on a pile of sand. I've been FAC'd up, I've been FAC'd down, I've been FAC'd at every turn.

By Invert, Bromo, Teepee, Dressy Lady, Hillsborough, Moonbeam, Sycamore, Alley Cat, Nail FAC, Covey FAC, Blind Bat, Raven FAC, Zorro FAC, Snort FAC, Candlestick, Stormy FAC, Wolf FAC, Firefly, Lamplighter, Misty FAC, And now Falcon FAC from the big Panther Pack.

Well, I've done everything, man, I've done everything.
Any mission you can name, man, I've flown it in a fighter plane, I've put ol' Snoopy to shame, man I've done everything.

Like Day Strike, Night Strike, Interdiction, Truck Kill, Road Rip, Storage Area, Close Support, Tree Park, Sky Spot, Nail Run, MIG Cap, Armed Recce, Low Level, High Drag, Dive Bomb, Wing Gaggle, Gun Run, Two Ship, Four Ship, Night Owl, Day Patrol, Night Patrol, Dawn Patrol, Onion Patrol.

CHORUS

20. HERE I SIT (Saul Broudy)

This lament about the trials of wartime life comes from a tape given to Saul Broudy by Ed Almazol. The tape was obtained by Almazol while he was stationed with the 229th Aviation Battalion of the First Cavalry Division near An Khe in 1967-1968.

Here I set, full of sorrow, Got to turn my cot in come tomorrow. They told me once, they told me twice, Sleeping cot I'd have to sacrifice.

"Why?" you ask; well, I don't know, Man just said it's got to go. Had it now four months or more, And all at once the man gets sore.

Now I've got the problem of building a bunk, I'll need some boxes and other junk. I won't cry and mope around.

Just 'cause the man says, "Sleep on the ground."

Well, I traded my cot for a mattress of rubber, I might as well be sleeping on whale blubber. I guess it's better than walnut shells, I'll work it out come heads or tails.

Punji stakes and a little spaghetti, Things are looking bad here at Betty. It ain't right, it ain't fair, Mattress I got won't hold no air.

Well, I worked all day and I built me a bunk, Using boxes and other junk. The things a man does to win a war, Would piss off the pope and make a preacher sore.

21. DANANG LULLABY (Bull Durham)

Bull Durham collected this song in Vietnam and added a few verses of his own. Getz included a slightly longer version of this song in the first volume of The Wild Blue Yonder.

I went off the Southeast Asia, To fight my own war in the air. I've spent half my tour in a bunker, I don't think that it's really fair.

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in,
My God, how the mortars roll in, roll in.
Roll in, roll in.
My God, how the mortars roll in.

Each day I go off to fly combat, Then have a beer when I return. I usually finish the first one, Before incoming rounds are heard.

CHORUS

Each morning we go off to combat, At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain. The Gyrenes are up even sooner, To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

CHORUS

And now my tour is all over, I'll resume the life that I led. My wife thinks that it's rather silly, To put sandbags around our bed.

CHORUS

22. FIGHTER PILOT'S CHRISTMAS (Dick Jonas)

"But let's face it, fighter pilots are just human and patriotism gets a little watered down now and then...especially if it's Mother's Day, or your wedding anniversary...or if it happens to be your little boy's first day at school and you're 12,000 miles away...And I guess about the toughest thing in any combat tour is not being home for Christmas." Dick Jonas

Merry Christmas, Mom; Merry Christmas, Dad, Merry Christmas to my love. Merry Christmas to the sweetest little girls, That ever came from God above.

CHORUS: Wish I could be home with the ones I love, It's a long time to be gone.

Santa, take this heart of mine, And tie it up with bows and twine, And take it to the folks back home.

A turkey Mom will bake, and Dad will say a prayer, And someone special thinks of me.

I'd give anything if I could be back home,
But it's so far across the sea.

CHORUS

23. CHU YEN (Saul Broudy)

"Chu Yen" is part of a long tradition of songs about encounters between soldiers and exotic young women. The song was popular with both Army Aviation and Air Force pilots, but it is usually associated with the Merrymen, of

the 173rd Assault Helicopter Company at Lai Khe. This version was recorded by them at a commanders' conference of the 17th Aviation Group in Nha Trang in 1967.

Now, listen, pilots, unto me, I'll tell you of my song, When I left the shores of old Nha Trang and landed in Saigon.

CHORUS: Hello, Chu Yen, my dear Chu Yen.
All you Saigon girls, can't you dance the polka.

As I walked down Flower Street, a fair maid I did meet, She asked me please to see her home, she lived on Tu Do Street.

Now, if you're willing, come with me, and you can have a treat,

You can have a glass of Saigon Tea or Bau Muoi Ba Thirty-Three.

CHORUS

Well, we walked for about an hour or two and finally found her hut,
Papasan was VC, Mamasan chewed betel nut.

CHORUS

When I awoke next morning, I had an aching head, My pocketbook was empty and my lady friend had fled.

Now looking round this little room, I couldn't see a thing, But a poster saying, "Yankee, Go Home," and a picture of Ho Chi Minh.

CHORUS: Where is Chu Yen, my dear Chu Yen?

She can do a lot of things, but she can't dance the polka.

Well, I've come to this conclusion, all pilots need a rest, But if you go to Saigon, your morals it will test.

Well, the moral of this story is, don't be a sinner, Stop going down to Saigon, try the Red Cross Recreation Center. CHORUS: Goodbye, Chu Yen, farewell nuoc mam, I'm trading in my aching head, I'll try a Doughnut Dolly.

Please pass the cookies, I want a glass of Kool-Aid, I'm a Red Cross Girl, I want to dance the polka.

All you U.S. girls, can't you dance the polka? (Cha Cha Cha)

24. BOONIE RAT SONG (Chuck Rosenberg)

John M. Del Vecchio, who published the text of this song in The Thirteenth Valley, says that it was

"allegedly written by an M-60 machine gunner of the 101st under the double-canopy of the Ruong-Ruong Valley in the spring of 1970. He added the music when his unit moved into the Elephant Valley. In late October of that year I received the words from Private First Class Charles E. 'Doc' Bell of Wichita, Kansas, who was 'keeper' of the company song. The composer was allegedly killed in action."

An earlier version of this song is credited by del Vecchio to Randall Jordan. Jordan described to Chuck Rosenberg an all-night rewrite session where, in his words, "I was the guy with the ballpoint pen." Jordan, from the 1st of the 327th, had gone to hang out with "the guys down the road" (from the 2nd of the 502nd) during a standdown prior to going into the Ashau Valley on a major operation.

The text of this recording is based on del Vecchio's published version of the song; the tune was furnished by Don Lombardi. Mark Leddy, who served in the 2nd of the 502nd in 1969, told Chuck Rosenberg that this version is essentially faithful to his recollections.

I landed in this country, one year of life to give, My only friend a weapon, my only prayer to live. I walked away from freedom and the life that I had known, I passed the weary faces of the others going home.

Boonie Rats, Boonie Rats, scared but not alone, Three hundred days more or less, then I'm going home. The first few days were hectic as they psyched my mind for war,

I often got the feeling that they're trying to tie the score.

The first day with my unit, we climbed a two-click hill, To find an enemy soldier to capture, wound or kill.

Boonie Rats, Boonie Rats, scared but not alone, Two hundred days more or less, then I'm going home.

The air was hot and humid, the ground was hard and dry, Ten thousand times I cursed my rucksack and wished that I could die.

I learned to look for danger in the trees and on the ground, I learned to quake with terror when I heard an AK round.

Boonie Rats, Boonie Rats, scared but not alone, One hundred days more or less, then I'm going home.

"Strike Force" is our motto, "Airborne" is our cry, Freedom is our mission, for this we do or die. Boonie Rats a legend, for now and time to come, Wherever there are soldiers, they'll talk of what we've done.

Boonie Rats, Boonie Rats, scared but not alone, Fifty days more or less, then I'm going home.

They say they'll always be a war, I hope they're very wrong, To the Boonie Rats of Vietnam I dedicate this song.

Boonie Rats, Boonie Rats, scared but not alone, Today I see my freedom bird, today I'm going home.

25. BATTLE HYMN OF THE RIVER RATS (Dick Jonas)

Dick Jonas wrote this song while flying to the first "practice" stateside reunion of the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots' Association ("Red River Rats") in 1969. The Red River Rats are pilots who flew combat missions across the Red River in North Vietnam. They held "practice" reunions in Thailand and the United States until the POW's came home in 1973, when the first real reunion was held. Other units have adapted this song for themselves, notably the Ravens, who flew forward air control in the secret war in Laos.

The Red River Rats meet again, Telling tales, remembering when. Battles joined in the skies, Shed our blood, gave our lives, The Red River Rats meet again. War is never a beautiful thing, But we fought for the right on the wing, Dropping bombs, dodging flak, Fighting MIGs, we'll be back, Shout the Rats' battle cry, let it ring.

Look around there's a few empty chairs, Honored comrades should be sitting there. Some are dead where they fell, Some fought on from a cell, Charge your glass, lift it high, drink to them.

I'll tell you a tale that will curl your hair,
I'll tell you a tale, 'cause I was there,
About what happened in Ho Chi Minh's back yard.
Gyrene, sailor, and Air Force type,
Black smoke pouring from a hot tailpipe,
Flyin' and fightin' and livin' a life that's hard.

Black smoke, flak smoke, red SAM fire,
Pressin' your luck right down to the wire,
Pickle 'em off and boot that mother for home.
But the battle ain't over 'til you've parked and
chocked,

So if you fight and fly, keep your guns unlocked, And don't try to fight and fly if you're all alone.

What's that telltale wisp I see?
That's a contrail pulled by a Fishbed-C,
The cards are stacked and it looks like it's time to
deal.

Lead's got bandits twelve o'clock high, Let's bend it around and scramble for sky, And arm you guns, this ain't no game, it's real.

We flew the Valley and the railroad lines, From Dien Bien Phu to the Cam Pho mines, But the price was high and measured in rich, red blood. When tales are told in the halls of fame, When warriors meet you'll hear these names, "Skyhawk, Crusader, Intruder, Phantom, Thud."

The Red River Rats meet again, Telling tales, remembering when. Battles joined in the skies, Shed our blood, gave our lives, The Red River Rats meet again.

CRACK WENT THE RIFLE (Bull Durham)

In all wars, it finally comes down to the man with the rifle: the grunt, the ground pounder, the boonie rat. As Toby Hughes says, "It's not over until the grunts run up the flag." This song about the combat infantryman was written by Jack Seldon, Bull Durham's co-pilot.

Well, the poor boy walked the winding jungle trail, His eyes alert, his mind on the morning mail. The last sound to reach his ears, The culmination of all his fears, Crack went the rifle in his hand.

Mrs. Smith, your son died a hero's death, Defending the way of life we all love best. I know it's hard to understand, How his dying will save this land, But the statesmen say it's all worth the price.

CHORUS: Crack went the rifle in his hand,
The leaden bullets raced across the land,
Johnny Smith of New Orleans,
A gift from a man-made killing machine,
Crack went the rifle in his hand.

War is such a manly game to play,
Makes heroes out of plain men, so they say.
While cultured men in shirts of lace,
Debate the shape of the meeting place,
The common man plays hide-and-seek with death.

So, come on, boys, don't let your spirits lag, But beware the man who vows to save the flag. After all is said and done, It's you and me that carry the gun, And walk the road to hell once again.

CHORUS

27. FREEDOM BIRD (Bill Ellis)

Bill Ellis says about singing to the troops on the firebases, "The thing I remember most is a feeling of distance--everyone was thinking about home." He also remembers walking on a jungle patrol, looking up and seeing in the sky a commercial airliner on its way to the United States--the freedom bird.

Well, here I am, Waiting for the bird, That will take me home. It's been a long, long time.

I'm goin' home,
Where I can live again.
All I left behind,
Is waiting for me there.

CHORUS: I hope it still will be the same,
When I get home.
It's been a long, long time and things can change,
Rearrange,
Oh, be so strange to me.

I won't forget, This place I leave behind. The pain and misery, Will never leave my mind.

CHORUS

I hear the sound,
Of that freedom bird,
Comin' down the way.
It won't be long now.
'Til I'm in the world.
It's been a long, long time,
It's been a long, long time,
It's been a long, long time.

28. LAID AROUND AND PLAYED AROUND VIETNAM TOO LONG

This song was performed by the Intruders of the 281st Assault Helicopter Company at a commanders' conference of the 17th Aviation Group in Nha Trang in April, 1967. Lansdale included another, seemingly unrelated, version from the singing of the Cosmos Tabernacle Choir, a group of CIA personnel, in Songs by Americans in the Vietnam War.

CHORUS: Done laid around and stayed around Vietnam too long, Summer's almost gone, monsoon's comin' on.

Done laid around and played around Vietnam too long, And I feel like I really want to go home.

Ho Chi Minh and Johnson, they don't get along, They don't get along, they don't get along. Ho Chi Minh and Johnson, they don't get along, And I feel like I really want to go home.

CHORUS

Johnson's little daughters are getting married off, Getting married off, getting married off.

Johnson's little daughters are getting married off, And I feel like I really want to go home.

CHORUS

Well, the black-pajamaed Viet Cong, they're coming after me, Coming after me, they're everywhere I see.
Well, the black-pajamaed Viet Cong, they're coming after me, And I feel like I really want to go home.

CHORUS: Done laid around and stayed around Vietnam too long, Summer's almost gone, monsoon's comin' on.

Done laid around and played around Vietnam too long, And I feel like I really want to go home.

And I feel like I really want to go home.

SOURCES CITED

Allen, George. 1988. Interview by author, July 13, 1988.

Broudy, Saul P. 1969. G.I. Folklore in Vietnam. M.A. thesis. Folklore Department, University of Pennsylvania.

Bullington, James. 1985. Interview by Steve Brown and Cynthia Johnston, 17 September 1985.

Burress, "Bucky." Mike Force.

- Les Cleveland. 1988. Voices From the Frontlines: Soldiers' Songs As Occupational Folklore. Lecture at the National Museum of American History, June 7.
- Del Vecchio, John. 1983. <u>The Thirteenth Valley</u>. New York: Bantam Books.
- Durham, James P. ("Bull"). 1970. <u>Songs of S.E.A.</u> n.p.: Dur-Don Enterprises.
- Getz, C. W. 1981. <u>The Wild Blue Yonder: Songs of the Air Force</u>. Vol I. Burlingame, CA: Redwood Press.
- ----- 1986. <u>The Wild Blue Yonder: Songs of the Air Force</u>. Vol II. Burlingame, CA: Redwood Press.

- Gober, Hershel. 1987. Interview by Baird Straughan.
- Herr, Michael. 1977. <u>Dispatches</u>. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
- Hughes, Toby. 1989. What The Captain Means: A Song of the In-Country Air War. Manuscript.
- Jonas, Dick. 1976. <u>The Dick Jonas Songbook</u>. Vol. 1. Litchfield Park, AZ: Erosonic Enterprises, 1976.
- Lansdale, Edward Geary. 1967. <u>In the Midst of War</u>. Library of Congress, Archive of Folk Culture, LWO 8281, AFS 17,483 and 18,882
- Library of Congress, Archive of Folk Culture, LWO 9518, AFS 18,977-18,982.
- Maxa, Rudy. What Did You Sing in the War, Daddy? The Washington Post (Potomac Magazine), 23 February, 1975:4.
- Perry, Charles. 1968. Is This Any Way To Run the Army? Stoned? Rolling Stone, November 9, 1968:1,6,8,9.
- The "Raven". The Edgar Allen Poe Literary Society of Texas Inc.
- Ritter, Jeff. 1986. Songs of the Vietnam War. <u>Broadside</u>, 172 (April, 1986), 3-9, 13.
- Rosenberg, Chuck. 1988. <u>Jody's Got Your Cadillac</u>, concert of folksongs of the Vietnam War, Albany, NY, 28 May 1988.
- Sheehan, Neil. 1988. <u>A Bright Shining Lie</u>. New York: Random House.
- Strange, Emily. 1988. Letter to author, 21 August 1988.
- Stubbs, William. 1988. Interview by author, 13 December 1988.
- Treaster, Joseph B. 1966. G.I. View of Vietnam. New York Times Magazine, October 30, 1966:100, 102, 104, 106, 109.
- Tuso, Joseph F. 1989. <u>The Winged Muse: Folksongs of the American Fighter Pilot in Southeast Asia</u>. College Station: Texas A and M Press, 1990.

For an annotated bibliography and discography of the folksongs of Americans in the Vietnam War send \$1.00 to the Vietnam Veterans Oral History and Folklore Project.

Additional copies of <u>In Country</u> may also be ordered from the Project. The price is \$9.95 for cassette and \$15.95 for compact disk.

19 August, 1991

#59

Men Who Fly

The men who fly are a breed of men unto themselves. We'll not know again

The little boy on a grassy hill who sees a hawk and knows the thrill

Of the summer wind on an up-turned wing, and the joy a graceful flight can bring.

There was a dream in this boy's eyes that reflected the challenge of distant skies.

The passing of time and the greying of hair - but the eye is still sharp and the light is still there.

And he sees, as he scans the far blue sky, a dream that is missed by the passerby.

The men who fly are a special breed. Its true - they spring from a certain seed.

A new kind of pilot has now made the scene; his flesh is firm and his mind is keen.

He's good - its true - no need to ask. The computers say he's right for the task.

His eyes, like steel, his determined face show he's looking farther into space.

But his life will never know the thrill of the little boy on the grassy hill.

Where, as far as his eager eyes could see, the air was clean and the sky was free;

Where the hawk soared high on the summer air and the boy imagined he was there.

Before its too late, if the world is wise, it will honor these men who love the skies.

WE GET LETTERS

Thank you for the summer edition of Mig Sweep you sent per your phone conversation with Art Napolitano awhile ago.

For your information, I am in the process of developing an aviation exhibit titled, Air war: Southeast Asia. The exhibit documents our involvement in SEA from 1945 through 1973, contains text, photos, and artifacts, and is designed toward educating a public audience. General categories will cover: origins of involvement, in-country air support, SAR, with special emphasis on the friendly skies of RP VI and POWs.

When completed, the exhibit will occupy 13 modular 4 ft.x5 ft. display frames which will facilitate ease of relocation. Currently I am working on the POW component which is scheduled for completion in the summer of '88

My primary reason for this effort is that most of the history/artifacts, chronicling SEA are currently in, or planned to be located in military museums or installations, most of which have restricted access for the general public. By making this exhibit modular, it can be displayed at many different locations and therefore be available to those who otherwise would not have the benefit of the historical education on the subject.

For the past seven years, I've been exhibiting one of my other displays on the Doolittle Raid. It has been well received at some of the larger shopping malls and air shows. This fall should start exposure to some of the local schools in this area to supplement history courses.

Sincerely,

Chuck Margosian
Historic Aviation Exhibits
of New England

I enjoyed meeting you at the reunion. Thanks for remembering the Miami folks in the Thumbs Up category of the recent MIG SWEEP. We are trying to arrange a chapter here. As I mentioned, I have taken over the CINCRAT duties here in Miami. . . Add my name, etc. to the Local Force Locator in the SWEEP.

Along those lines, could you print a little blurb in the next MIG SWEEP requesting that any local or even transient RATs in the Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida Keys area to drop me a line or call me (305) 246-3970 (there's an answering machine during the day) and let me know who they are.

...count on hearing from the Florida Rats...

Sincerely, Chuck Ryerson

Thank you so much for your understanding and support when I called to update the "River Rats" on my school situation. I had the opportunity to finish my Master's program at Baylor earlier than I thought possible.

In both this past Fall '86 and Spring'87, I took extra semester hours beyond a full load. Then for Summer '87, I took a full 12 hour load, including doubling up on two internships so that I could graduate early. Originally, I didn't think I'd be able to do the internship work until this coming Fall and Spring. However, I did both internships on campus at Baylor, making it possible during the summer rather than the regular semesters. I graduated on August 15 with a Master of Science in Educational Psychology, under two programs. . . Licensed Professional Counseling, and Student Personnel Services.

I am also very proud to share with you that I completed all the course work and internships for both Master's programs with a 4.0 GPA.

In several past scholarship letters, I have said that I set my goal to keep a perfect 4.0 for all my graduate work. I have to admit the stress and pressure I put on myself to make the "A" grades one after the other seemed more than I could handle at times. Even up until the last few days of summer school, I was unsure if I could actually "pull it off". But I did and am very proud of my work as a graduate student at Baylor.

I am indebted to Al Vollmer because he is the person who told me of the RRVFPA and without him, I would never have known to apply (for scholarship). I am that much more indebted to the River Rats for making his suggestion to apply a dream come ture. Over the past six years for undergraduate as well as graduate work, the River Rats have awarded me \$6,000 in scholarships. This includes this academic year. Put simply, without the generous support of the RRVFPA over these past years I doubt that I would have been able to continue with undergraduate work and graduate school would have most certainly out of the question.

My mother and I are taking a trip to Washington D.C. at the end of this month. The trip was planned with the purpose of viewing the Vietnam Memorial which has my dad's name listed among the many others. It may seem strange, but going there is my way of including my dad in my graduation celebration, and somehow thanking him for the tremendous part he's played in my gaining a college education. When I graduated from high school and went straight into summer classes at the Junior College, it wasn't because I wanted to go to college. It was because I was getting VA pay to do it! The reasons for sticking with school have changed since then, but in the long run, my dad's death is the reason behind my going to college and many times has been the reminder that made me want to to do well and succeed in school. I never want to let myself forget that, and I hope that all the other River Rat scholarship recipients remember the sacrifices our fathers made and the meaning behind the scholarships.

To me, the scholarships and all the VA pay

I've recieved are the support my dad would want to give me if he could. Since he is not here to do that, this is the only worthwhile compensation for his death and my loss of not having him all these years past and all those still ahead. When I stop and think that money for school is the **only** compensation, that's when I know I've got to give it my best shot and make it count for something! I never want to take lightly what his death has given me the opportunity to do. I'd want him to be proud of me.

I thank all the River Rats for continuing to encourage and support me in my educational endeavors. Without a doubt, I couldn't have done it without you.

Sincerely, Laurie Ryon

(Editors note: Laurie has indicated to us that she intends to go for her Doctorate in Clinical Psychology as soon as she decides where she wants to go. We wish her every success.)

I am doing research for an historical novel depicting the efforts of USAF Phantom and Thud crews based in Thailand flying combat missions into Route Pack 6 before the bombing halt of 1968. I found out about your organization in course of my research.

What I hope your organization can provide me with is help. I need to get in contact with Route Pack 6 veterans who would have the patience and willingness to talk about their experiences with someone who is sympathetic — but has not been in the military or is even a pilot. Would it be possible for you to refer me to some of your folks here on the west coast who would fit that description?

I found out about your organization through the book THUD by Lou Drendel. Please Contact Curtis Cole 6342 SE 52, Portland, Oregon 97206.

If you need to call me directly about my request, my home phone is (503) 775-4621. My work phone (8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday through Friday) is (503) 275-1333.

Thank you for your assistance,

Curtis Cole

Here is what I am looking for in the way of photos:

*Any and all types of aircraft seen in Thailand between 1961 and 1975, especially if they are "dressed" (with weapons and/or other combat equipment) or have sustained battle damage.

*On-site combat areas such as targets. enemy equipment, BDA, etc.

Continued on page 11

JAMES AMOS, Springfield, Missouri. Third grant, \$2,500. Son of Major Thomas H. Amos, USAF, F-4D, 35 TFS, DaNang, 4/20/72. James will be majoring in Theater.

JODIE ANDERSON, Ft. Walton Beach, Florida. Daughter of Colonel Robert D. Anderson, USAF, F-4E, 25 TFS, Ubon, 10/6/72. She is a Marketing major at Florida State University.

KRIS CAPLING (Keane), Abilene, Texas. Daughter of Colonel Rex Capling, USAF, F-105, Korat, 9/19/68. With her sixth grant of \$1,000, Kris plans to attend Graduate School starting with the Spring '88 semester.

SEAN CLEARY, Wayland, MA. First grant \$1,000. Son of Captain Peter M. Cleary, USAF, F-4, 523 TFS, 10/10/72. Sean is a Freshman at Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, PA. He is looking at Journalism as his possible major.

DANIEL COOK, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Fourth grant, \$2,000. Son of Colonel Kelly Cook, USAF, F-4C, DaNang, 11/10/67. Dan is a graduate student at the University of Dayton and will get his Masters Degree in Physics or Electro-Optics.

BRADLEY CUTHBERT, Marshalltown, Iowa. Third grant, \$2,000. Son of Major Bradley G. Cuthbert, USAF, RF-4C, 14 TRA, Udorn, 11/23/68. He is majoring in Russian Language and Global Studies at the University of Iowa.

SHANON CUTHBERT, Marshalltown, Iowa. First grant, \$2,000. Daughter of Major Bradley G. Cuthbert, USAF, RF-4C, 14 TRS, Udorn, 11/23/68. He is majoring in Russian Language and Global Studies at the University of Iowa.

LISA DANIELSON, Estes Park, Colorado. First grant, \$1,000. Daughter of Captain Mark G. Danielson, USAF, AC-130, 16 SOS, Ubon, 6/18/72. Lisa is a Freshman majoring in Marketing at Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona.

DANIEL FORD, Ocala, Florida. Third grant, \$2,000. Son of Commander Randolph W. Ford, USN, A-7, VA-86, USS America, 6/11/68. Dan is a third year Law student at the Cumberland School of Law, Sanford University, Birmingham, Alabama.

CARRIE GRIFFIN, Alexandria, Virginia. Top recipient for the 1987-88 school year with a grant of \$5,000. Daughter of Commander James L. Griffin, USN, RA5G, RVAH-13, USS Kittyhawk, 5/19/67. Carrie is in her third year at the School of Medicine, University of California, San Francisco.

HEATHER HALL, San Diego, California. First grant, \$2,500. Daughter of Captain Harley Hall, USN, F-4, VF1-154, USS Enterprise, 1/27/73. She is a Freshman at Princeton, University, Princeton, New Jersey.

KIMBERLY HORNADAY, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Fourth grant, \$2,000. Daughter of Captain Ralph J. Hornaday, Jr., USAF, F-105, 469 TFS, Korat, 3/27/68. She is a Senior majoring in Nursing at Beth-El School of Nursing, and will graduate in the spring of 1988.

RALPH J. HORNADAY, III, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Fourth grant, \$2,000. Son of Captain Ralph J. Hornaday, Jr., USAF, F-105, 469 TFS, Korat, 3/27/68. Ralph is a Senior majoring in Hotel and Business Management at Colorado State University, Fort Collins, Colorado.

SCHOLARSHIP 1987..









JAMES AMOS

JODIE ANDERSON

KRIS CAPLING

SEAN CLEARY









DANIEL FORD

CARRIE GRIFFIN

HEATHER HALL

KIMBERLY HORNADAY











LESLIE P. McELHANON



MICHAEL McGOVERN, Jr.







JANET SCHMIDT



SCOTT SETTEROUIST

SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIEN

RECIPIENTS . . . 1988



DANIEL COOK



BRADLEY CUTHBERT



SHANON CUTHBERT



LISA DANIELSON



RALPH J. HORNADAY, III



PATRICK HURLEY



GREGORY KIMMEL



SUSAN KIMMEL



BARBARA JEAN MOORE



REBEKAH POOLE



JEFFERSON RYON



LAURIE RYON



COLLEEN TYLER



MARK WALLACE



TIMOTHY WARD

- continued on page 8

Kimmel, USMC, OV-10, DaNang, 10/22/68. Greg is a Law student at the Law Center, University of Southern California, Los Angeles, CA.

SUSAN KIMMEL, Aurora, Nebraska. Third grant, \$1,000. Daughter of Captain Eugene W. Kimmel, USMC, OV-10, DaNang, 10/22/68. She is majoring in Business Management at the University of South Dakota and will graduate in the spring of 1988.

PATRICK HURLEY, Malden, Maryland. Fourth grant, \$3,500. Son of William P. Hurley, Jr., USA, 73 AVN. CO, 210 AVn BN, 3/29/68. Pat is majoring in Mechanical Engineering at

Tufts University, Medford, Maryland and will

GREGORY KIMMEL, Aurora, Nebraska. Fourth grant, \$2,500. Son of Captain Eugene W.

graduate in the spring of 1988.

ROBERT KNAPP, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Fourth grant, \$500. Son of Colonel Herman Knapp, USAF, F-4, 555 TFS, Ubon, 4/67. Robert is majoring in Voice and Theatre at Augsburg College, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MELISSA MATHEWS, Hampton, Virginia. Second grant, \$1,500. Daughter of Captain Patrick T. Mathews, USAF, F-4, Ubon, 8/1/72. She is majoring in Early Childhood Education at Kansas State University, Manhattan, Kansas.

LESLIE PAIGE McELHANON, Weatherford, Texas. Second grant \$2,000. Daughter of Major Michael McElhanon, USAF, F-100F, MISTY FAC, Phu Cat, 8/16/68. Paige is a Senior, majoring in Psychology at West Texas State University, Canyon, Texas.

MICHAEL McGOVERN, Jr., Gernerville, New York. Fifth grant, \$500. son of Captain Michael D. McGovern, USAF, F-100, 612 TFS, 2/11/71. He is a senior majoring in Business Administration at St. Johns University, Jamaica, New York.

BARBARA JEAN MOORE, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Fifth grant, \$1,000. Daughter of Major Thomas D. Moore, Jr., USAF, B-57, 4578 TAC, Cam Rahn Bay, 11/30/67. She is majoring in Biology at the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

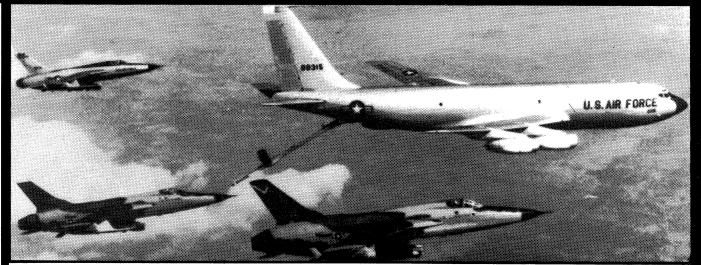
REBEKAH POOLE, Shreveport, Louisiana. Fourth grant, \$500. Daughter of CMSGT Charlie S. Poole, USAF, B-52, 12/19/72. Rebekah is majoring in Bioloy at Louisiana State University, Shreveport, Louisiana.

JEFFERSON RYON, Waco Texas. Second grant, \$2,500. Son of MSGT John W. Ryon, USAF, EC-47, 6994 SS, Nakhom Phanom, 11/21/72. He is a Senior majoring in Foreign Service at Baylor University, Waco, Texas and expects to graduate in May 1988.

LAURIE RYON, Waco, Texas. Fifth grant, \$2,000. Daughter of MSGT John W. Ryon, USAF, EC-47, 6994 SS, Nakhom Phanom, 11/21/72. Laurie completed her Masters degree in the summer of 1987 and will continue with Doctorate studies in Clinical Psychology.

VICKIE RUSSEL, Katy, Texas. First grant, \$2,000. Daughter of Captain Richard L. Russell, USAF, C-130, 345 TAS, CCK, Taiwan, 4/26/72. Vickie is a Freshman majoring in Exercise Technology at Texas A & M University, College Station, Texas.







Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association

History Book Deadline Extended

YOU HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO BE A PART OF MILITARY HISTORY

At the May 1987 convention in Las Vegas, the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots authorized Turner Publishing Company of Paducah, Ky., to publish a history of the River Rats. The association is celebrating its 20th Anniversary with a commemorative history book describing the esprit de corps and unprecedented sacrifice demonstrated by the American fighting men during the air campaign over North Vietnam.

YOU ARE INVITED TO LEAVE YOUR THUMBPRINT IN TIME! The book will contain the River Rats' vital history, patches, maps, charts, etc. plus personal biographies and fascinating human interest stories written by those who flew combat missions over the Red River.

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO: Help perpetuate the history of the River Rats by sending your personal biography written in 200 words or less. Tell us when and where you were born, when you joined the military, combat missions over the Red River, positions, awards, and what you're doing today. If possible, send two photos of yourself (one when you joined the military and a current one). We also encourage you to send any interesting material, personal anecdotes, feature stories, newspaper clippings, unusual photographs and other data relative to the River Rats. You don't have to order a book to be included.

The deadline for ordering your book and submitting your story and photographs is January 15, 1988. Send all information to: Turner Publishing Company, P.O. Box 3101, Paducah, KY 42002-3101. Turner Publishing Company is a leading publisher of military aviation history and has developed similar books on the P-51, P-47, 17th Airborne, Hump Pilots and more.

The history of the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association is available on a pre-sale basis only. We plan to print only the number of books sold in advance. This ultimate $9'' \times 12''$ publication will be classically bound in black leatherette cover and embellished with a distinctive embossed River Rats logo in silver. High-gloss, double-coated paper will be used to permanently preserve the legacy of the River Rats. Cost of the book is only \$45, less than you'd pay for one night's lodging at a reunion.

Be proud of your affiliation with the River Rats and help us perpetuate its history forever. I sincerely hope that all members of the River Rats legacy will want to be a part of this truly one-of-a-kind volume relating to the Red River Valley Fighter Pilots.

Sincerely,

Robert Connelly
RRVFPA President

DEADLINE: JANUARY 15, 1988

WE GET LETTERS

(continued from page 3)

As far as contacting people not necessarily for photos, I am trying to locate pilots who were there before Tonkin (Aug. 64) and those who took part in the evacuation/defense of Saigon and Phnom Penh and the MAYAGUEZ incident, both in '75. For the early days, I am especially interested in those associated with FIELD GOAL and the RF-101 people.

What I will do, is have those people who contact me duplicate negatives, photos, or slide before they send them to me. I will talk to my publisher about setting up an expense account for this.

Thank you for your help. I look forward to hearing from you.

Cordially, **Jeff Glasser** 4367 San Jose Ln. Whitehall, Ohio 43213

New York, NY 10010



SCHOLARSHIP RECIPIENTS 1987 . . . 1988

(Continued from page 7)

Washington, D.C. 20006

JANET SCHMIDT, Redding, California. First grant, \$3,000. Daughter of Colonel Norman Schmidt, USAF, F-104, 9/1/66, Died in Captivity. Janet is majoring in English at California State University, Chico.

SCOTT SETTERQUIST, Colorado Springs, Colorado. Second grant, \$1,000. Son of Captain Francis L. Setterquist, USAF, RF-4, 14 TRS, Udorn, 8/23/68. Scott is a Sophmore majoring in Mechanical Engineering at the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colorado.

COLLEEN TYLER, Annapolis, Maryland. Third grant, \$2,000. Daughter of Colonel Edward E. Tyler, USAF, F-4, 390 TFS, DaNang, 10/24/68.

She is majoring in Psychology at Fordham University, Bronx, New York.

MARK WALLACE, Tallahassee,

MARK WALLACE, Tallahassee, Florida. First grant, \$1,000. Son of Lt. Col. Hobart M. Wallace, USMC, A-6A, Chu Lai, 1/19/68. Mark is a Junior majoring in Geography at Florida State University, Tallahassee, Florida.

TIMOTHY WARD, Rockford, Iowa. Second grant, \$1,000. Son of Captain Timmie Joe Ward, USAF, 50 TAS, 8/12/72. Tim is a Sophmore at Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa, majoring in Electrical Engineering.

CINC RAT and Local Force Locator

Ken Culverson, 2151 Alameda Ave., Alameda, CA 94501 Alameda, CA George F. Pitzke, III, 3840 Patricia Lane, Anchorage, AK 99504 Les Prichard, 416 Wellesley Dr., S.E., Albuquerque, NM 87106 Alaska Albugquerque, NM Marty Case, 1306 Shady Creek Dr., Eules, TX 76040 American Airlines Antelope Valley, CA Frosty Sheridan, 43319 16th St. W # 21, Lancaster, CA 93534, (805) 949-0199 Gordon Tushek, P.O Box 328, Fayetteville, GA 30214 Atlanta, GA Austin, TX Colonel Bob Fair (Ret), 9001 Deer Haven Rd., Austin, TX 78737 Birmingham, AL Lou Batson, 410 River Haven Dr., Birmingham, AL 35244 Chicago, IL Duane Buttell, 532 Longmeadow Cir., St. Charles, IL 60174 Dick Brent, 56 Century Dr., Roselle, IL 60172 BGEN Bob Titus (Ret), 6 Boulder Crescent, Colorado Springs, CO 80903 Colorado Springs, CO Mike Hanley, 48 S. Spring Rd., Westerville, OH 43081 Mel Pollack, 9986 S.W. 1st Ct., Coral Springs, FL 33071 Columbus, OH Coral Springs/Ft. Lauderdale, FL Corpus Christi, TX John L. Mesenbourg, 13550 Carlos Fifth, Corpus Christi, TX 78418 Colonel Mo Baker, 215 De La Cruz, Weatherford, TX 76086 Dallas, TX **Delta Air Lines** Ken Thomas, 2125 S. Shore Dr., Crystal Lake, Il 60014 Major R.M. Saxton, 4550 N. Lariat Dr., Castle Rock, CO 80104 Denver, CO Eastern Air Lines Gil Gilbert, 140 Country Ln., Newman GA 30263 LTC Ron Bradley, 6734 Chamberlain, Edwards, CA 93523 Edwards AFB, CA Eglin AFB, Fort Walton Beach, FL Major Dennis Funnemark, 44 Marina Cove, Niceville, FL 32578 Major Dale Huffman, 144 Deerbrook, Pineville, LA 71360 England AFB, LA Colonel Rex Dull, Hq. V Corps/ALO, APO New York 09079 Frankfort, Germany Colonel Dean White, 14018 Jicarilla Rd., Apple Valley, CA 9230 George AFB, CA Heidelberg, FRG Colonel Dan Nesbett, P.O. Box, Heidelberg, APO New York 09063 Major Don Maltesta, G.D.S. Box 297, APO San Francisco 96301 Korea Major James T. Garrett, Jr. Box 6458, APO New York 09179 5421 Lakenheath LTC David Gray, Jr. 726 Pelham Drive, Newport News, VA 23602 Langley AFB, VA Dale Leatham, 3222 La Mancha Way, Henderson, NM 89014 456-7782 Las Vegas, NV Laughlin AFB, TX LTC Ed Hanson, 408 Enchanted Ways, Del Rio, TX 78840 Nate Goldberg, 603 N. Doheny Dr., #2A, Beverly Hills, CA 90210 Lt. Col. W.O. Johnson, 7735 So. Kenwood Ln., Tempe, AZ 85284 Los Angeles, CA Luke AFB, Phoenix, AZ MacDill AFB/Tampa, FL Colonel Tom Coady, 20 B Adalia Dr., Tampa, FL 33606 Malstrom AFB, MT TSGT Dane H. Donnelly, 2609 9th Ave. South, Great Falls, MT 59405 Maryland George Acree, 12 Evergreen Tr., Severna Park, MD 21146 Maxwell AFB/Montgomery, AL Colonel Mike Muscat, 806 Hillsboro Rd., Montgomery, AL 36109 Chuck Ryerson, 340 NW 19th St., Homestead, FL 33030 (305) 246-3970 Miami, FL Tom Idema, 3232 Bonnockburn Dr., SE Ada, MI 49301 Michigan LTC Bill Miller, Box 2678, APO San Francisco 96519 Misawa AB, Japan Mississippi Colonel Jim Stanley, 3940 Eastwood Dr., Jackson, MS 39211 Moody AFB, GA Major Paul C. Anderson, 3815 Sedgefield Dr., Valdosta, GA 31602 New Hampshire Walt Vrablic, 23 Fairway Dr., Hudson, NH 03051 Norm Gandia, P.O. Box 538, Northport, NY 11768 New York City/Long Island North Carolina Walter Swaney, 5767 Turner Smith, Browns Summit, NC 27214 Northern California Buzz Morrison, 9250 Rock Canyon Way, Orangevale, CA 95662 Orlando, FL Stan Goldstein, Suite 250, 2170 S.R. 434, Longwood, FL 32779 Benny Leatherwood, 650 Lambeth Ct., Sunnyvale, CA 94087 Lt. Col. Tom Platt, 304 Sweetbriar Dr., Warminster, PA 18974 Pan American Airlines Pennsylvania Portland, OR Scott Powell, 10022 SW 52nd Ave., Portland, OR 97219 Ramstein AB, Germany Major Rich Ambrose, Box 5529, APO New York, 09012 Salt Lake City, Utah Ralph F. Findley, P.O. Box 8925, Salt Lake City, Utah 84108 San Antonio, TX Philip P. Combies, P.O. Box 791261, San Antonio, TX 78279 San Diego, CA Colonel Larry Pickett (Ret), 12942 Abra Dr., San Diego, CA 92128 Seymour Johnson AFB/Goldboro, NC Michael P. Cooper, P.O. Box 1434, Goldsboro, NC 27530 Shaw AFB, SC Colonel George P Summers, 1360 Shoreland Dr., Sumter, SC 29154 Soesterberg AB, Holland ILT John Kent, PSC 1, Box 713, APO New York 09292 Spokane, WA Jim Shively, E. 10906 50th Ct., Spokane, WA 99206 Bill "Easy" Reiter, 7 Oak Terrace, St. Peters, MO 63376 J.C. Jones, P.O. Box 316, APO New York 09011 St. Louis, MO The Netherlands Torrejon AB, Spain LTC Earl Aman, Box 1132, APO New York 09283 Tucson, AZ Roman Darmer, 5940 Camino Del Mar, Tucson, AZ 85718 Tyndall AFB, FL Colonel George Peackock, 249 Hugh Thomas Dr., Panama City, FL 32404 Mark Yeokum, 6674 Woodson Dr., Mission, KS 66202 Wesley King, 10 Belaire Ct., Buffalo Grove, Il 60090 TWA United Airlines RAF Upper Heyford, UK Captain Jim Shaw, 20 TFW/Box 2468, APO New York 09194 LTC Tom Hanton, 6538 Raftelis Rd., Burke, VA 22015 Washington, D.C. Colonel Rowland Smith, Jr., Box 12544, Wichita, KS 67277 Colonel Tony Zang, 825 Pearson Rd., Wright-Patterson AFB, OH 45433 Wichita, KS Wright-Patterson AFB, OH LTC Stephen Brown, Box 3276, APO San Francisco 96293 Yokota AB, Japan (Hq. 5 AF) Zweibruecken AB, Germany LTC Bill Jowett (Ret), P.O. Box 2622, APO New York 09860

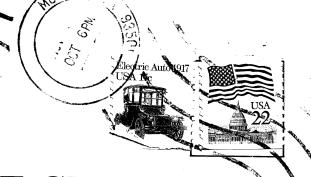
> More Cinc Rats Needed! Drop a line to: MIG SWEEP, P. O. Box 4518, Lancaster, CA 93539

RED RIVER VALLEY ASSOCIATION

(RED RIVER VALLEY FIGHTER PILOTS ASSOCIATION)

P. O. Box 4518

Lancaster, California 93539



FIRST CLASS MAIL

IN THIS ISSUE —

- ☆ 1987-88 Scholarship Recipients
- ☆ We Get Letters
- **☆** Country Store
- ☆ Flack & Light Stuff
- **☆ Thumbs Up Thumbs Down**
- ☆ Much Much More

Membership and Change of Address Form

WEILIS	cisinp and	Officinge of A	radi Coo	. 0		
	Membe	ership Dues - Please check	Check as	applicable:		
Mail to:	l to:		First Year — \$ 24* □ □ Change of address			
RRVA	One Y	One Year Renewal — \$ 12 \text{New membership}		-		
8612 Tamarac Lane	Foreign Non APO — \$ 16 □		*			
Wichita, KS 67206		Year Renewal — \$ 30 □		arship Donation		
		Dues run January thru December Amount enclosed \$				
		cludes Initiation Fee of \$12		V		
Name						
Last	First	M.I.	Rank	Service		
Current Address	Street Number	City, State	Zip Code Area C	ode Phone Number		
	Street Number	City, State	Zip Code Area C	oge Phone Number		
Occupation		SSN				
Occupation						
Description of qualification	and recommendation of cu	rrent member (New applicant o	nlv):			
2000 peron or quanticution		(af f	· ·			
		2 .				
F:114 -114: ! 3-4-	23					
Fill out all sections in detail. Incomplete forms will be returned.		Please Print -	Please Print — Current Charter Member Proposing Applicant			
RP6 □ YES □ NO						
Kru L 1E3 L NU			Signature			



Sample Biography - Use As A Guide In Writing Yours In 200 Words or Less -







COL. HOWARD C. JOHNSON, was born in Knoxville, Tenn., on Feb. 2, 1920. He attended the University of Louisville from 1938 to 1941 and entered Aviation Cadet Training in 1942, graduating at Moore Field in Mission, Texas, in March 1943. He was then stationed at Laredo Army Airfield from 1943 to 1945, where he was promoted to first lieutenant

Was assigned to Johnson AFB, Japan in 1948, where he served with the 41st Fighter Sq., 35th Tactical Fighter Group. Later became flight commander for the 12th and 44th Tactical Fighter Squadrons at Clark AFB, Philippines. Accompanied the 12th to Korea in 1950-51, where he flew 87 combat missions in P-51s.

The colonel was reassigned in 1951 to Otis AFB, Mass., where he was flight commander for the 59th Fighter Interceptor Sq. of the 33rd Fighter Wing, and then to Thule AB, Greenland and Goose Bay AFB, Labrador, where he was promoted to major.

Col. Johnson became executive and operations officer for the 496th Fighter Interceptor Sq. and the 84th FIS at Hamilton AFB, Calif. In 1955, became project officer and operations officer for the 456th FIS at Castle AFB in Calif. He returned to Hamilton in 1957 as operations officer of the 83rd FIS. In April 1958, established world's altitude record in the F-104 aircraft - 91,246 feet. The colonel became chief of the interceptor section, Tactics and Evaluation Division, at Hq. ADC in 1958. He was promoted to lt. col.

He was advisor to the German Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) at Buechel AB until 1963, then operations officer for 476th Tac Fighter Sq. at George AFB, Calif., where he participated in non-stop flight of over 6,000 miles in 11 hours to Moron, Spain. He was promoted to colonel.

He flew 118 missions in the F-105, including 101 over North Vietnam, while director of Operations for the 388th Tac Fighter Wing at Korat AB, Thailand. In 1967, he was deputy of operations at Kincheloe AFB, Mich. He came to Perrin AFB, Texas, on Sept. 4, 1968 and became deputy commander for operations for the 4780th Air Defense Wing. He is married to the former Miss Doris Holder of Louisville and they have three children. After retiring in 1972, he remained in north Texas and became a cattle rancher and developed and sold real estate. In 1985 he sold his ranch and moved to Anearby Golfing Community at Lake Texoma.



RRVFP comparing stories at a reunion.

ENDED: JANUARY 15, 1988

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO DO

• Type your biography in 200 words or less, double spaced please. If you cannot have it typed, send it anyway.

Turner Publishing Company

- · Send black & white photo (historic and recent, if possible) and your check for your books.
- · Complete the book order form and send all items to our publisher on the order form.

	'alley Fighter Pilots History Book 3101 • Paducah, KY 42002-3101 (502) 443-0121
Please enter my order for copies of the Standard Edition Red River Valley Fighter Pilots History Book at \$45.00 each. Kansas residents add sales tax.	Check One: ☐ Check
Please enter my order for copies of the Deluxe Real Bonded Leather bound edition with raised hubs on spine, gold gilted pages and ½" silk ribbon marker all for \$84.00 each. Kansas residents add sales tax.	Card Holder's Name (a
Please add \$5.00 per book for postage, handling and mailer.	Expiration Date
Please emboss my name or name of son, daughter or recipient in silver on the lower right hand corner of the cover for an additional charge of \$5.00	Name to be embossed on cover in silv
per book. Total Enclosed \$	Name
	Address
For Office Use Only: Bio Rec. Ck # Photos rec. Amount \$ Photo #s Emboss code	City
Book No.	I give my permission for my biograph

□Visa	☐ MasterCard	Mas	terCard
as it appears on yo	our card)		
ount No.			
Ba	nk #4 Digits (MC only)		
lver (use up to 27	letters)		
		- AMENING HOLDING ALLA.	
		State	Zip
	ount No. Ba	as it appears on your card)	ount No. Bank #4 Digits (MC only)

DEADLINE EXTENSION: JANUARY 15, 1988



VISA

FLAK & LIGHT STUFF

DISSAPOINTING is the only comment from this office regarding response from you, the membership on the River Rat History. As you will see on pages nine and ten of this issue, the deadline has been extended until 15 January 1988. If you have not sent your bio to Turner Publishing, please take some time and do it now. Fifty Rats CANNOT tell the story and that's how many have responded to date. You guys can do better than that!

CONGRATULATIONS to our thirty scholarship recipients. This year \$51,000 was designated for these students for the 1987-88 school year. If you read the brief bios on each one, we feel sure you will be very proud of these young people. They are the best.

NOMINATIONS for Vice President and Treasurer are being accepted from the membership. If you know someone who is agreeable to serving, please send the nomination to Larry Pickett, 12942 Abra Dr. San Diego, California 92128. Nominations must be received no later than 1 March 1988.

REMEMBER the 1973 Real Reunion? Remember the movie? Ron Willocks of Aviation Marketing, while researching film for the Air War SEA Documentary at Norton AFB, came across "THE ORIGINAL". And all these years we thought it was gone forever. Now Ron will make the film available (on VHS and BETA) to any of you who want it. The cost is \$29.95 plus \$2.75 for shipping and can be ordered through the COUNTRY STORE.

AH CALIFORNIA! Ah, Desert sunshine. Ah, the grief and pain of a PCS. Ah, organization. What I wouldn't give for the latter... I've got all the rest. To keep our masses informed, please note the River Rat office has a NEW return address. Be advised our former address in Wichita is still good, and we will continue to use it as our headquarters annex, thanks to Joe & Julie Frye. If you have anything that needs to be expedited quickly, please send it to RRVA, P.O. Box 4518, Lancaster, CA 93534, (805) 949-0199.

Several things have happened since arriving in California. Example: Knowing our youngest needed some new "threads" to start college, what better place to shop than Los Angeles? After all it isn't far away and those nuts shooting at people on the freeways don't bother me (much). So one fine day we head south along Hwy. 14 to spend Frosty's money. As we go with the flow of traffic (about 70 MPH) a fellow in the left lane is honking wildly. A bit startled, I look more closely, and am delighted to see Frank Romaglia, River Rat from KANSAS with his wife and daughter, who were on their way from George AFB to LAX, when they

recognized my license plates (RVRRATS). Relief, no guns, plus friendly faces from home! Later after all the money was spent, we managed to find ourselves in the 5 o'clock rush on the San Diego freeway, doing stop and go's for what seemed like hours. Once again a fellow in the left lane started honking and motioned for me to roll down my window. This time I knew I'd had it, because I had never seen this guy before. I complied with his request at which time he yelled, "your license plate is Sierra Hotel! Stunned, I yelled, "who are you?", and he replied, "Im Dave Brown, I'm a Wild Weasel" and with that he was off into the sun. Naturally, I giggled all the way home and almost said hello to Frosty before checking the Rat membership roster. Alas, no Dave Brown to be found. If any of you know "who that man was," drop me a line and we'll get him activated.

DEADLINE for the Winter MIG SWEEP is 1 January 1988. Due to the 1988 Reunion dates, the MIG SWEEP will be arriving approximately one month later than usual. Look for it in your mailbox about the first week of February and the first week of April.

GET WELL WISHES are being sent to Swede Seagren (broken ankle, we won't tell you how) and George Pinsky (auto cruncher). Take it easy, guys. LAST BLAST. While it seems a bit early, on behalf of the National Board of Officers, Happy Columbus Day, Veterans Day, Thanksgiving. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

√ 6 Patti

⋆

★ LOST RATS

LTC Edwar J. Atkins LTC Almer L. Barner, Jr. (RET) Peter H. Beresford Capt. Frederick B. Blakeman, USN (Ret) LGEN Carl H. Cathey Capt. Charles Crisp, Jr. LTC T.E. Collins, III Capt. Ronald W. Geleott LTC George M. Hardwick Dick Jonas Gary A. Lewis Duane "Pappy" Lynch Maj. George M. Monroe Maj. Ralph L. Moser James G. Nelson LTC Michael C. Press **BGEN** Donald A. Rigg LTC James E. Sehorn Capt. Roy Y. Sikes Col. Robert C. Spencer, (Ret.) Capt. Haywood B. Sprouse, USN Maj. Marc D. Van Ells LTC Robert J. Borgetts LTC Phillip H. Walker, (Ret.)

★ 1973 River Rat Reunion Movie ★

NOW YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OWN COPY ON BETA or VHS
ORDER NOW!!!!

Name:		
Address:		
City, State, Zip _		
Phone No.		
Enclosed:		be sure to enclose shipping
	BETAVHS	
Please rush	copies of RRR '73 Video	\$29.95 plus \$2.75 shipping

Make Payment To: RIVER RAT COUNTRY STORE
14030 Jicarilla Rd.
Apple Valley, CA 92307

CRO-AN TOURNAMENT: ANOTHER SUCCESS

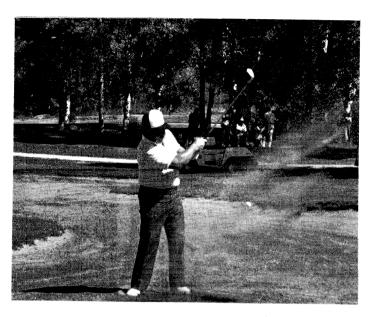
The sixth annual CRO-AN CHARITY GOLF TOURNAMENT was held August 6, 7 and 8, and 9, and 10 (we think). The charity was our scholarship fund and the purpose was once again sharing a comraderie and respect for one another: those of us lucky enough to come home and those whom we wished would have.

This tournament has many more participants who play only the 19th hole than those who VALIANTLY let it all hang out for three days. We all have many things in common, but are most proud of our joint effort to donate \$7,000 to "our kids".

For all who participated, we say thank you, and for all who were not able, we say hope to see you next year!

Burner Now!!

Crow & Anita CRO-AN



Comin' out of the trap. . . Nice shot, Manny



Head Table, left tor right: Crow, Anita, Dean White, Jane White Dave Lorenzo, Kathy Lorenzo, The Missing Man.



"Patty's Boys" won it all: \$2,500 and then gave it to "our kids."

Left to right: "Bugs Werner, Dave Hedges, Joe Hughes, Fred Sulan and Patty Davis.

THUMBS UP/THUMBS DOWN

THUMBS UP - to America's veterans, especially to those of SEA.

THUMBS DOWN - to the Austin, Texas area CFC for disapproving the RRVA for funds reasoning "your agency did not have a direct and substantial presence in the local campaign community as required by CFC regulation. . "

THUMBS UP - to Bob Fair and the Austin River Rats who tried.

THUMBS DOWN - to the BIMBOs who get their jollys by starting brush and forest fires.

THUMBS UP - to Robin Olds and his Sierra Hotel introductions for the upcoming TV documentary on the air war in Southeast Asia.

THUMBS UP - to General John Vessey, Dick Childress, Ann Griffiths and the American delegation who hopefully have the stagnated negotiations on resolving the POW/MIA accounting with Hanoi on the move again.

THUMBS DOWN - to "La Fonda", Hayden and their crowd who proclaim to be such patriotic and loyal Americans.

THUMBS DOWN - to those who claim to be former Prisoners of War in Southeast Asia, simply to perhaps gain some credibility for themselves. They seem to be increasing in numbers, and not too many folks appear to be interested in calling their bluff.

THUMBS UP - to Joe and Julie Frye who are maintaining the RIVER RAT headquarters annex in Wichita. Thanks kids. Your efforts are very much appreciated.

SCHOLARSHIP FUND DONATIONS



Thomas L. Moore, Anheuser Busch \$500.00 LTC James R. Epting
In Memory of CDR Dick Schramm, USN
Sondra Phares
Anne B. Thomas
In Memory of Marv Link
Anonymous
Mr. and Mrs. James Link 50.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Merrill50.00
Mr. and Mrs. Harold Steadman 30.00
Maclyn & Leona Russell25.00
Patti & Frosti Sheridan
Doris A. Titus
Susan Studer
Mr. and Mrs. Dean Parks
Mr. and Mrs. Gary Parks
Mr. and Mrs. V.L. McLinden
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Robinson, SR20.00 Laura Griffith20.00
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Stauffer
Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dawson 10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Glaser
Hazel Mercer
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Elston 10.00
Charles R. Rayl
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Thompson 10.00
Hattie J. Stevens
Mildred Gibb
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald R. Moore 10.00
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Alexander10.00
Eva Parks10.00

Mr. and Mrs. Richard L. Mann 5.00
Elsie B. Tittle
Blanche M. Schwilling 5.00
Elmo Starkey
Frances Thompson
UNITED WAY
Sacramento, CA
National Capitol Area 256.20
Omaha, NE
Virginia Peninsula
Dayton, OH94.10
-

Armed Forces/	
TOTAL	3,162.81
★ POW	'/MIA ★
DON'T LE	г тнем ве

FORGOTTEN



COMING EVENTS

Archie Lorentzen (pictured) and "The River Rat Travelling Road Show" are in the midst of preparing for a national tour with the Country Store next spring. Tentative dates are set and the convoy plans to leave George AFB on or about 13 June with "Refueling" stops along the way.

We will keep you updated in future issues of the Mig Sweep. For more information, contact the Country Store.

COST / HOW

Country Store

Keep this part of order blank for your reference.)			
□ River Rat Lapel Pin			
□ U.S. Flag 2.00			
☐ River Rat Crest, Solid Brass 7.50			
□ Cocktail Napkins 7.00			
Lithographs:			
☐ F-105 Aircraft 7.50			
☐ F-4 Aircraft 7.50			
□ Plaques, Solid Wood 8"x10" 20.00			
☐ Cocktail Glasses 11 oz., Set of 6 30.00			
□ Coffee Mug 7.50			
□ Beer Stein			
☐ River Rat Belt Buckle, Solid Brass . 20.00			
☐ Brass River Rat Key Chain 7.50			
☐ Golf Windbreakers30.00 - 50.00			
☐ Men's Golf Shirts: S, M, L., XL:			
Colors - Tan, Lt. Blue, Grey 18.00			
☐ Ladies' Golf Shirts: S, M, L			
Colors - Tan, Lt. Blue, Grey 18.00			
□ River Rat Tie 25.00			
Baseball Hats:			
□ River Rat Cap 10.00			
☐ Yankee Air Pirate 10.00			
☐ License Plate Holder 12.00			
□ River Rat Charm 10.00			
□ River Rat Coin			
□ Boullion Patch 13.00			
Be sure to include Insurance Fee of \$3.00.			

Californians: Add 6% Sales Tax.

Mail Orders To:

RIVER RAT COUNTRY STORE

City, State, Zip Code

14030 Jicarilla Rd. Apple Valley, CA 92307 (619) 247-4448

DATE REC'D	
AMOUNT REC'D	
DATE SHIPPED	

DO NOT USE

QUANTITY	SIZE	COLOR	DESCRIPTION	PRICE EACH	TOTAL PRICE
,					
SHIP TO: (Print Legibly) Name			SUB TOTAL		
			SHIPPING, INS. FEE		
			6% SALES TAX CA ONLY		
		Street		TOTAL	

TWO'S IN....

As the enthusiasm and euphoria of the 20th Reunion begins to fade in the heat of summer, its time to step back a little and see where we are and where we are going.

First, the River Rats are doing some great things. Not just the Scholarship Program, which is alive and well, but other important things. Is your chapter a contributor? Or are you coasting on the wave of recent Vietnam awareness? The time has never been a better, and the civilian populace more receptive than now. Everywhere you turn articles, movies, books and documentaries are being made about "our war". We in the RRVA are the subject of a pictorial history book. Have you sent in your Bio? Why not? It will be a history of our organization and something to treasure years from now.

Next, a very dedicated man is filming our Air War and presenting it from our point. I have seen some of the footage, and I can assure you that it will make your eyes water.

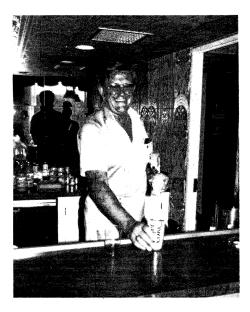
Last, but by no means least, is our very own memorial at the Air Force Museum at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base. Contracts have been signed, and the project is off and running. So? You've heard this before — Sierra Hotel! But what are you doing now? Each chapter, no matter how small, can contribute. All it takes is a little time and some creative imagination to raise funds for the scholarships and the memorial.

Are you planning to attend the Reunion in D.C.? The time to start planning is now! Get out and shake the bushes for "lost Rats" or those who just haven't been asked. When did you last talk to a fighter crew member about being a River Rat? I know there are differing schools of thought on that subject, but we need new blood to continue our aims and commitments. As one of our previous Cincs put it so well, "If we don't pass on some of our corporate knowledge, the fighter crews of the next combat situation may need a lot bigger scholarship fund."

So, speak your mind when it counts, and stay active in an organization that we all can be proud of. One that has not strayed from its initial goals to take care of our own and maintain pride in patriotism and defense of the Constitution. "Ours is the greatest fraternity: it has the strongest bonds, and the toughest initiation."

√6 Dean





Vice CINC Dean White

★ FINAL SWEEP

CDR Dick Schramm, USN
6-25-87
Col. Coleman Baker, USAF (Ret)
9-6-87
Col John C. Downey, USAF (Ret)
9-18-87



Show Your Colors!

Fly the Flag to Honor All Veterans

11 November 1987

WELCOME LIFE MEMBERS

BGEN William C. McGlothlin, Jr. USAF (RET.)

Col. Donald Dean White, USAF (RET.)

DEADLINE for Spring Mig Sweep 4 January 1988

1987 - 1988 National Board of Officers

PRESIDENT

Robert N. Connelly 5844 Fish Rd. Dalzell, SC 29040 (803) 499-2732

VICE PRESIDENT

Colonel Dean White 14018 Jicarilla Rd. Apple Valley, CA 92307 (619) 240-4217

GENERAL SECRETARY

Lt. Col. Jack Redmond 3497 La Paloma Las Vegas, NV 89121 (702) 458-3277

TREASURER

John T "Tom" Halley 14030 Jicarilla Rd. Apple Valley, CA 92307 (619) 247-4448

SECRETARY WEST COAST AFFAIRS

Ken Culverson 2151 Alameda Ave. Alameda, CA 94501 (415) 523-8313

SECRETARY EAST COAST AFFAIRS

W. Hays Parks 1065 N. Paxton St. Alexandria, VA 22304 (703) 370-8042

SECRETARY AT LARGE

J. Frank Street 365 Hampshire Lane Crystal Lake, IL 60014

SECRETARY EUROPE AFFAIRS

LTC Swede Seagren Box 9081 APO New York 09012

SEC. NAVY/MARINE AFFAIRS

Jack McEncroe P.O. Box 774485 Steamboat Springs, CO 80477 (303) 879-2944

SECRETARY INDUSTRY AFFAIRS

Curt James 325 Doubletree Drive Lewisville, TX 75067 (214) 221-2126

LEGAL COUNSEL

Manliff Simpson Suite 818, 77W. Washington St. Chicago, IL 60602 (312) 236-3580 (o)

DIRECTOR, SCHOLARSHIP PROGRAM

Bob Gadd S. 11815 Andrus Rd. Cheney, WA 99004 (509) 624-0814

EX-OFFICIO

Larry Pickett 12942 Abra Dr. San Diego, CA 92128 (619) 487-5036

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY Editor - MIG SWEEP

Patti Sheridan P.O. Box 4518 Lancaster, CA 93534 (805) 949-0199

Edemenia

MAY THE LORD, MIGHTY GOD BLESS AND KEEP YOU FOREVER. GRANT YOU PEACE, PERFECT PEACE COURAGE IN EVERY ENDEAVOR.

LIFT UP YOUR EYES AND SEE HIS FACE AND HIS GRACE FOREVER. MAY THE LORD, MIGHTY GOD BLESS AND KEEP YOU FOREVER.